THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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DRAWN BY
PHILIP BOILEAU

ROUGHING IT DE LUXE—By Irvin S. Cobb

"Have You a Little 'Fairy' in Your Home?"

5c

There are twenty-five delightfully refreshing baths in a **five-cent** cake of Fairy Soap. ¶ The quality of

FAIRY SOAP

could not be improved if we charged double the price; we would merely add expensive perfumes, which do not improve the quality. ¶ The shape of Fairy Soap is oval, and fits the hand. Fairy Soap always floats within easy reach. ¶ Buy Fairy Soap, try it in the bath, and you'll never be without it again.

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These years of effort have perfected also that modern wonder, the EDISON MAZDA LAMP, as marvelously superior to the rude light that was once the luxury of kings as the modern G-E Electric Fan is superior to those first breeze-makers in the hands of slaves. The Edison Mazda is the most perfect small lamp yet made by man—and one of its chief wonders is its economy—for it uses but *one-third* of the current required by old style carbon lamps.

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Trade Mark

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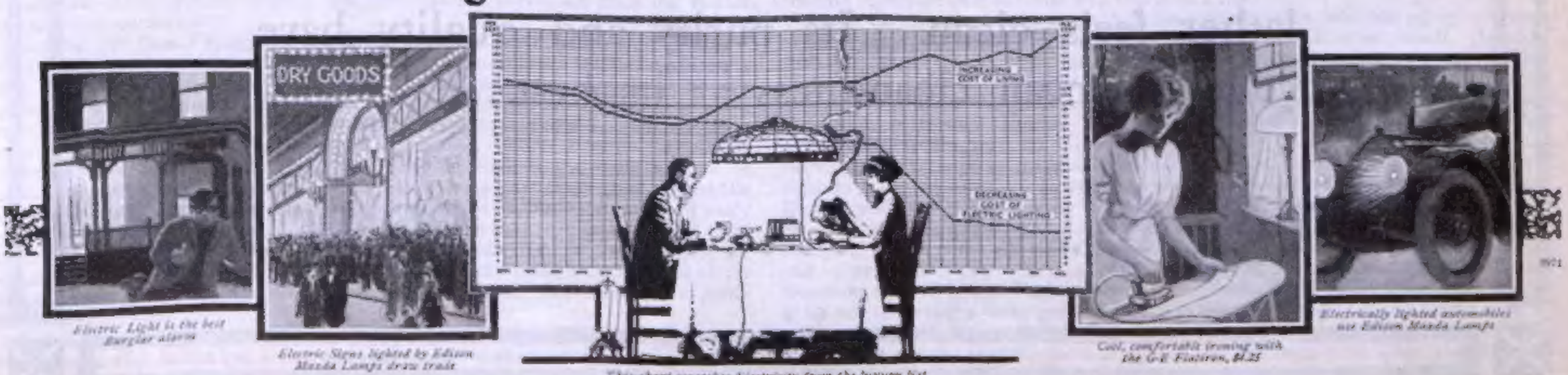

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1921

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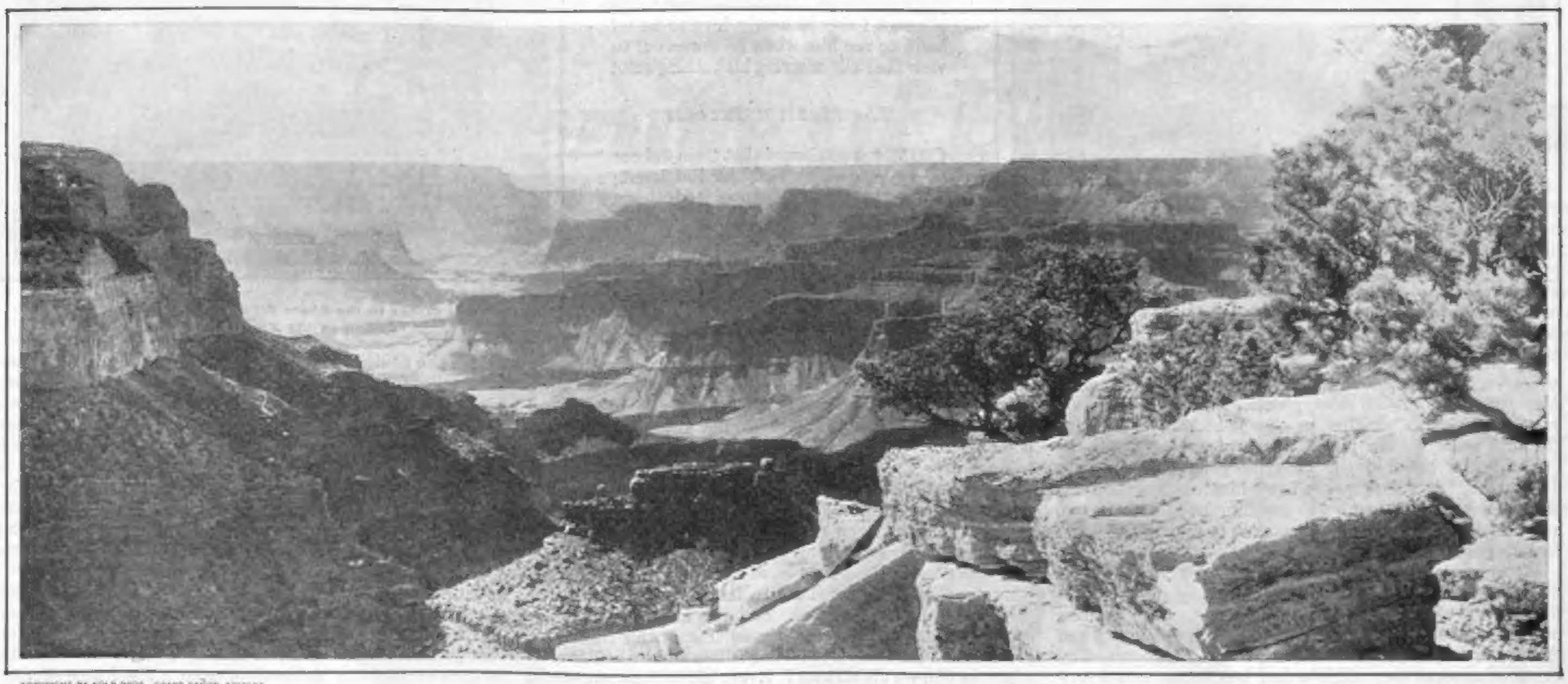
ROUGHING IT DE LUXE

Canonized Pilgrims—By Irvin S. Cobb



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All the Parts of Speech Go Dead Lame

IT IS generally conceded that the Grand Cañon beggars description. I shall therefore endeavor to refrain from doing so. Right here at the outset I realize that this is going to be a considerable contract. Nearly everybody, on taking a first look at the Grand Cañon, comes right out and admits its wonders are absolutely indescribable—and then proceeds to write anywhere from two thousand to fifty thousand words, giving the full details. Speaking personally, I wish to say that I do not know anybody who has yet succeeded in getting away with the job.

In the old days when he was doing the literature for the Barnum show, Tody Hamilton would have made the best candidate I can think of. Remember, don't you, how when Tody started in to write about the elephant quadrille you had to turn over to the next page to find the verb? And almost any one of those young fellows who do advertising folders for the railroads would gladly tackle the assignment; in fact, some of them already have—but not with any tumultuous success.

In the presence of the Grand Cañon, language just simply fails you and all the parts of speech go dead lame. When the Creator made it He failed to make a word to cover it. To that extent the thing is incomplete. But if I ever do run across a person who can put down on paper what the Grand Cañon looks like, that party will be my choice to do the story when the Crack of Doom occurs. I can close my eyes now and see the headlines: Judgment Day a complete success! Replete with incident and abounding in surprises—many wealthy families disappointed—full particulars from our special correspondent on the spot!

Starting out from Chicago we had a full trainload. We came from all over—everywhere: from peaceful New England towns full of elm trees and oldline Republicans; from the Middle States; and from the land of chewing tobacco, prominent Adam's apples and hot biscuits—down where the r is silent, as in No'th Ca'lina. And all of us—Northerners, Southerners, Easterners alike—were actuated by a common purpose—we were going West to see the country and rough it—rough it on overland trains better equipped and more luxurious than any to be found in the East; rough it at ten-dollar-a-day hotels; rough it by touring car over the most magnificent automobile roads to be found on this continent. We were a daring lot and resolute; each and every one of us was brave and blithe to endure the privations that such an expedition must inevitably entail. Let the worst come; we were prepared! If there wasn't any of the hothouse lamb, with imported green peas, left we'd worry along on a little bit of the fresh shad roe, and a few conservatory cucumbers on the side. That's the kind of hardy adventurers we were!

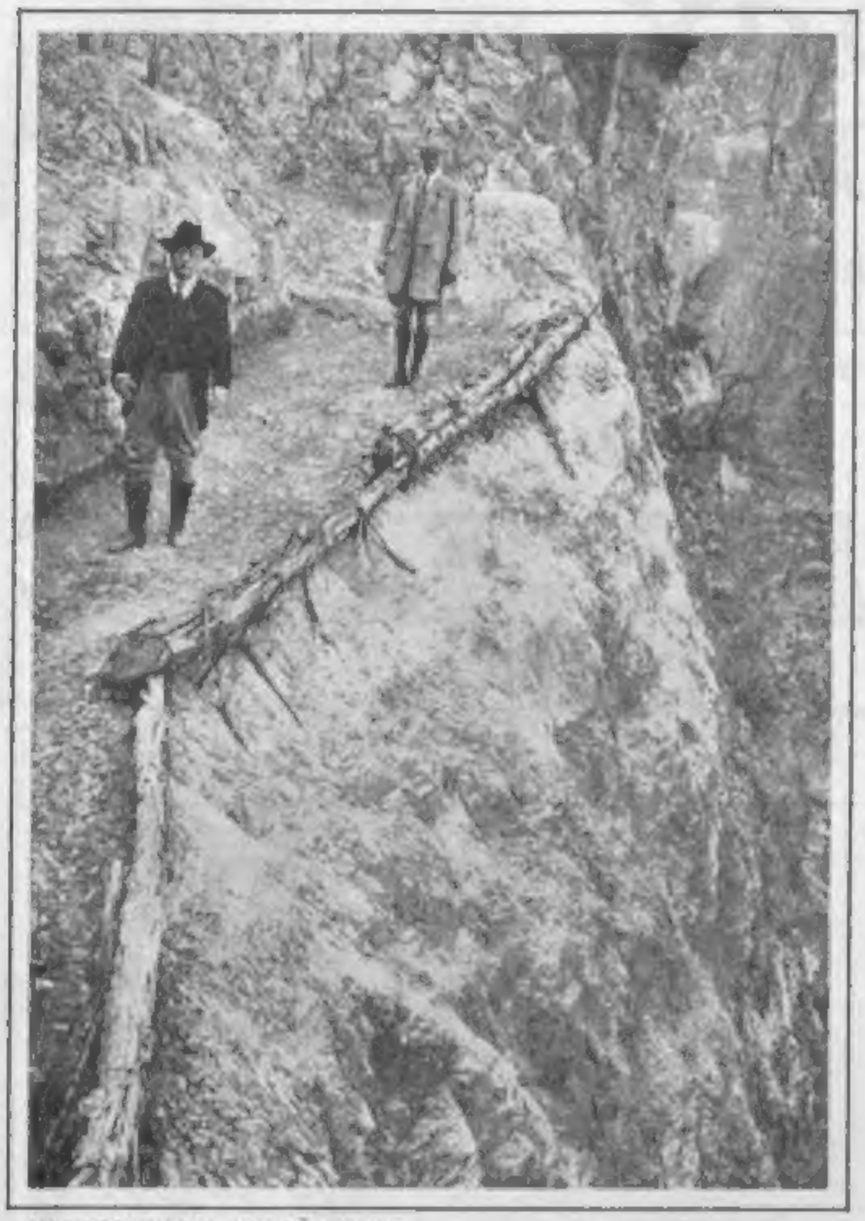
Conspicuous among us was a distinguished surgeon of Chicago; in fact, so distinguished that he has had a very rare and expensive disease named for him, which is as distinguished as a physician ever gets to be in this country. Abroad he would be decorated or knighted. Here we name something painful after him and it seems to fill the bill just as well. This surgeon was very distinguished and also very exclusive. After you scaled down from him, riding in solitary splendor in his drawing room, with kitbags full of symptoms and diagnoses scattered round, we became a mixed tourist outfit. I would not want to say that any of the persons on our train were impossible, because that sounds snobbish; but I will say this—some of them were highly improbable.

There was the bride, who put on her automobile goggles and her automobile veil as soon as we pulled out of the Chicago yards and never took them off again—except possibly when sleeping. I presume she wanted to show the rest of us that she was accustomed to traveling at a high rate of speed. If the bridegroom had only bethought him to carry one of those siren horns under his arm, and had tooted it whenever we went round a curve, the illusion would have been complete.

There was also the middle-aged lady with the camera habit. Any time the train stopped, or any time it behaved as though it thought of stopping, out on the platform would pop this lady, armed with her little accordion-plaited camera, with the lens focused and the little atomizer bulb dangling down, all ready to take a few pictures. She snapshotted watertanks, whistling posts, lunch stands, section houses, grade crossings and holes in the snowshed—also scenery, people and climate. A two-by-four photograph of a mountain that's a mile high must be a most splendid reminder of the beauties of Nature to take home with you from a trip.

There was the conversational youth in the Norfolk jacket, who was going out West to fill an important vacancy in a large business house—he told us so himself. It was a good selection too. If I had a vacancy that I wanted filled in such a way that other people would think the vacancy was still there, this youth would have been my candidate.

And finally there was the horse-doctor from a town somewhere in Indiana, who had the upper berth in Number Ten. It seemed to take a load off his mind, on the second morning out, when he learned that he would not have to spend the day up there, but could come down and mingle with the rest of us on a common footing; but right up to the finish of the journey he was uncertain on one or two other points. Every time a conductor came through—Pullman conductor, train conductor or dining-car conductor—he would hail him and ask him this question: "Do I or do I not have to change at Williams for the Grand Cañon?" The conductor—whichever conductor it was—always said "Yes"—he would have to change at Williams. But he kept asking them—he seemed to regard a conductor as a functionary who would deliberately go out of his way to mislead a passenger in regard to an important matter of this kind. After a while the conductors took to hiding out from him and then he began cross-examining the porters, and the smoking-room attendant, and the baggageman, and the flagmen, and the passengers who got aboard down the line in Colorado and New Mexico.



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There are Only Two Ways to Do the Inside of the Grand Cañon—Afoot and on Muteback

draperies of his upper berth. Convulsive spasms agitated the green curtains. Muffled swear words uttered in a low but fervent tone filtered down to us. Every few seconds a leg or an arm or a head, or the butt-end of a suitcase, or the bulge of a valise, would show through the curtains for a moment, only to be abruptly snatched back.

Speculation concerning the causes of these strange manifestations ran—as the novelists say—rife. Some thought that, overcome with disappointment over the discovery that we had changed at Williams in the middle of the night, without his knowing anything about it, he was having a fit all alone up there. Presently the excitement abated; and then, after having first lowered his baggage, our friend descended to the aisle and the mystery was explained. He had solved the question of what to wear while gazing at the Grand Cañon. He was dressed in a new golf suit, complete—from the dinky cap to the Scotch plaid stockings. If ever that man visits Niagara I should dearly love to be on hand to see him when he comes out to view the Falls, wearing his bathing suit!

The Meals a Success

SOME of us aboard that train did not seem to care deeply for the desert; the cactus possibly disappointed others; and the mesquit failed to give general satisfaction, though at a conservative estimate we passed through nine million miles of it. A few of the delegates from the Eastern seaboard appeared to be irked by the tribal dancing of the Hopi Indians—there was not a turkey-trotter in the bunch. The Indian settlements of Arizona are the only terpsichorean centers in this country to which the Young Turk movement has not penetrated yet. Some objected to the plains because they were so flat and plainlike—and some to the mountains because of their exceeding mountainous aspect; but on one point we all agreed—on the uniform excellence of the dining-car service.

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The Trail Clings to the Sheer Side of the Dizziest, Deepest Chasm in the Known World

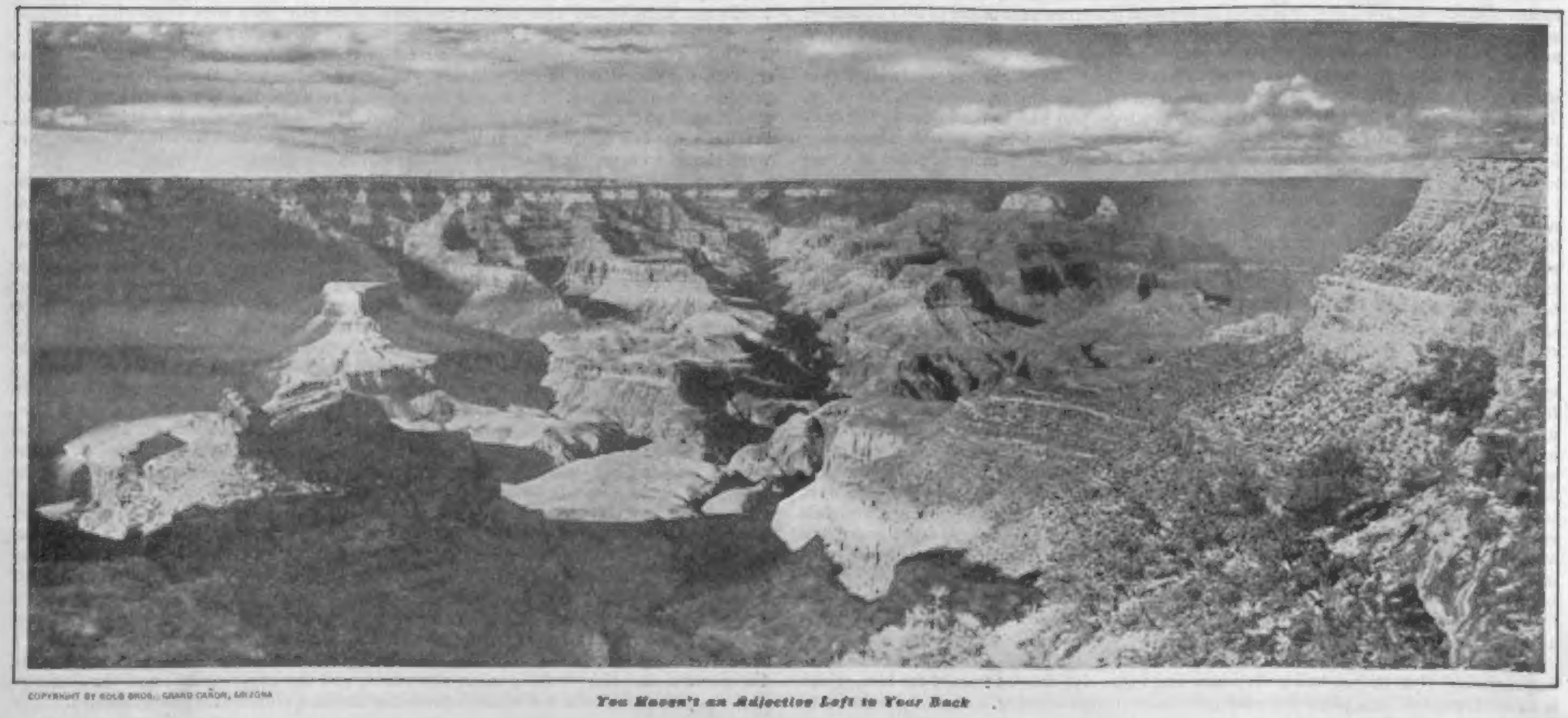
At breakfast in the dining car you would hear his plaintive, patient voice lifted. "Yes, waiter," he would say; "fry 'em on both sides, please. And say, waiter, do you know for sure whether we change at Williams for the Grand Cañon?" He put a world of entreaty into it; evidently he believed the conspiracy against him was widespread. At Albuquerque I saw him leading off on one side a Pueblo Indian who was peddling bows and arrows, and heard him ask the Indian, as man to man, if he would have to change at Williams for the Grand Cañon.

When he was not worrying about changing at Williams he showed anxiety upon the subject of the proper clothes to be worn while looking at the Grand Cañon. Among others he asked me about it. I could not help him. I had decided to drop in just as I was, and then to be governed by circumstances as they might arise; but he was not organized that way. On the morning of the last day, as we rolled up through the pine barrens of Northern Arizona toward our destination, those of us who had risen early became aware of a terrific struggle going on behind the shrouding

It is a powerfully hard thing for a man to project his personality across the grave. In making their wills and providing for the carrying on of their pet enterprises a number of our richest men have endeavored from time to time to disprove this; but, to date, the percentage of successes has not been large. So far as most of us are concerned the burden of proof shows that in this regard we are one with the famous little dog whose name was Rover—when we die, we die all over! Every big success represents the personality of a living man; rarely ever does it represent the personality of a dead man.

The original Fred Harvey is dead—has been dead, in fact, for several years; but his spirit goes marching on across the southwestern half of this country. Two thousand miles from salt water, the oysters that are served on his dining cars do not seem to be suffering from car-sickness. And you can get a beefsteak measuring eighteen inches from tip to tip. There are spring chickens with the most magnificent bust development I ever saw outside of a burlesque show; and the eggs taste as though they might have originated with a hen instead of a cold-storage vault. If there was only a cabaret show going up and down the middle of the car during meals, even New York passengers would be satisfied with the service, I think.

There is another detail of the Harvey system that makes you wonder. Out on the desert, in a dead-gray expanse of silence and sagebrush, your train halts at a junction point that you never even heard of before. There is not much to be seen—a depot, a 'dobe cabin or so, a few frame shacks, a few natives, a few Indians and a few incurably languid Mexicans—and that is positively all there is except that, right out there in the middle of nowhere, stands a hotel big enough and handsome enough for Chicago or New York,



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You Haven't an Adjective Left to Your Back

built in the Spanish style, with wide patios and pergolas—where a hundred persons might perg at one time—and gay-striped awnings. It is flanked by flower-beds and refreshingly green strips of lawn, with spouting fountains scattered about.

You go inside to a big, spotlessly bright dining room and get as good a meal as you can get anywhere on earth—and served in as good style too. To the man fresh from the East, such an establishment reminds him vividly of the hurry-up railroad lunch places to which he has been accustomed back home—places where the doughnuts are dornicks and the pickles are fossils; the hard-boiled egg looks as though it had got up out of a sick bed to be there, and on the pallid yellow surface of the official pie a couple of hundred flies are seen enacting Custard's Last Stand. It reminds him of them because it is so different. Between Kansas City and the Coast there are a dozen or more of these hotels scattered along the line.

And so, with real food to stay you and one of Tuskegee's brightest graduates to minister to your wants in the sleeper, you come on the morning of the third day out from Chicago to the Grand Cañon; you take one look at it—and instantly you lose all your former standards of comparison! You stand there gazing down the raw, red gullet of that great, gosh-awful gorge, and you feel your self-importance shriveling up to nothing inside of you. You haven't an adjective left to your back. It makes you realize what the sensations would be of one little microbe lost inside of Barnum's fat lady.

I think my preconceived conception of the Cañon was the same conception most people have before they come to see it for themselves—a straight up-and-down slit in the earth, fabulously steep and fabulously deep; nevertheless merely a slit. It is no such thing!

Imagine, if you can, a monster of a hollow approximately some hundreds of miles long and a mile deep, and anywhere from three to sixteen miles wide, with a mountain range—the most wonderful mountain range in the world—planted in it; so that, viewing the spectacle from above, you get the illusion of being in a stationary airship, anchored up among the clouds; imagine these mountainpeaks—hundreds upon hundreds of them—rising one behind the other, stretching away in endless, serried rank until the eye swims and the mind staggers at the task of trying to count them; imagine them splashed and splattered over with all the earthly colors you ever saw and a lot of unearthly colors you never saw before; imagine them carved and fretted and scrolled into all shapes—tabernacles, pyramids, battleships, obelisks, Moorish palaces—the Moorish suggestion is especially pronounced both in colorings and in shapes—monuments, minarets, temples, turrets, castles, spires, domes, tents, tepees, wigwams, shafts!

Imagine other ravines opening from the main one, all with their mouths in her flanks like so many sucking pigs; for there are hundreds of these lesser cañons, and any one of them would be a marvel were they not dwarfed into relative puniness by the mother of the litter. Imagine walls that rise sheer and awful as the wrath of God, and at their base holes where you might hide all the Seven Wonders of the Olden World and never know they were there—or miss them either. Imagine a trail that winds like a snake and climbs like a goat and soars like a bird, and finally bores like a worm and is gone!

Imagine a great cloud-shadow cruising along from point to point, growing smaller and smaller still, until it seems no more than a shifting purple bruise upon the cheek of a mountain, and then, as you watch it, losing itself in a tiny rift which at that distance looks like a wrinkle in the seamed face of an old squaw, but which is probably a huge gash gored into the solid rock for a thousand feet of depth and more than a thousand feet of width.

Imagine, way down there at the bottom, a stream visible only at certain favored points because of the mighty intervening ribs and chines of rock—a stream that appears to you like a torpidly crawling yellow worm, its wrinkling back spangled with dingy white specks, but which is really a wide, deep, brawling, rushing river—the

(Continued on Page 44)

The Femininity of Billy French

By LAURA L. HINKLEY

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

OF COURSE they said afterward that it was all my fault—which was absurd on the face of it, because I didn't do a thing except suggest and help out a little on the details. I don't see that it was such a terrible thing anyway. A couple of New York girls I happened to tell about it last summer thought it was the most scandalous thing they ever heard of; and as for the Boston girls—I simply didn't dare mention it to them!

All I can say is, it didn't seem so dreadfully shocking when we did it. Eastern people are so stiff anyway—not used to getting off jokes the way we are. Why, when Bob Engle was county clerk he gave Tom Hedges a commitment to the insane asylum instead of a marriage license—and Tom never found it out until after the ceremony! I think that was worse than what we did. Besides, our crowd have had so many larks together, and known each other—some of us—ever since we were kids; so it's really just like brothers and sisters. I said that once to Jimmie Haskell, and he said if I'd change it to "all in the family" he might see his way to agreeing. But I wasn't going to say anything about Jimmie Haskell especially. Of course Billy French's being a stranger and an Easterner did make it a little different; but then, if he hadn't been we couldn't have done it.

We Simply Howled

It really began the time we went up to Corwin City to see Maude Adams in Chantecler—Elizabeth Rathbun, Clark Walters, Jimmie Haskell and me. Coming home on the train we naturally got to talking about the play; and all of us but Elizabeth were dissatisfied with the title part—though, of course, she was perfectly sweet and lovely.

"A woman should never attempt a masculine rôle," said Clark solemnly—his failing is that he is apt to get too solemn over little things. "It's impossible for her to have either the physical or the mental qualities necessary."

Now Elizabeth is a red-hot suffragette, and she fired right up.

"I don't know why not!" said she. "In my opinion that part was perfectly played. The impossible thing is for men to have the refinement to play women's parts."

"But they can!" said Clark. "I knew a fellow from Philadelphia ——"

"If woman has ever failed to measure up to man's attainments in anything," interrupted Elizabeth, "it's because of the cramping effects of ——"

"Look here!" interrupted Clark. "It's unquestioned that man has the larger, more varied capabilities. The male includes the female ——"

Elizabeth gasped with rage. Jimmie Haskell said that silly thing about man embracing woman; but neither of them would smile.

Clark said Elizabeth was mistaking a transient, political surface disturbance for a basically impossible readjustment; and Elizabeth said she was amazed to find in him a survival of an obsolescent social philosophy. Elizabeth can swing as many long-tailed words as Clark when she gets started. That's really one reason why they like each other. Then they both said right away that the ballot did not matter—the real issues lay deeper. You might have thought that meant they agreed; but it didn't. It was just clearing the ground for the fight.

"The historically evolved conception of woman's sphere ——" began Clark—I don't remember the rest of it; but Elizabeth came back with something about the barbarisms of a man-made world.

Well, at first Jimmie and I thought it was fun, and we sort of egged them on, Jimmie pretending to aide with Elizabeth and I with Clark. After a while we tried to get their minds off on something else; but they were going too strong for us. By the time we got home they were both so mad they would hardly speak to each other.

Jimmie thought they might make up after we left them at the corner; but their chances didn't look good to me. The last thing we heard was Clark saying, with a sort of patient, superior exasperation:

"But, Elizabeth, can't you see ——"

Well, after that, I supposed they had forgotten it, though I saw they were not so thick as they used to be. But as long as neither of them went with anybody else I thought they were all right. Time slipped along, and lots of things happened that haven't got anything to do with this story, until it was midsummer and Billy French came unexpectedly to visit Clark.

At this point I shall have to explain the kind of person Billy French was, because this whole story depends on that. He was from Philadelphia; but I don't think he was typical of Philadelphia or anywhere. They say Philadelphia people are slow, but there wasn't anything slow about Billy French. He was a little man—one of the sort that always look much younger than they are—a perfectly dandy dresser, slightly built, with small hands and feet—not at all the sort of person I should ever want to marry, myself; but Letty never did choose anything the way I—— There! I oughtn't to have said anything about Letty yet, because she doesn't come into the story until the very end. Writing anything down is so complicated!

I will not attempt to describe Billy French's mental characteristics, except to say that he was frightfully quick-witted and terribly keen on a joke, and with more than a spice of malice in his composition. I did not know these things at first so well as I did afterward. Clark had got acquainted with him at some technical school in the East, where they both specialized in highly advanced chemistry. There was a dramatic club among the students; and Billy always played the women's parts. He was the fellow Clark had tried to tell about that time on the train.

He was some chemist though, I want you to understand. He was on his way at that time to some terribly important position in Seattle, where he was going to get a perfectly

immense salary. He had stopped off to see Clark on account of their being great friends, which was odd, because they were so absolutely unlike in every way—or maybe it wasn't odd, because people often do —— Well, never mind that now! Another reason he wanted to see Clark was because he thought he could get Clark a position where Clark would be paid ever so much more than he was getting in the place he had.

Of course this made Clark feel good; but at the same time it made him feel bad, because it made him think about getting married. Clark had never wanted to marry any one but Elizabeth; and now he didn't want to marry her—or thought he didn't—because they held such irreconcilable views on the relative endowments and functions of the sexes. My! Just trying to describe Clark's thoughts does improve one's language! Which shows what a refining influence a really educated person unconsciously exerts.

Clark didn't exactly tell me all this when he stopped on our porch the day after Billy arrived. Have I mentioned that the Walters' house is right next door to ours? Well, it is; and just beyond is the Haskells'. Clark and I have always been very friendly and sort of confidential—that is, whatever he didn't tell me I could usually guess; so I was awfully sorry to learn that that ridiculous quarrel was still rankling. They would start it up again every time they met. Clark said the last time he saw Elizabeth she said man was incapable of tact or finesse or discretion—a kind of blundering savage; and she thanked goodness woman was no longer dependent on such a creature for a livelihood. Clark didn't say what he said.

Well, I was provoked at Elizabeth. The idea of talking like that to a perfectly good man! Of course I did what I could to straighten things out. I told Clark he was perfectly right; and I couldn't think what had got into Elizabeth to make her lose her temper so. I said I knew she really didn't mean it anyway; and that Elizabeth was young yet—she's three years older than I am!—and would probably see things in a different light later. Clark brightened a little at that and said he feared Elizabeth was at a turning of the ways; and if he could only show her before it was too late! I hinted that if they would just forget it they might be better friends than ever; but Clark shook his head—awfully mournfully—and said that where there was a radical divergence on fundamental questions it would be childish to anticipate any happy outcome.

Just then Billy French came out on the Walters' lawn and sat down in their hammock. So Clark went over and joined Billy on the lawn. I could see them sitting there talking about densely uninteresting chemical things. I knew they were, because they looked so interested.

Pretty soon Jimmie Haskell happened along and we got to talking; and I told him a little about Clark's troubles. Jimmie was quite worried. You see, Jimmie and I both felt responsible about Clark and Elizabeth, because we thought if we hadn't egged them on in the beginning of their disagreement they might never have got so mad; so it was up to us to soothe them down if we could.

"The trouble with those folks, Alma," said Jimmie, "is that they don't know how to laugh! They ought to just turn this thing into a joke. I don't see any other way to save them."

I didn't, myself; but I didn't see how to do it either—they were both so deadly serious.

"He says he wants to show her," I explained.

"Why doesn't he then?" said Jimmie. "Here's this French person who looks as if he had every feminine ——"

That was when the idea hit me all at once.

"Let's!" I cried. "Let's make him do it! Dress the French person up like a girl and take Elizabeth in!"

Jimmie stared a minute; then he struck his knee a resounding whack and exclaimed:

"You've got it, Alma! They can't resist that!"

"But, of course, Mr. French won't!" said I. "You wouldn't dare ask him—would you?" I had just been introduced to him and had seen him on the Walters' porch and lawn, where he looked awfully proper and dignified.

"You bet I'd dare!" cried Jimmie who had seen more of him than I had. "He'll do it too! He's stuck on his acting. I'll ask him right now!"

He went over and joined the other two on the lawn, and presently they began to talk earnestly and excitedly together.

Well, I had time to think how almost providentially things were arranged so we could spring a complete surprise on Elizabeth. She was down at the river camping with the Waites. So far as I knew she had never heard of Billy French; and if she had she wouldn't have any idea he was in that part of the country. The Waites' cottage has no telephone and I knew I could make sure she didn't find out anything but what I wanted her to. Kate Morrison was staying at the Waites' too. The Waites are a young married couple—Alicia and Jack. Alicia Waite and Kate Morrison are Elizabeth's two dearest chums. So far as I knew there wouldn't be any one else; and of these I thought Kate Morrison would be the hardest to fool, for she's very quick-witted. And we'd have to take in the whole party.

Wednesday Evening Jimmie Dressed Billy Up Completely

I had got that far in my thoughts when Billy French got up and went into the house. I thought it was all off. After a minute he came out again with something in his hand, and they all came over to our house.

By the greatest luck Billy happened to have in his trunk the wig he used to wear playing girls' parts. That was what he went in to get. In our house he put it on. It was one of those wigs that, as the advertisements say, "absolutely defy detection." It was made of lovely, rather fluffy, golden-brown hair; and when we saw those exquisite, bronzy tresses parted in the middle and rippling across Billy's forehead and the tips of his ears—which were small—and knotted low and *so* naturally in the back of his neck—we simply howled. We felt it would be just flying in the face of Providence not to put the thing through.

When Jimmie got so he could speak—for that girl's head on top of Billy's very correctly tailored form was the funniest thing you ever saw—he said Billy could wear his sister's clothes. Flora Haskell is a tall, large girl, though quite young. But I said we must be careful about that, for if he wore many of Flora's things or mine the girls might recognize them. So we went on to plan Billy's costume.

First, I said, I must write to Alicia and get the girls' minds started to working in the right direction. So I composed my letter right there, consulting the boys about it from time to time. I told them we had better represent Billy as my friend, not Flora's, because I didn't think Flora was inventive enough. Jimmie grinned and said he guessed that was about right.

I wrote Alicia that I had a friend staying with me a few days—one of the girls I had known the year I was at the Misses Carrington's boarding school—that was the only place I had ever been the girls didn't know all about. I said they had probably heard me speak of Fanny French—of course they hadn't; but I knew if I put it that way they would think they had; I consulted Billy about the name and he said it was an inspiration. I was trying to show her a good time, of course, I said, and had made up a little automobile party for Thursday with Clark Walters and the Haskells. We would be at the camp for dinner, because I wanted her to meet the girls and perhaps spend the afternoon—I left that rather vague, because I didn't know how things might work out. I also told Alicia we would bring some picnic things to eat; and, if she wanted anything from town and could let me know in time, we would bring that too.

I set Thursday because that gave us just one day between—time enough to get ready, but not time enough for any accident. Also Billy couldn't stay any longer. He hadn't intended to stay so long, but he said he would stretch a point, considering the urgent necessities of the case. He looked at me rather queerly when he said that, and I wondered how much Clark had told him or he had guessed about the true inwardness of Clark's affair. Of course we hadn't told him anything—but there were lots of things you didn't need to tell Billy French! At the same time I know now—but didn't then—that he was sort of piqued at us for making use of him in such a summary and undignified way; and he had made up his mind to get even. And getting even was a thing you could absolutely rely on Billy French to do!

I had to impress it on the boys that we must avoid any exaggeration in costuming Billy. It wasn't any artificial stage stunt we were doing, but a thing that had to be pulled off in broad, open day, in the midst of a group of pretty good observers. I must say Billy was the quickest person to take a hint—when he wanted to—I ever worked with. For the dress I decided we must have something perfectly new. So I made Jimmie take accurate measurements of Fanny's figure—I don't know what things of Flora's or Mrs. Haskell's Jimmie requisitioned for Billy, but he took all he needed—and on Wednesday I went up to Corwin City and bought a little ready-to-wear dress that was a perfect dream. It was of pink-and-white light summer stuff, made with a lace yoke and high collar—I wasn't going to trust Billy in any round necks!—rather low-waisted effect, with grouped tucks on the hips, flaring out below. I got a hat to match, inexpensive but tasteful—a floppy-brimmed affair, with lots of pink roses. The boys had been foolish enough to want short sleeves, but I stopped that. This dress had very long sleeves, and I sewed deep frills of lace in after that, and they softened Billy's hands down wonderfully. The boys also talked some nonsense about white shoes and stockings, but I made them get black.

Wednesday evening Jimmie dressed Billy up completely and did everything for his complexion that talcum would do; and brought him over to our house. The family were simply stunned—he was so perfect! I cannot say he looked like a pretty girl—except his hair; but he looked like a girl who wanted desperately to be pretty—an eager, oldish, sharp-featured, egotistic girl, passionately alert to make a conquest or get a man. And the manner he adopted—effusive and coquettish—completed the impression. To try the thing out I put my hat right on and took Billy calling. Some of those people do not believe to this day that it wasn't a girl I had with me that night.

We were a merry company when we finally got started the next morning. Clark and Flora sat in front and Fanny French behind, between Jimmie and me. We laughed until we almost cried when she first came out; but if we had known the things that fatal Fanny was going to do to all of us before night we might not have been so gay!

Things began to go askew almost from the beginning. Clark wasn't in the spirit of the thing at all. Of course he had to drive the car; still, he needn't have been quite so glum. He acted as if he wanted to wash his hands of the whole fool business, which was horribly ungrateful when we were going to all that trouble just on his account. Flora wouldn't do a thing but turn round and giggle at Billy—she was kind of struck on Billy anyway. For a while we had lots of fun in the tonneau, with Billy practicing his airs and graces, and me showing him how to tone them down, and both of us planning out what we would say happened at the Misses Carrington's, and mixing it up with real things and people the girls knew about. Jimmie began to feel left out and to act huffy. I was provoked at him, because the whole thing was his scheme anyway, and he ought to have been grateful to me for throwing myself into it the way I had. Besides, Jimmie Haskell needn't act as if my actions were any special concern of his!

Billy French sized all this up with a perfectly unerring eye and got in his revenge. He didn't do a thing you could possibly take exception to; but he continually did things you wished he wouldn't. His boldest stroke was calling me names like "Alma dearest!" "My darling girl!"—and so on—slipping them in so innocently in his gushing girly way that you simply couldn't be mad. Of course he did it just to tease Jimmie—and Jimmie was foolish enough to be teased. The more offish he behaved the jollier I had to be to show that it really wasn't of the slightest consequence and I hadn't noticed it at all; but I was glad enough when we got to the camp and forgot everything else in our interest in the first impression.

The Waites' cottage is a modest little affair close up to the bank of the river, with woods and rocks all round it—except where the river is, of course—and quite remote from any other cottages or houses. The road is so sandy after you get into the woods that the automobile just crawled along, but it took us right up to the dooryard, where the hammocks hung under the trees.

All the inhabitants of the cottage came out to greet us. Billy behaved perfectly and the introductions passed off, so far as I could see, without a shadow of suspicion of anything unusual. It seemed almost a shame to abuse their unsuspecting hospitality. Besides the people I have mentioned, Kate Morrison's cousin, Ralph, was there. I hadn't seen him for years, but I knew him at once. The Morrisons all look alike, with their black hair and eyes. It was a relief to mix our crowd up with a set of people who were not all secretly by the ears. I had a nice little chat with Ralph Morrison, recalling our childish pranks—especially the time we buried the kittens in the haymow and Letty nearly cried her eyes out. Then, seeing everybody

settled down, Flora and Fanny in the hammocks and the boys lying round on the grass, I went out to the kitchen to help the girls get dinner on. We always do that when we visit each other. Besides, I wanted to find out what their impression really was. So I buttoned on an apron and waited for them to mention Fanny.

They asked me where she lived and how long she was going to stay, and I gave the answers we had agreed upon. They said she had beautiful hair. I said, of course, it wasn't nice to talk about your company, but she seemed boy-struck to me; and I added that I thought she had her eye on Clark. I had the tail of my own on Elizabeth. She wasn't interested; but Alicia and Kate exchanged a strange look. I didn't understand it then—but I did a little later.

We set the table on the porch overlooking the river. I remember thinking while we were getting it on that it was going to be an awfully good dinner; but so many distracting things developed during the course of it that I didn't taste a thing. In the first place, Billy, who sat beside me, took to acting up with such flighty and exaggerated kittenishness that I saw, if he didn't give us away himself, Flora's giggling certainly would. I had to pinch his arm under the table to make him stop—and Jimmie Haskell saw me doing it! Clark was still gloomy and hardly trying to be agreeable. I was provoked at him, and disgusted with Flora, and irritated with Jimmie, and exasperated with Billy. To have to conceal all these feelings and make pleasant tabletalk was bad enough; but pretty soon I became aware of something so serious and amazing that for the moment it drove everything else out of my head. It was this: Elizabeth was absolutely *gone* on Ralph Morrison!

You don't know how you know a thing like that! But this was almost pitifully plain. There's a kind of transparency about Elizabeth—she can't pretend anything or conceal her feelings the way most girls do. Why, I actually saw her trying not to look at him when he wasn't looking at her, and trying to look at him when he was!

It simply knocked me over! The idea of Elizabeth Rathbun, of all girls, being the victim of a boy's *beaux yeux!* It simply shows you never can tell—the very ones you'd think would be the last are often just the ones who *do!*

I hadn't any time for abstract speculations however. As soon as I caught my breath I looked round to see what the others thought about it. Jack Waite isn't the sort of person who would ever notice a thing like that. Alicia and Kate knew; but they were acting—as, of course, they had to—as if there wasn't anything at all. Something about Kate made me wonder if the whole thing was not her scheme. She never has been very friendly to Clark. I saw all this in about half a minute. Jimmie Haskell says I remind him of the characters in Henry James, the way I get on to what people are thinking about.

Then I concentrated my attention on Ralph. He certainly was handsome. That accounted partly for poor Elizabeth's infatuation. I wouldn't dare to say so before any ordinary-looking man, but the honest truth is, girls are about as much interested when a boy's easy to look at as boys are when it is the other way round—especially when, like Elizabeth, they're only medium lookers themselves. His manners were quiet and modest and agreeable. He didn't show the least consciousness toward Elizabeth; but I was morally certain she never could have got where she was unless he had encouraged her a lot. My first thought was he must be at least three years younger than Elizabeth, and then I wasn't so sure. I had assumed he was the same age I was the time we buried the kittens in the hay; but he might have been older. He was one of those delicate, stunted, precocious, spoiled youngsters who always turn out unexpectedly. He had smiled charmingly when he said: "I was an insufferable imp then, wasn't I?" As for Elizabeth, it was plain enough she had been caught on the rebound from Clark's opinionatedness by a gentle youth who believed everything she said—though I didn't for one minute believe she'd said the same things! Also, if he really was gentle he must have changed a lot since the haymow affair. But then, you know, they do.

I made up my mind if we paired off after dinner, as we probably should, I'd do my best to pair off with Ralph Morrison. I was the more resolved because I knew that wasn't what Jimmie Haskell intended. It was time for Jimmie Haskell to learn a few things! But there were other reasons. I wanted to find out what Elizabeth saw in him. There was something fascinating and sort of poetic about him. He was a different type from our big, athletic boys—and no sharp-witted little shrimp like Billy either. The languid movements of his slender hands and his grave, dark eyes were positively thrilling.

I had no more than come to this conclusion when I perceived that two other members of our party had seen the thing I had. One was Clark Walters; and I never in my life saw anybody flatten out under anything the way he did! He wouldn't say a word. Sometimes he looked too disgusted to be mad, and then he'd look too mad to be disgusted. I tell you it's one thing to give a person up to their own perverse opinions and an awfully different thing to give them up to another person! I knew he was trying to figure out—as I was—how long this Morrison thing had been going on, whether it had begun before or after their last quarrel, and whether the camping scheme could have been got up to help it along. Every time I looked at Clark I couldn't help thinking how our little jest, which started out so gayly, had struck something really tragic; because if this turned out well for Elizabeth it was going to be dreadful for Clark. And I thought what an awful thing it is to meddle with human destinies!

Nothing like that occurred to Billy French—of course the other clairvoyant member of our party was Billy French. With him action was the twin of thought. I hadn't got things sorted out in my mind at all when I saw that Billy was making a dead set at Ralph Morrison. I must say he put his whole soul into it. The stage lost a great actor when Billy French devoted himself to chemistry. He dropped all his little excessive tricks and gave a subtle and finished impersonation of a girl going after a man, that would have been worth going a thousand miles to see if we hadn't had anything else on our minds. Poor, blind Jimmie couldn't see anything better to do than pretend to be devoted to Fanny. Of course that gave Fanny just the background she wanted for her attack on Ralph. Almost any girl could have learned things from the way she handled the situation.

I really think Billy was actuated by true friendship for Clark as well as sheer love of mischief and making trouble. He figured that if he made a monkey of the fellow Elizabeth was infatuated with, and started dissension between another loving couple—I don't know why I said "another"; I didn't mean that—he would be doing all any one could to straighten things out for Clark.

Clark himself didn't notice what Billy was doing, but presently the rest had to. Ralph did, and it embarrassed him; he flushed a little under his dark skin—he was only a young fellow after all—and didn't know whether to be flattered or annoyed. It put Elizabeth into a nervous flutter she simply could not conceal. I saw Kate Morrison's black brows draw together—she didn't like to see her cousin made a fool of; Flora Haskell was down in the mouth because Fanny had stopped paying any attention to her; and I wasn't pleased, because I wanted Ralph myself for the day.

It was an awful dinner! You see, a real girl, no matter how mean she is, can go only in one direction, so to speak; but here was Billy cutting two swaths at once through everybody's feelings. He was making Flora and Jimmie and me jealous—if you could call it that in my case; and we knew he was a boy. And he was making Elizabeth and Kate jealous, who thought he was a girl. As for Clark, he was so jealous anyway he could hardly see. You might say the green-eyed monster sat at the head of the board and feasted on all hearts.

The ghastly gayeties of that dreadful meal ended at last. Flora and I helped the girls wash the dishes; but Fanny sat in the hammock with the male population of the camp at her feet—except Clark; he disappeared and nobody had the heart to wonder where.

I wasn't surprised later to find that Fanny had taken Ralph off for a walk. So there was nothing to do but stroll away with Jimmie. We didn't go far. We sat down beside a boulder among the trees and blamed each other for the miserableness of things. Of course I didn't want to give Elizabeth away, and Jimmie couldn't see why I was so blue.

We were sitting in gloomy silence when we heard another couple come up and sit down on the other side of the boulder. We knew by their voices they were Billy and Ralph Morrison. Jimmie motioned me to keep still and we listened to see how they were getting on. She certainly had him going!

The first thing we heard was Billy saying, "Oh, Mr. Morrison!" in a little fluttered, flattered way. Ralph said something we couldn't hear on account of the noise they made getting settled; then Billy said "Yes?" in a tentative, tempting tone; and then:

"Do you believe in votes for women, Mr. Morrison?"

"This agitation," Ralph answered in his grave, clear voice, "has always perplexed me. But perhaps you are a suffragette, Miss French?"

"Oh, no!" cried Billy. "I'd die if I had to vote! I should simply scream! I do think we ought to let the gentlemen do that."

It was pretty rough work, and I shouldn't have cared a bit if Ralph had caught on—but he didn't.

"I can't understand," he said—"I never have understood why any intelligent woman should desire the ballot." Goodness! Wasn't Elizabeth unfortunate in her men!

"To leave the home," pursued Ralph—"the sweet, safe security of the home, for the arena of public life—how can she wish to do it? What we want—we men—is to shelter and cherish and protect the gentler sex, to shield them from the rude contacts of life, asking nothing from them but their charm, their cheer and inspiration and tenderness."

"Oh, Mr. Morrison!" gurgled Billy. "I could listen to you talk all day—about politics."

"You wouldn't let a question of this nature," said Ralph with earnest and mournful emphasis, "stand between you and—any one you might care for?"

"Oh, never!" cried Billy.

"Womanly women are best—after all!"

"I adore a manly man!"

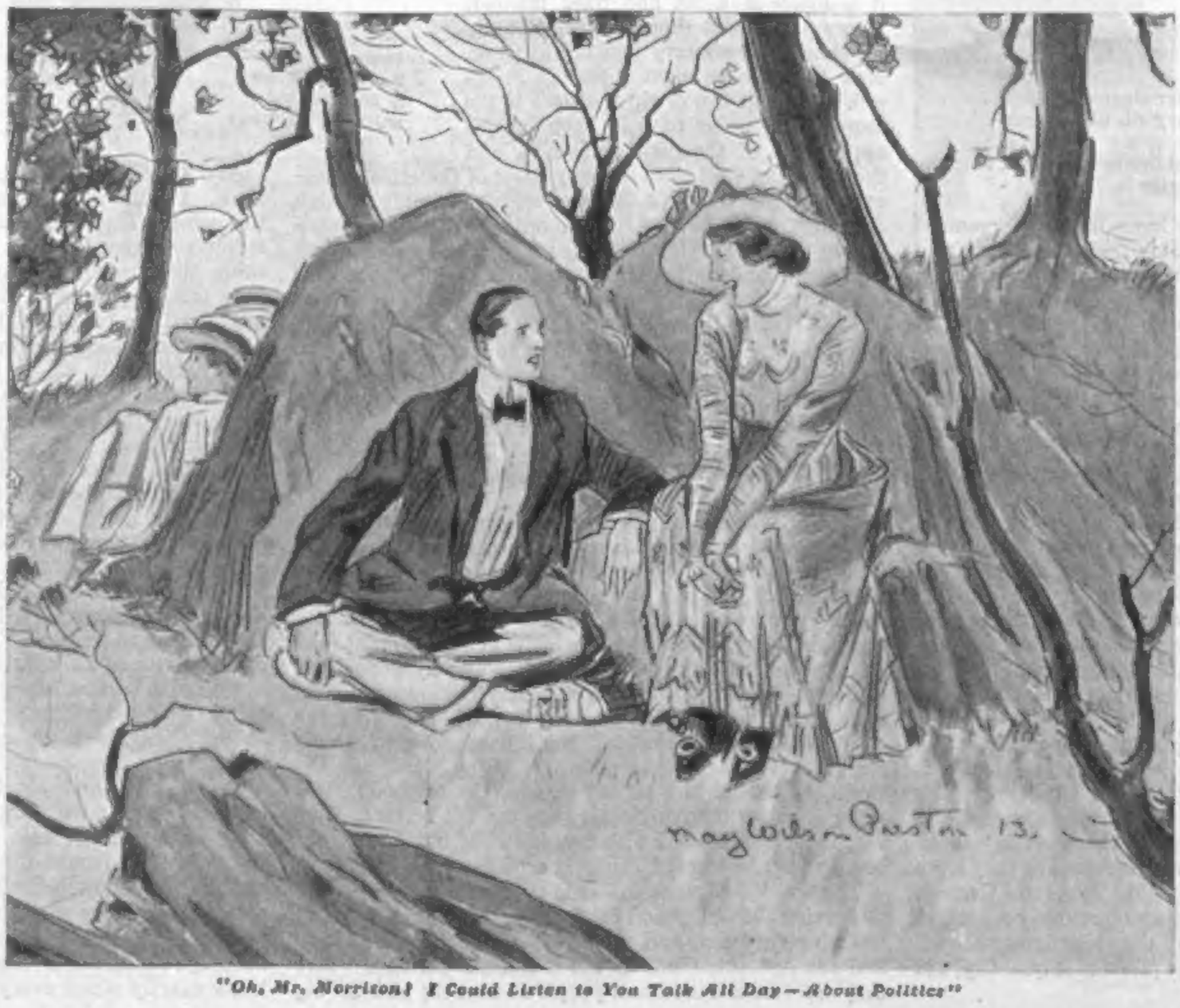
"I hope you won't think me too personal if I venture to say that you are one of the most truly feminine women I have ever met."

I thought Jimmie Haskell would burst. He pressed both hands over his mouth and writhed silently.

"This senseless aping of one sex by the other," continued Ralph, "disgusts me to the soul!"

Jimmie waved his arms up and down and got purple in the face. A suspicion just crossed my mind that maybe Ralph was deeper than we supposed, and had seen through Billy and was stringing him. Then I knew he must be in earnest or he wouldn't have referred to Elizabeth that way.

(Continued on Page 60)



"Oh, Mr. Morrison! I Could Listen to You Talk All Day—About Politics"

GAYETY BY THE POUND

By Samuel G. Blythe

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

WHEN the Kaiser gave orders to the good burghers of Berlin that they must make their city merry and bright, to compete with the gay and frivolous capitals, Paris and Vienna, the burghers considered the matter carefully, approached it gravely and analytically, and made plans and specifications therefor.

That is the German method. They classify and arrange. They make rules and go by the rules. The burghers struggled with the problem. Their idea of being merry and bright was to sit in a vast beer hall, with a small tub of beer and a chunk of sausage, and talk for seven hours about the development of dachshunds or the best way to cultivate cheese. Obviously this was not what the Kaiser meant when he said Berlin must have some of the spice of life injected into it, so tourists would stay there instead of hopping in and hopping on either to Paris or Vienna, as the case might be.

The burghers bent their intellects to the task and finally evolved a schedule that seemed to them to fit the needs of the city. It worked out about this way:

RULES FOR MAKING A CITY GAY

1—Keep everything open all night.
2—Build bigger restaurants and cafés than any other city has.
3—Have more of everything, regardless of quality—just more.
4—Pass an ordinance ordering everybody to be gay between seven o'clock P. M. and seven A. M., on penalty of fine.
5—Give it out that no one ever sleeps in Berlin.
6—Make having fun obligatory on all citizens at least once a week.
7—Take off all restrictions and invite the world to come and see how delightfully gay Berlin is.

That was the plot; and they immediately reorganized Berlin along those lines. They took their try-squares and plumblines and their blueprints, and set about constructing a good, substantial, merchantable article of gayety for visitors to Berlin. They needed more restaurants and cafés. Well and good! They built more; and built bigger ones than can be found elsewhere on the face of the earth. It was simple enough. If a restaurant is a good thing *per se* for a city that wants to be merry and bright, a restaurant gets better and better for such purposes in proportion to the size of it! The bigger the restaurant, the merrier and the brighter—that is the German view. And it was the same with dance-halls and everything else. If it is a good thing to keep open part of the night—good for adding the tang to Berlin—why, certainly it will be much better to keep open all night! Who can dispute that? If a spirit of carnival must be imparted to a city the citizens of that city must impart that spirit whether they feel like it or not; and they must do it according to rule.

It follows naturally that if a hundred people, dining in a place or drinking in a place, are lightsome and frolicsome, and having fun, a thousand people dining or drinking in a place will be ten times more frolicky and gay—that is, it follows naturally in Berlin—they think! And if keeping a few places open all night adds to the attractiveness of a city from a tourist's point of view, the tourists will be madly infatuated and never want to leave when they learn that every place is kept open all night. That is the German logic of it. And that is the way they laboriously organized the gayety of Berlin, and the way they laboriously keep it organized. The German's idea of pleasure is quantity, not quality!

He doggedly goes about having his fun. When he wants to be gay the German makes a job of it. He organizes himself and his party, and says: "Now we shall have funs—yes!" And that is the order of business, the subject before the house—having "funs." He works by rule. He is about as spontaneous as a sunset. He has decided to have fun. He has made his plans and specifications. Come, let us be gay!—even if it pains us, we must be gay!

Hence Berlin is gay in a large, rectangular way. It has bigger restaurants and cafés than any other city, and more of them. It keeps open all night. Having decided this must be a lively capital, it is hereby decreed this is a lively capital; and it is lively in a set and fixed manner. Every patriotic Berliner is expected to do his share of the merry and bright work. Now and then he must appear in Friedrich Strasse at two or three o'clock in the morning, in order to help keep up the appearance of the night life. Now and then he must wait until the very latest of the cafés open—at three or four o'clock A. M., say—and sit solemnly through a cabaret show—having fun—in order to make his contribution toward keeping Berlin gay. Of course nearly every Berliner would much prefer to be in a beer hall with his friends, talking calmly and smoking gravely; but there's no life in that. He must roister a bit! So he roisters with a goose-step—one, two, three—I'm so happy!—one, two, three—I'm so gay!—one, two, three—Let joy be unconfined!—one, two, three—La-la-la-la!—one, two, three—Begin all over again!—I'm so happy!—and so on!

Come, Let Us Be Gay!—Even if it Pains Us, We Must Be Gay!

Teutonic Nights' Entertainment

AND he wanders about from place to place, appearing here and appearing there—solemn as an owl, heavy as a chunk of pumpernickel—doing his frolicking by the rule. Eight o'clock, and it's one thing; eleven o'clock, and it's another; two o'clock, it's another—and thus he sadly proceeds, in order that the provincial and the tourist may be impressed with the jollity and mirth and sly wickedness of Berlin—her coquettishness and her flirtatiousness. Oh, it's a merry and bright city, that Berlin!—merry by the pound and bright by the ton! But it has more of it. Don't forget that! It has the quantity. Why, then, ask the Berliners, should any person criticise the method? If a thing is bigger than any other, why isn't it better? Why not, indeed? A band with nothing in it but doublebass horns would be a grand Teutonic achievement!

The first time I went to Berlin they were just beginning to develop the merry and bright idea. Of course they had the winter garden, and the circuses, and the ice palace; and the restaurant out at the zoölogical gardens, where they can feed ten thousand people at a crack; and the big beer halls; but they were merely big—not gay. They were all essentially German; but there was no sparkle about them, no froth, no frivol—good, solid Berlin institutions, where one took his pleasures gravely and sedately, as became a grave and sedate people. That wasn't the Kaiser's idea at all. He wanted the frolic and frivol of Paris and Vienna. He wanted his capital to be just as debonair, just as gay and giddy, just as attractive, in the same way the other Continental capitals were; and the order went forth. "Be gay!" said the edict.

"Be gay!" ordered the men in authority. "Resolved," said the Berliners, "that from this moment we are hereby gay!"

And they have been struggling with the problem ever since. I found a great development when I got to Berlin this time. They have added a considerable number of features—bigger features. Inasmuch as gayety is a good thing, they decided to have all of it they could get; and they put up enormous places to house it, and patiently instructed the people in their duty in the premises. And now they are being gay from daylight to dawn, conscientiously, faithfully, taking it as a necessary service to the country, just as is service in the army. Every once in a while every Berliner is gay. It is his duty, and he does it with a stern regard for all the requirements of the obligation. It reminds you of a herd of elephants dancing a polka. But the point is that the elephants do dance, and so do the Berliners be merry and bright.

"Of course," said my Berlin friends, "you must see the nightlife in Berlin."

"Of course!" I assented.

"Very well, then. We'll make out a schedule."

"Make out a schedule!" I ventured. "Does the nightlife of Berlin run on a timetable?"

"Why, to be sure," they replied, astonished that I should think there was anything spontaneous or non-mechanical about it. "There are certain things to do at certain times."

"How light and airy!" I murmured. "Almost as frolicsome as a missionary meeting!"

"Now, see here," said one of my friends, "you might just as well understand this thing once for all. When we decide to have fun in Berlin we have our fun methodically and in accordance with the rules and precedents. We go to certain places at certain times. Nobody in Berlin goes batting round, hit or miss, seeking for adventure. We know exactly where every adventure is located before we

start out, and exactly what kind of an adventure it is going to be. That saves time and trouble."

"But," I protested—rather feebly, I admit—"how can any person start out deliberately on an enterprise of this kind? The fun of a city at night always comes unexpectedly, not formally."

"Pish!" they said. "You do not understand the Berlin method. We work by rule. It's all cut and dried."

I subsided and they made out the schedule. When it was completed they handed it over to me, and I looked at it curiously. It was a rigid timetable for a whole night. It was as scientific as the running card of an express train. It admitted of no transfers and no delays. This fun train went through on a limited schedule and made only certain stops. And all tickets were through tickets and no layovers.

This is what I read:

Dinner	6:30	P. M.	until 8	P. M.
Theater	8	"	" 11	"
Supper	11	"	" 2	"
Cabaret	12	"	" 1	A. M.
Parais du Danse	1	A. M.	" 2	"
Pavilon Mascotte	2	"	" 3	"
Cabaret	3	"	" 4	"
Cafés	4	"	" 6	"
Breakfast	6	"	" 7	"

Auf wiedersehn!

So that night we started out to see Berlin as Berlin should be seen—to observe this devil-may-care capital, being devil-may-care according to the accepted and rigid Berlin method. And if I needed any proof of the fact that the Berliners and their visitors take their pleasures sadly and solemnly, and according to schedule, it was forthcoming before I got back to the hotel next morning. Oh! They are a jolly lot, those Berliners—jolly as a home for aged and indigent undertakers!

The dinner was a good one, in a small restaurant—one of the few small, good restaurants in Berlin, on a side street and not known to the tourists, but kept secret by wise Berliners. The show came next. It was a sort of review—not exactly that, but a collection of episodes strung together review-wise, mostly burlesquing German political and local affairs. The house was crowded with an expectant audience, and the comedians raised a little laughter now and then. There were marches and ballets, some good singing and some good dancing. A fat comedian, who seemed to be a favorite, had long monologues in each scene, talking pertly on local subjects. They burlesqued the feeling between England and Germany; the heavy taxes, in which scene the fat comedian came on wearing nothing but a nightshirt and a battered plug hat, and said they had taxed him out of all the rest of his clothes. They burlesqued the German colony in Africa, and the fat comedian played the part of a negro who had the sleeping sickness. And so it went.

She Sang a Little Song About Moon and Spoon

Between the acts we walked out in the promenade, which was crowded with sedate Germans and their wives, and dotted with brilliantly-dressed women whom we were to see many times again that night as we went through our schedule. Supper came next. The German, you understand, is organized for eating and drinking. There were sandwiches and such food in the theater. Then everybody there went to a beer hall or a restaurant and had supper—or, at least, cheese and sausage and beer. We had a big supper. "Eat it!" said the Berliner who was our master of ceremonies. "It will be a long time before you get to bed and you'll be hungry." And he was right.

Everybody tucked in another meal. The Berliner's idea of supper is that a supper, to be a supper, must have fifteen or twenty dishes. What's the use of eating unless you have something to eat? So we had something—many things; and the majordomo watched the clock carefully.

"Time to go," he said at midnight, and we went. We were running on schedule, and there were no transfers and no delays.

It wasn't far to the first cabaret. This was upstairs on one of the principal streets. The first show was about over when we arrived, and the second was announced to begin shortly. The second show runs from eleven-thirty P. M. to four A. M., but it does not get under way much before midnight. There were few people in the place when we got there. There was a stage at one side of the room, with a piano on it, and the room itself was filled with small tables, none seating more than six and most of them seating four; on each table there stood, ostentatiously in a cooler, a bottle of champagne.

Midnight Madness

THE impression the foxy persons who ran the cabaret meant to convey was that the people who sat down at the tables after paying their admission were expected to buy wine. Our majordomo said to the waiter: "Take that stuff away!" And the waiter sighed and took it away. I noticed, however, that strangers, not knowing the ropes, generally fell into the trap and bought the wine, which was of a cheap French variety and was sold at a vintage price.

People began dropping in. Most of them were staid and respectable merchants from the provinces, in Berlin on business and out for a fling. Some of them had their wives with them and made up family parties. They all sat down decorously, and the women shivered with delicious anticipation of the gay and possibly slightly wicked scenes they were to see, and the songs they were to hear. It was a famous cabaret—one of the most celebrated in Berlin; and they had all heard stories of the shocking way those performers sang and joked. It was too delightful for anything! And the good women from the smaller cities put out their hands and touched their husbands to make sure they were there, close at hand, and then turned their faces expectantly toward the stage. It was seeing Berlin at night!

People came along by twos and threes. They did not look like the people one sees in the cafés of Montmartre, in Paris, after midnight, or in the lobster palaces of New York. They were mostly country people and tourists. They seemed scared. When the waiters suggested they buy the wine they bought it, and waited nervously for what was to happen on that darkened stage.

Soon after we arrived the footlights went up and a man in evening clothes came out. He was the official announcer, a smug, smirking person, who rubbed his hands and made a speech.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said: "I congratulate you on your good fortune in being here tonight. You are now about to witness one of the best cabaret shows ever given in the world. There will be singing and recitals, and much music; and you are all to have a good time. That is what you are here for—remember that! Have a good time! And if any one is dissatisfied we shall be sorry."

There it was, you see. He told them they were there to have a good time, to be merry and bright. They all settled back in their chairs, sipped their drinks and waited for the hilarity to begin. Presently the curtains parted and a very solemn young man, with closely plastered light hair, sat down at the piano. The announcer said a lady would sing. She bounced out—a fresh-faced girl—apparently an amateur, and obviously wearing a frock she herself had made. She sang a little song about moon and spoon, or their equivalents in German, and bounced back. The wives from the provinces looked inquiringly at their husbands. Was this all there was to it?

Another girl came out—a big, strapping girl—who gave a series of imitations of the animals one sees at the zoo—very good imitations, but not particularly naughty; and the wives from the provinces began to look bored. So far, no person had laughed; nor had any applauded. The whole crowd sat there solemnly staring at the stage. Then came another girl. The announcer said she had fallen from a horse and had hurt herself, so she could not dance; but she would sing some Bulgarian soldier songs. She put on a soldier's cap and sang a couple of songs prettily. They were very sad songs, and were all about the feelings the young recruit has before he goes into his first battle—tearful and melancholy, for the young soldier was certain he would be killed on the morrow; and he was plaintively committing those thoughts of his approaching death to song for the benefit of his dear mother at home.

Every Patriotic Berliner is Expected to Do His Share of the Merry and Bright Work

The wives from the provinces were plainly annoyed. It was nothing like what they had been led to expect. Some of them reproved their husbands, who sought to reassure them that the show would liven up. By this time the room was filled, and various of the stunning ladies we had seen in the promenade at the theater had dropped in and were surveying the crowd languidly from advantageous seats apparently reserved for them. More of the theater-promenade ladies arrived. Some were in full evening dress. Then came some Berlin young men-about-town in opera hats and cloaks; and they seemed delighted if the stunning ladies bowed to them. There was a good thick haze of smoke in the air. Some of the women smoked—but none of the wives from the provinces. They looked rather superior and shrugged their shoulders over the smoking by the stunning ladies.

"Now," said the announcer—"Now there comes a man who will cause you to laugh. Be prepared! Laugh!"

A big man, who looked like a prize fighter, appeared. His head was shaved closely, after the German manner, and he was very energetic. He spoke a long piece, with much emphasis and many facial contortions, and he got a laugh or two. It wasn't much of a piece, and it could be spoken in any parlor.

"Surely," said the wives from the provinces to their husbands, speaking disdainfully—"Surely this is not the vaunted nightlife of Berlin! Why, it is positively stupid!"

Another girl! She had some sentimental songs and she could sing well, but she was very gentle and not a bit kittenish or sprightly, or, sniffed the wives from the provinces, naughty!—not at all—a rather attractive, ingénue sort of girl, in a simple frock and with a nice, well-bred manner. "Pooh!" said the wives from the provinces. And "Pooh!" again, when a fat person from Munich came out, after being announced as the Poet of Munich, played dolorously on a guitar and sang a song about the delights of tramping on the road. It certainly was disappointing to those wives from the provinces—and to some others who might be mentioned.

More of the stunning ladies we had seen at the theater promenade came in and more Berliners in top hats and wide expanses of shirtfront. The stunning ladies all smoked cigarettes. The wives from the provinces looked on reprovingly. Then one little tailormade wife took her husband's cigarette and puffed a few puffs, and the attention of the entire room was centered on her. She blushed furiously and hurriedly gave the cigarette back.

(Continued on Page 57)

MONSIEUR POMPADOUR

By Fannie Hurst

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

ONE spring Miss Myrtle Hall and Mr. Percy Smithers resigned the headships of their respective millinery departments. Slightly later Mr. Percy Smithers and Mrs. Myrtle Hall Smithers rented ten feet of storefront on the wrong side of Broadway, hung fillet-lace curtains in the eight-by-eight windowfront, and answered the immortal bard's immortal question by drowning in its christening water the coveted letterhead caption: "The Smithers Millinery Company."

Instead, they called the ten feet of storefront the Elaine Hat Shop, with Elaine writ across the windowfront in gold-leaf script, the E scooping the entire word in a gracefully flourished tail.

So much in a name, except that, where the Smithers' millinery might have rested content with the second-hand imitation-mahogany fixtures offered at half price by the outgoing firm, the Elaine Hat Shop took an additional slump into the mire of debt; carpeted the floor in mauve thick-pile velvet; established five Empire-back chairs before five Empire gold-framed mirrors, and in the center of the room a Louis-Quinze onyx-top table, with a gold-wicker basket in its center, bearing a neat pile of the firm's neat business cards, with the word Elaine, inclosed in the same scoop.

Mrs. Smithers watched her opportunity and at a crucial between-seasons moment bought a slightly soiled Porent model gown, with a demitrain that trailed over the mauve-colored carpet when she glided to meet a customer, and a draped bodice of dull-finish satin that swathed her slender figure like mummy wrappings.

At the expiration of two years the Elaine Hat Shop had pulled itself halfway out of the mud of debt, three trimmers worked steadily in the little partitioned-off rear room, and there was a sixth Empire chair before a sixth gold-frame mirror.

Toward the close of the second June the display window, which faced two theaters, an angle of an opera house and a light façaded café, was abloom with roseladen leghorns, flute-edged garden hats and weblike boudoir concoctions, designed more with an eye to the highway of Forty-second Street than to Nature's byways.

Mr. Percy Smithers viewed the display from the interior of the shop and moved a hatstand a discriminating eighth of an inch nearer the windowpane.

"Say, Myrtle, try your luck on this lily hat today—we don't need to get stung on all this foliage if we manage right."

Mrs. Smithers regarded her wandlike body in a full-length mirror, kicked backward the demitrain of her gown and strolled to the window.

"You never heard me squeal for flowers this season, did you? I told you they was dead the first time I heard the rustle of moiré and taffeta! It's a ribbon season, I says; go easy on the garden goods, I says."

"Jay, Myrt, I Want You to Meet Joe Hagan—Swingley's Partner"

"You got a long head on you, honey! No wonder Stacey's offered you almost double when I came along and offered you a life job!"

"If you'd 'a' listened to me we wouldn't 'a' had all outdoors on our hands! You remember that day Isaacson was in here with them three-inch changeable taffetas—how I begged you to stock up on 'em instead of those silk roses you was so hipped on?"

Mr. Smithers slid closed the door of the case and straightened one of the Empire-back chairs before its mirror.

"Don't you worry, Myrt—you could sell the president of the Audubon Society a Gaby aigret if we was stuck with 'em."

They smiled at each other and Mr. Smithers' eyes were soft as spring; he ran a long, slim hand over the smooth pompadoured surface of his hair and smiled again.

"We should worry!" he added.

"Believe me!" said Myrtle, straightening the wire frame of a pink tulle turban—"I wish I could hire some one to do my worryin' for me. Look across the street, Percy! There goes that soubrette from the Twinkling Belles. I guess that hat we made for her don't look nobby! She's coming in tomorrow for first deposit on that green Milan straw if I'll let her have it on three payments."

Percy straightened his straight tie, adjusted his carefully adjusted vest-crotch, folded his arms across his chest and leaned back against the imitation-onyx tabletop.

"If you'd 'a' took my advice, Percy, you'd 'a' let it go to her yesterday at forty. What's the use of takin' a chance and lettin' her get out of the store? The ghost was walkin' yesterday over at Hammerstien's, and I bet she had the money on her."

"Leave it to me, Myrt. I ain't been in this business all my life for nothin'—I heard her when she fell for that hat and the thud is going to cost her five extra on the bonnet."

His wife plucked an imaginary thread off his coatsleeve and draped herself over one of the frail chairs, her train twined about her feet like a serpent.

"Gee! Percy," she said suddenly, "I certainly wish we was out of this—gee, but I do!"

Percy, arms still crossed, tattooed his fingers up and down on the upper half of each sleeve and stared through the fillet-lace curtains at the early morning tides. His lips were pursed in a breathy whistle; one long, slim leg was crossed over the other, a patent-leather shoe resting upright on the tip.

"What's got you now, Myrt?" he asked indolently. "Ain't I told you to quit this worryin'? We'll meet the January note easy, and we're swimming above expenses now. Easy on the brainfag there, girl!"

"Aw," she said, "that ain't what I mean, and you know it!"

He turned his head, rather elongated by the high-brushed yellow pompadour, toward her.

"Ain't I told you often enough, Myrt, that if you want to get out of the shop and play the lady-in-the-flat I'm willin' to take on another girl? We'll miss you down here, but me and Etta'll manage. I kinda like it myself for you to stay at home and do the hoity-toity act—honest, Myrt, I would! I'd kinda like to come home nights and find you waitin'."

"I ain't thinkin' about myself, Percy—honest I ain't! I wouldn't know what to do with myself laying round the house all day. It's you—I'd hate for you to be down here playin' the perfect lady in them seashore clothes and a sweet-sixteen lavender necktie. I wish you was in a man's business—cigars or something wholesalelike—like George Swingley."

"Now look here, Myrt ——"

"I'd rather see you sellin' a fifty-dollar lot of blue-and-white sunbonnets to a firm out in Spokane than standing on a pale-gray carpet all day cooing like a dove! Gee! A real man having to coo it into a dodderin' old grandmother that for fifty dollars he can make her second childhood good as new by sellin' her a bunch of love and youth built on a wire frame, faced with pink chiffon and trimmed in cotton-stuffed sateen roses!"

"There you go again! I've been seein' this streak in you ever since the Swingleys moved upstairs. This is my business, Myrt, and that cooin' you talk about has put one or two meals in our mouths. I've been trained to it just like that red-faced duffer has been trained to his line. That three thousand he made last year has gone to his head and yours."

"There is more money in a business like cigars or something, Percy, than there is in this—believe me! And—it ain't so ladylike, neither."

A quick red flowed beneath the delicate pallor of Percy's skin.

"Whatta you mean, Myrt? You knew I wasn't your Hail Columbia kind when you married me—you wasn't taking no chance."

"There you go—gettin' sore again! Honest I can't say a thing to you without your flyin' off. Yesterday, when I even asked you to quit wearin' your hair high and long in back, you snapped like a turtle. And now, when I was just thinkin'—with your brains and all—you could be in a real business, and ——"

"Real business—any honest ——"

"A man's business, I mean—a man's moneymakin' business—like cigars, or mining, or hardware, or ——"

"—— or bricklayin'!"

"Anna and George are going to take one of them new sixty-dollar apartments over in the Bretton next year—George is the kind of a fellow that makes quick and spends quick."

"And ends quick—like all gasbags do."

"It's just killin' to hear him, Percy, when Anna put on that geranium hat you sold her. I saw 'em the other day. He touched it like it was a new baby! He don't know nothin' about hats—he—oh, it's like I said—he's in a man's business."

Percy's fingers ceased their tattoo and pressed his upper arms until the fingernails showed white.

"Well, kiddo," he began, "this is a new line of talk you've sprung. I ——"

"Ah, I Have Just the Style for Madame!"

"Sh-sh-sh-sh!" said Myrtle behind her teeth. "Here comes that dame from the Rialto Hotel. Turn on the lights."

Percy pressed a button; a soft golden radiance flooded the showcases. With three light strides he reached the door and bowed his slender and elegant body to a graceful obtuse angle.

"Good morning, madame. . . . Is it for yourself? Certainly—just step this way. Mademoiselle, evening hats for madame. Be seated, please."

Myrtle rose from her chair with lilylike grace.

"Certainly," she said. "What style evening hat does madame wish—large—small? Ah, I have just the style for madame!" she exclaimed, bright with the light of inspiration and reading the florid face of her subject as if each feature were being further developed in the dark room of her mind—"just the hat! Monsieur, have we the lace-and-lily hat that Mademoiselle Maurice, of the Follies, is considering? That would be charming for madame—not, monsieur?"

"Exquisite!" replied monsieur, hovering in a discreet background.

Myrtle flitted like a hummingbird among her floral bowers—sliding back glass doors, drawing out large, shallow drawers filled with tissue-covered treasures, darting to and from her show windows.

"The very thing for madame!" she cried ecstatically, fitting a white lace hat with a crown of lilies on her customer's bronze-colored hair, which had been burnished and reburnished until it was like the copper of a dulled kettle trying to reflect the fire.

"Ah, charming, madame—charming! Here, hold this mirror and see the back." Madame entered a weak protest.

"Ribbon trimmings, madame?" repeated Myrtle. She raised both hands and shoulders in a gesture of pitying tolerance. "Just as madame wishes," she added, with her voice dropped two pitches; "but monsieur can tell you that our most exclusive models are coming in with only the silk-flower trimmings. Of course it is just the same whether I sell you the ribbon or the flowers; but ——"

Percy advanced, with his light, even stride.

"If madame takes my advice that is the hat for her—the profile is perfect—the floral trimmings the newest. At forty dollars a real bargain! Mademoiselle, try that écru taffeta hat on madame—no, the French one that came in this morning; but I am sure she will return to this. Charming! Charming!"

At the close of a well-applied half hour Percy bowed a pathway to the door, bowed his customer out, and clicked the door softly after her. Myrtle fitted four crisp ten-dollar notes into a small wooden drawer and closed it with a jingle.

"Etta," she called, "mark that lily hat for one o'clock delivery—Rialto Hotel!"

At two o'clock the quiescence of a summer afternoon settled over the little shop; traffic and trade dwindled, a white sun beat on the white asphalt and sent its warm exudence in through the door. Percy lolled against a showcase and twirled a silk poppy on its rubber stem. "Why don't you go home, Myrt? It's too hot for much to be doin'. Go home and sleep this afternoon, kiddo—me and Etta can manage."

"Sure, we can, Myrt; believe me, Percy and me worked together before you ever set eyes on each other. We've seen more'n one rush season together at Tracy's—ain't we, Percy?"

"Right!"

Etta wagged her large blonde head and carried a handful of varicolored ribbons back toward the workrooms.

"Believe me, if I was in your shoes," she tossed back over one shoulder, "it'd be me for my downy couch."

"I ain't tired," said Myrtle. "You can go home early if your headache ain't no better, Percy. Anna called up while you was out to lunch, and her and George want to know if we don't want to go out to Riverdale Park tonight—just up beyond the Bronx."

"Where?"

"Riverdale Park—it's a boating place up the Hudson. George got the cigar concession. They got dandy little launches to rent. It'll be fine on the water tonight—and Anna says George is a swell rower too."

"Gee," called Etta, piecing together the occasional words that drifted back to her, "but I love boatin'!"

"There's rapids up round that part of the river; it ain't much of a place for rowin', Myrt. I used to be some little water-dog, and I know."

"Oh, of course!" cried Myrtle, flipping her train backward. "You're afraid, ain't you? Well, don't be scared, dearie; we'll let George do it."

Her words snapped like sparks from an emery wheel.

"I wish you'd cut out that line of talk, Myrt. Since you mention it, rowin' with a strong undercurrent ain't the safest thing I know of."

Etta returned, flopped herself into a mauve-painted chair and let her arms dangle loosely over the sides; her long black earrings also dangled and whitened her white skin.

"I always say you're just as safe on water as on land—if anything's going to happen it's goin' to happen!" she declaimed, with Socratic profundity.

"There ain't no use courtin' danger," said Percy.

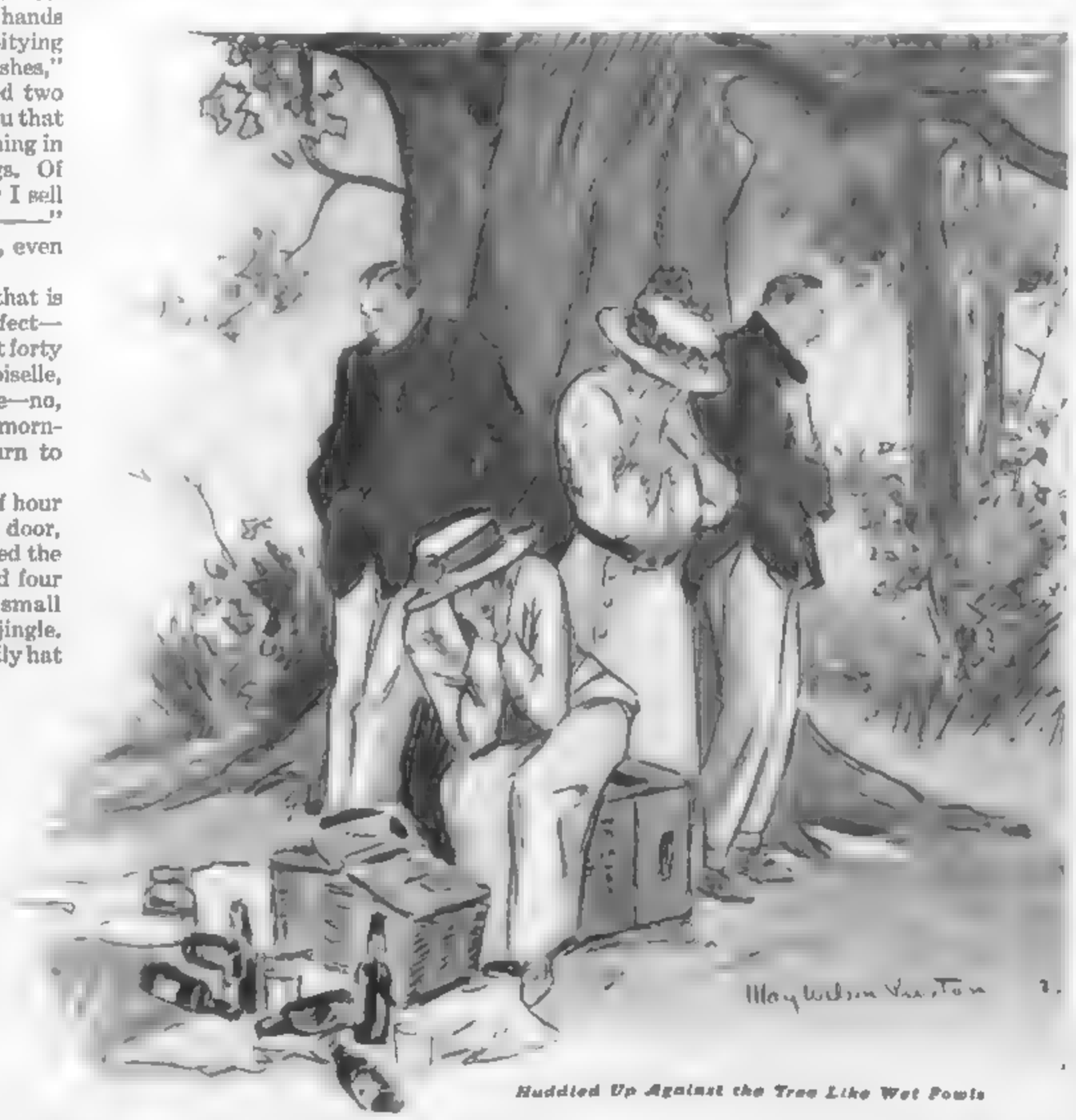
"Faugh!" said Myrtle.

"You and Myrt take it from me—what's goin' to happen is goin' to happen, no matter where you are. Lend me your powder rag, Myrt ——"

"There's a regular boathouse up at Riverdale, and all, Percy. Anna says there ain't many people go there till July, and it's real quiet."

"Riverdale!" cried Etta. "There was an accident up there one summer about five years ago—Harry was there, and he said it was awful. One fellow saved five of 'em and the other five went down—the papers was full of it; but I always say if something is going to happen it's going to happen on land too."

"Say, accidents happen everywhere. Anna says George has a rowing arm like a giant." She regarded her husband's svelte figure through low-lidded eyes.



Huddled Up Against the Tree Like Wet Fowls

"There's a swell new bill up at Hammerstien's roof tonight, Myrt—the Diving Venus left two tickets when she was in this morning."

"Aw, give 'em to Etta tonight, Percy, and let her and Harry go—I'm sick of vaudeville; I wanna get out in the country —— Go wait on those two, Etta. They look like their limit is sunbonnets—don't muss up stock for them."

Etta stretched her foal-like limbs and crammed the powder chamois into Myrtle's hand.

"I wonder what they think this is," she said—"a hat shop or a rest room for Squeedunk dames!"

"Percy, give them tickets to Etta," repeated Myrtle, sotto voce. "Her and Harry will enjoy it and I want to get out on the water."

"Aw now, Myrt honey, you know I ain't feelin' well today—what's the use naggin', dear? Come on; I'll get a couple of extrys at the box office and we'll all go up to Hammerstien's."

"You're well enough to do what you like, all righty! Every time something comes up that you don't want to do, you go in for one o' them long-drawn-out, grouchy headaches of yours; and that means everybody has to give in to you. Gee, why ain't you a man!"

There was a dull second of silence, but Percy's tones were from a velvet-lined throat.

"It ain't a question of what I want, Myrt—I know what the river up there is. If the truth was known I'd rather go home and go to bed—honest, I ain't feelin' none too well; but it's Saturday night and I want to take you somewheres."

"No," she said, a sensitive pink flowing up into her face. "I—I don't want to go nowhere."

"Aw now, Myrt honey, don't go gettin'——"

"Whew!" said Etta, returning.

"I knew they was only pikers, Etta. What did you even show them sailors for? Say, you and Harry can have them tickets."

"Thanks—you and Percy sure are swell to me. You goin' up the river?"

"No—Percy ain't feelin' well."

"Aw, I bet one of them headaches again—I can always tell, when he gets that straight line up there between his eyes. Why don't you go home and go to bed? Make him, Myrt! Lend me your chamois, Myrt?"

"I can't make him do nothin'," replied his wife. "Etta, I wish you'd go back and have one of the girls sew an import label in this pink hat Aileen finished yesterday. Percy, there's Schlossberger comin' in. Get her away from that blue-ribbon leghorn—sell her the orchid poke."

The door opened, with a rush of mild air and strong perfume. Percy lowered himself to his skillful obtuse angle, placed one hand over his cravat and advanced.

Two hours later Percy and his wife locked the door of their small shop behind them and turned up Broadway. Lights were beginning to probe feebly through the heliotrope dusk; their own little display window was brilliantly white beneath an invisible and improved method of showcase illumination.

They paused before it for a moment—the lace hat with the lily crown had been replaced by a perky green toque, the orchid poke bonnet by an Apache crest of green feathers.

"That poke has to be up at Schlossberger's by seven-thirty—did you tell Eddie, Myrt?"

"Yes."

"Come on, honey!" he said, linking his arm in hers.

"Quit!" she said, withdrawing her arm and quickening her pace.

The Smithers' apartment was on the fifth floor of a building that boasted a four-syllable name—a three-passenger elevator, three furnished rooms, imitation-marble-and-leatherette foyer, and a dumbwaiter, for fifty dollars a month.

When Percy unlocked the door the stale air of closed rooms and warm varnish flowed round and closed over them.

"Gee!" exclaimed Myrtle. "It's hot, though! Raise the windows—it looked like rain this morning and I closed them."

Percy clicked on the light, threw open the windows and pinned back the lace curtains; a warm breeze wandered in.

The fifth-floor apartment, like the four replicas beneath it, began auspiciously enough in an imitation-mahogany, velours-upholstered sitting room, with a mandolin attachment; upright piano, and a brown plaster bust of Psyche on a mahogany stand between the windows; a golden-oak bedroom, with a too-high chiffonier and shaving mirror; and a dresser with a balcony front. But after that the flat petered out into a kitchenette so tiny that the inner man of more than one cliffdweller might well tremble for his dyspeptic destiny!

Myrtle flopped down at full length on the green-velours davenport, unpinned her hat and ripped open her gown at the throat.

"Whew!" she said.

"Poor kiddo!" said Percy. "Lie down and cool off; I'll fix a bite."

"I ain't hungry," Myrtle said, with a sullen monotony in her tone.

"Aw, there's some of that swell ham I brought home from the delicatessen yesterday, Myrt—the cut you like. Lemme fix it for you."

"Fix it for yourself; I ain't hungry," she repeated.

Percy peeled off his coat and drew the short end of his lavender four-in-hand up through the loop, unbuttoned his collar, tweaked it off the rear of his shirtband and threw it carelessly on the table.

"I'll tell you what let's do, then, Myrt—let's rest up for an hour and then go out and have a bite somewhere. There's a swell cabaret at Wallace's."

For answer she curled up in a corner of the davenport like a sinuous cat and turned her face to the warm green velours.

"Turn out the light, Percy."

He snapped a button in the wall and a filmy brown dusk closed them in. He tiptoed into the adjoining room, dragged the white counterpane back across the footboard of the bed, placed his watch—the fob dangling—on top of the neat dresser, and threw himself across the bed, with his head pillowed in the curve of his arm.

The light dusk deepened to blue and then to purple; an occasional evening breeze, cool as spring-water, wandered through the rooms; a yellow oblong of light reflected from a window across the airshaft lay on the floor and climbed halfway up the baseboard of the bed.

Some one in the apartment above plucked out an arpeggio scale on a mandolin; a man's voice ripped out an oath; a woman cried out sharply and a window slammed shut—then quiet and the light, easy breathing of light sleepers. At eight o'clock an electric bell buzzed through the silence in two long rings and a sharp staccato. Percy stirred.

"Myrtle, is that the doorbell?"

"Yes."

She swung to a sitting posture and arranged her gown at the throat.

"Wait—I'll go, Myrt." Percy struggled into his collar and coat, smoothed his hair with the palm of his hand and one military brush, flashed on the lights and flung open the door. "Well, if it ain't Mr. and Mrs. Swingley! Come right in! Come right in!"

Mrs. Swingley fluttered in, large, blonde and pink-cheeked as a too-blown rose. When she walked, her tight-corseted, slightly corpulent figure crackled in its crisp white linen.

"Say, we have been ringing so long I says to George, I says: 'For Heaven's sake, I bet burglars got in and chloroformed 'em!'"

"Sit down in that there rocker, Anna. We was so dead when we come home we was catchin' up on a wink of sleep. Hello yourself, George! Say, ain't you some sport in them white pants—here, sit next to the window. Percy, see if you can find some fans—behind the trunk, I think."

"Don't trouble about us, dearie." Mrs. Swingley spread her white linen skirt and crossed her white canvas shoes. Her hem fell away to reveal white silk-clad ankles, with clocks running up to little arrowheads. "Say, Swingley, I think this flat's cooler'n our'n, don't you?"

Mr. Swingley mopped at his smooth red face and ran his handkerchief along the top of his collar.

"Take it from me, kid, this is the last summer we live in one of 'em! I got my eye on them new ones across the street, and me and Rockefeller are going to have big seasons next year; what you say, kid?"

He pinched playfully at his wife's arm.

"Quit, Swingley!" she cried in mock anger. "Just listen to him, Myrt! If I'd let him alone there ain't no tellin' what would happen. He's the worst fellow when it comes to spending!"

"I like an easy spender," said Myrtle.

"That's me!" cried Swingley.

"Ain't he just awful!" remonstrated Mrs. Swingley. "Fix your tie, honey."

Percy returned with two large palmleaf fans.

"Take off your hat, Mrs. Swingley—it'll be cooler."

"Take off my hat! Say, if we're going we better get a move on us—it takes about twenty minutes to get up there."

"Sure thing, Smithers; if we're goin' to show the girls a good time we'd better be beating it."

"Say, Myrt, why didn't you wear a white? I put on this here outfit because I knew I could tub it—and if we go out again tomorrow I can wear it again. How do you like it, hon? It just came home today; but Swingley don't know nothin' about dresses, except if he likes 'em or not."

Mrs. Swingley revolved slowly; her partridge-plump figure had the gracious curves of an hour-glass.

"This is a white-linen year, Mrs. Swingley, and that's a select little model you're wearing."

"Honest, do you like it, Mr. Smithers? It ain't much—it's just a simple little thing. Listen here, Swingley: here's a man wouldn't call his wife's new suit sheeting and her new hat a bird's nest."

"Them Currents Up There is Pretty Stiff, Swingley. I've Heard of Lots of Accidents"

"Now what's a man supposed to know about such things, I'd like to know! I ain't no sissy! Put me in a cigar store and I'm all right; but ——"

"Ain't you ashamed, Swingley!"

He colored a warm red.

"Say, Smithers knows I didn't mean nothin' by that—with him it's his line, and it's different. Come on, girls, get on your things—we got to be goin'. I'm out for one large evening tonight; and if we like it enough we can go back tomorrow—this is the time of year for boatin'. We'll charter the river up there, Smithers."

"Just listen to him, Myrt—ain't he a case?"

"That's me! When I go out the sky's the limit; ain't I right, Smithers?"

He struck Percy a sounding whack between the shoulders that jarred the young man until he blinked.

"The fact is, Swingley," said Percy, "I ain't feelin' extra well today; and I was sayin' to Myrt, if you an' your wife ain't too set on boatin' why don't you come on and go out to supper with us? There's a swell cabaret up at Wallace's. I ain't up to goin' out boatin' tonight."

"Aw now!" shrilled Mrs. Swingley. "Honest, Mr. Smithers, it will do you good! George is one swell rower; or if you're scared we can take a launch."

"I'll do the steering, Smithers—you can lie back and take it easy. There ain't no sun at night to burn you or hurt your eyes."

"It takes two to manage a boat right up there round the rapids."

"Aw now, don't be a quitter, Mr. Smithers. Myrt will just love it up there—it's real quiet country. Come on, be a sport, Mr. Smithers! Go on, Myrt; get ready; get your hat."

Myrtle rose and regarded her husband with a question in her eyes.

"Them currents up there is pretty stiff, Swingley," insisted Percy. "I've heard of lots of accidents."

"Say, Smithers, there ain't been nothin' happened up there for nearly five years—and even then they was nearly all saved."

"We're just as much obliged, Swingley—sorry you won't go out to supper with us."

"Well," said Mr. Swingley, rising and taking his hat from the table, "we'd like to have you join us; but you know your business best. I ain't afraid of nothin' on God's green earth—'cept wimmin; and we got our hearts set on goin' out there tonight."

"Maybe you'll feel better tomorrow, Mr. Smithers. My old man is sure some swell rower! If we like it enough to go out again I'll ring up tomorrow about eleven, Myrt; sorry you ain't comin' tonight. Aw, Swingley, quit your foolin'!"

"The sky's my limit," repeated Mr. Swingley.

"Good night, Myrt. Mr. Smithers, I'll call up in the morning if we go. Gwan, Myrt—tell him there ain't no danger. Swingley'll be along and maybe his partner—one swell little fellow. Gwan! Good night! Good night!"

"Good night, all! Good night!"

The door closed; a remote bell sounded in the outer hall; the elevator soughed up; a door clicked twice; the elevator soughed down again. Myrtle turned to her husband; two brilliant tears, hot and ready to drop, filled her eyes; and her breathing was angry and audible.

"Listen, Myrtle dearie; don't be sore! Don't fly off your handle so easy, and I'll tell you why ——"

For answer the two heavy tears trembled, fell and ricochetted down her cheeks; she opened her mouth to speak, but instead buried her face in her handkerchief and rushed into the bedroom, slamming the door behind her and setting the two bisque figures on the mantelpiece to a rattle.

Percy remained for a moment thumbing the tablecover and looking after her; then he walked toward the closed door.

"Myrt!" he said softly. "Come out here, honey—I want to tell you something."

(Silence.)

"Come on, dear; I—I—want to tell you."

He turned the knob slowly and noiselessly. The door was locked.

"Won't you listen and be sensible, dearie?"

The muffled and heterogeneous noises of weeping into a pillow answered him.

"Won't you, Myrt?" (Silence.) "Aw, gwan!"

"Lemme al—alone—you—you ——"

Then Percy strolled over to the window, raised one foot to the sill, leaned his elbow on his knee and his chin in his palm, and looked out over the motley of roofs, the motley of windows and the million lights of a city night.

Sunday morning a wide bar of sunshine, swimming with dustmotes, slanted into the little sitting room and lighted up the tan roses on the green carpet. The aroma of coffee, lazy as haze, wafted in from the kitchenette; Myrtle, in a pink lawn kimono, her yellow hair in a careless knot, was wound like a snail in a corner of the davenport and turned the colored pages of a Sunday supplement. Her eyes were pink-rimmed, but bright; the door of the room adjoining was closed, and the transom showed it dark, as though lowered shades were shutting out the light of morning.

An empty cup, half filled with cold, light-tan coffee, stood on the center table; twice Myrtle turned the pages of the supplement and twice glanced up expectantly at the hallway telephone.

At eleven-thirty it tinked as if clearing its throat for a ring; before it came Myrtle darted to the mouthpiece and unhooked the receiver—her voice was almost a whisper.

"Hello!—Yes, Anna—Hello, dearie!—How are you?—What kind of a time did you have?—Honest, ain't that grand!—So'm I—He's asleep yet.—He'll be all right tomorrow.—He gets these headaches every once in a while.—Can you beat it?—I bet you're dead tired!—What time?—That'll be grand!—If he ain't feelin' up to it I'll go anyhow.—Who?—Hagan?—Fine!—Sure! Goodby, dearie.—White linen?—Yes.—Goodby!"

Myrtle replaced the receiver gently; a flush ran high in her face. She gathered up her supplement and folded it in a neat pile on the lower shelf of the table, punched at the pillow on the davenport, gathered up the cup and saucer from the table, and tiptoed through the little hallway to the rear of the apartment.

Ten minutes later she reappeared, crisp and new groomed, with eyes the midnight color of violets that might have been cultivated east of the sun, and a soft tan hat with a wide blue velvet band and a brim that drooped softly about her face, yet revealed it as petals proudly reveal the heart of a flower. The turquoise pin at her throat, the scarf on her hat and the patch of sky through the window were of a color.

She tiptoed to the closed door of the bedroom, stood for a moment with cocked head and hand on the knob, and turned it gently—to save the squeak.

"Percy!" she said softly—"Percy!" She opened the door a shade wider and peered into the gloom. "How—How you feelin'?"

"I—I'm all right, dearie."

"Well then—I—I'm going out for the day. Your coffee's all made and there's toast in the oven. I'll be back late."

She closed the door and above its click she heard her name called twice:

"Myrtle! Myrtle!"

With her heart fluttering beneath her white linen blouse and the blood beating in her throat and temples she hurried out and, without waiting for the elevator, ran lightly down four flights of fireproof stairs. As she reached the marble-and-leatherette foyer three passengers stepped out of the three-passenger elevator.

"Anna!" cried Myrtle.

"Myrt—on time to the minute!"

"Hello, Swingley! Gee, ain't we prompt! I walked down to give the elevator a rest cure."

"Say, Myrt, I want you to meet Joe Hagan—Swingley's partner; he's going up the river with us."

"How do you do?" said Myrtle.

"Fine as silk and dandy as a daisy!" said Mr. Hagan, twirling a bamboo cane, twirling a fine-weave panama hat with a purple band, twirling a new-born, hay-colored mustache, and placing Mrs. Smithers' arm in the curve of his elbow.

The sunlight lay on the river and it gleamed like a cloth-of-silver ballgown in a hall of a thousand candles. A gracious breeze dimpled it and sent little diamonds dancing along the crest of the ripples. Occasionally, when a launch chugged upstream, the water lapped and splashed, and tiny wavelets rose and fell.

The Riverdale Park sloped down to the river and created unto itself a bay by scooping to its very bosom a small horseshoe-shaped swerve in the riverbed.

Out over this bay the Riverdale Boat Club, a small wooden box built on stilts and newly created into the peerage of clubs because a Sunday law questioned its tavern rights, rented out boats by the hour and served drinks on a wooden veranda overlooking the river and a strip of pier.

A lad crouched on his knees and held a rocking boat close to the side of the pier; the swash of the water beneath him sent tugging vibrations through the wooden flooring.

"You get in first, Myrt!" cried Anna, holding her skirts high above her ankles and standing half dismayed, like the gracious queen before the historic mud-puddle that damped a good knight's cloak, but sunned his fame.

"Easy there!" said Mr. Hagan, holding Myrtle's arm and lowering her gently into the boat.

"Opp-see-la!" cried Myrtle, tucking her white skirts about her and holding to the side of the boat to steady its swaying.

Anna climbed after her.

"Oh, you little baby dolls!" cried Mr. Hagan, stripping off his coat and turning back his pink shirtsleeves.

Mr. Swingley appeared, running down the wavering pier, with his coat thrown over one arm and little rills of perspiration seeping into his soft standing collar.

"All ready!" he cried. "I guess I didn't have some swell picnic lunch put up for us! Get in, Joe. Here, kid, 's a quarter for your trouble—go buy your grandmother an auto. Don't be scared, Anna—the whole secret of boatin' is learning to sit quiet in the middle."

"Oh-ho!" cried Joe, curling his tongue toward the corners of his mouth. "Look what's comin'!"

A large snowy-covered basket was placed in the bottom of the boat; Mr. Swingley scrambled in after it and pushed away from the pier with an oar.

"Say, kid," he cried to the lad, "before you start out to buy that auto, tell me which way is the easiest rowin'!"

"Like you went last night, mister."

"Can't we go up instead of down?"

"Sure, you can—if you keep out of the way of the rapids and undercurrent at Tunis Hollow. You can see; there's a sign up."

"Good! We're off!" cried Mr. Swingley, knotting a large white handkerchief round his neck and plying an energetic oar.

"We're off!" repeated Mr. Hagan, leaning forward to help adjust an oar into its lock.

Myrtle leaned back and let her hand troll along the water. They turned into the wide-bosomed river, and after some hitching Mr. Swingley matched his stroke, and they gullied upstream to the rhythmic splash of each dip. Anna opened a black-and-white parasol and tilted it over one shoulder.

"Ain't you glad you came, Myrt? How is it up there in the stern? All I got is a view of Swingley's back, and you can look straight into Joe's eyes."

"You bet!" said Myrtle.

Joe leaned forward and regarded his vis-à-vis with sententious eyes.

"I'm so glad I came I'm afraid to laugh, for fear I can't quit."

"Rave on!" said Myrtle.

"You're some little queen!" he insisted softly. "Say, where did you get that hair—strip it off an ear of corn?"

"Oh, shucks!" she said. "How'd you guess?"

She lifted her hand out of the water and let the shining drops fall from her finger-tips. He drew his handkerchief from his hip pocket.

"Dry your little fingers," he said.

She mopped at them daintily, and their eyes met and laughed. Mr. Swingley rowed with a humped back and a great show of energy; his hands were strained knuckle-white and he breathed heavily outward, like bellows.

"Well, kiddo," he cried, turning his head and regarding his wife over one shoulder, "whatta you think of your old man—some little rower, ain't he?"

"You're getting all overheated, Swingley."

"I ain't afraid of spoilin' my complexion or gettin' swallowed by rapids."

Myrtle flushed. They curved gracefully with the river. Along the shores willows trailed their sad branches in the water and invited them to cool recesses. An occasional

(Continued on Page 40)

OWN YOUR OWN HOME

The Modern Fashion of Selling Metropolitan Real Estate

By EDWARD HUNGERFORD

"We Spot the Houses Round as Cleverly as the Box-Office Man Sprinkles the Deadheads"

THE city real-estate business, as it exists today, came into its own within the past ten or twelve years. Up to that time the average real-estate man was a sedate soul who modestly advertised houses or apartments for rent and collected his fees when he had completed a transaction. He would also look after your property for a modest consideration, and he was pretty sure to eke out his honest livelihood by conducting an insurance business in his offices. Sometimes he was a mortgage broker as well, or made a business of searching titles, a function now irretrievably lost to the real-estate business in the cities. This in other days was a modest business. Your old-time agent rarely went far out of his way to seek trade. He took what came to his doors and, in his old-time way, was duly thankful.

About a dozen years ago a radical change began to show itself in the complexion of the American city. It came as a result of the quick substitution of electric traction for the horse-car lines that ran through the principal streets of the largest towns. And when the trolley car had made the horse car about as obsolete as the flintlock, it began poking its inquisitive nose beyond the established boundaries of towns. What the bobtail could accomplish in forty-five minutes the trolley could do in twenty. If a man had already brought himself to believe that forty-five minutes in each direction was not too long to spend every day in going to and from his work the trolley was bound to extend his sphere of home location. It meant that he could move from congested streets out into low-priced locations that had been truck farms or open wastes without taking more time to travel between his work and his home.

That meant a new kind of home for the average dweller in the American city—a detached house with fresh air, sunlight, privacy, a garden to be toyed with and to be loved, room for the kiddies to grub and dig in soft brown earth. The migration to the outer rims of American cities began and the new style of real-estate business was fully born. Of course in some Eastern towns men have been forcing their way out into the country for half a century, but commuter service on steam railroads has always been expensive and never entirely satisfactory, and it was the trolley that took the man out of the cities and put him among grass plots and shrubbery and shade trees. And when the trolley had found itself, the new style of real-estate men began taking from the shoulders of the average man the burden of hunting suburban home sites. And in so doing they were rewarded for their enterprise.

In the great metropolitan district comprising and surrounding New York City the new business of real estate came quickly to its highest development—the stress and growth of "downtown" there has always been greater than that of any other American city, just as its growth has been but a shade short of abnormal. New York long since passed the limitations of its horse-car lines. Before the trolley car was out of experimental stages New York was using over fifty miles of elevated railroad routes. It has been axiomatic there that any new transit relief is anticipated and overwhelmed before it is fairly completed. The traffic figures used by the Public Service Commission in planning new relief routes are based upon the continuance of the growth of the total fares in a definite ratio to the population-growth of the city. The present subway, up and down the backbone of Manhattan Island, was opened in 1904 with what then seemed to be a generous provision for four hundred thousand passengers daily.

It is already carrying more than eight hundred thousand passengers each business day.

Upon the October day of 1904 that the subway running up Manhattan Island and under the Harlem River to the rich territory of the Bronx was opened the new real-estate business of New York had its first great throb. In a single night twenty-five real-estate offices were established in the Bronx—some of them in the crudest sort of shacks and before the trains had been burrowing under the Harlem River twenty-four hours real-estate transactions to the amount of three hundred thousand dollars had been recorded there. Bronx realty had long lain stagnant—some of the scared holders who were sure that they had bought at too high a figure in the first place sold at a sacrifice before the subway was opened.

They saw their mistake within sixty days—in the flood-tide that increased the value of city lots measuring twenty by one hundred feet from one thousand dollars to fifty thousand dollars each.

The values that were created by the opening of the New York subway cannot be easily overestimated. A few months before the tube began regular operation one of the large real-estate operators in the country was approached by the president of a trust company. He had organized a syndicate that had purchased a tract of land that had cost a million dollars two or three years before. A third interest in the syndicate at purchase price plus a low rate of interest was offered to the shrewd operator, but after an examination of the land he declined. The property seemed inactive, and one or two transfers had been recently recorded where lots had been sold for less than they cost their purchasers. Even a shrewd operator can make mistakes. Within two months after the subway opened the syndicate sold that tract of lots for two million dollars. One of the biggest single operators in New York City was their purchaser.

Six months later he met the trust company president, and when he was asked about the tract the operator said that he had sold it.

"And in six months I've cleared a bigger profit than you fellows did in three years," he added.

Quick Money in a Second Option

WHILE prices in the Bronx and Upper Manhattan went sky-high and stayed there for a time before returning to sensible levels, keen operators turned their thoughts across the East River—upon the virgin, barren stretches of Long Island. In the old counties of Kings and Queens, Dutch farmers were still tilling the farms that had come to them through nine generations, sending from their fertile acres great quantities of market truck to feed a city that is always hungry and calling for more. The truck farms first began to disappear in Kings County. Brooklyn, ever since the completion of the first of the bridges over the East River, had been showing remarkable growth, and the development of electric traction upon her elevated and surface railroads started turning the tilled fields into building lots. The new scheme of systematic development came into successful use there. A prosperous builder went down on one of the old high roads that led across the south half of the rich county and built the first of the typical suburbs with the high-sounding names that gave fresh impetus to all of the professional jokesmiths. With keen foresight he scattered his houses all over his plot—two or three vacant lots and then a house.

"Why do you do that?" asked one of his cronies.

"Simple enough," laughed the builder-operator. "Any man would rather buy a vacant lot next to a neat house than one off in a field. It's going to be a rule of the game. We spot the houses round as cleverly as the box-office man sprinkles the deadheads so as to give the poor show the appearance of drawing a real house."

A man came from up state, bought a farm just south of Brooklyn's great park and began a development such as the metropolitan district had never before seen—broad streets, parked and planned with delightful irregularity. He built houses of unusual type and placed restrictions upon the lots that insured the building of detached houses of sufficient cost to give Brooklyn a residence district as fine as those of the exclusive, high-priced suburban communities of New Jersey and of Westchester County. Brooklyn gasped at the sight of that audacity, then completely lost its head over it, and the up-state man began counting his heavy profits.

After that it looked for a time as if a good part of congested New York was going to move out into Kings County. The descendants of the old Dutch farmers realized how things were going and they sat tight and waited for the operators to come to them. The longer they waited the more they profited, and the situation grew tense. Streets multiplied upon the map, a great community began spreading itself south toward Coney Island and the sea. There were houses for every one and at almost any price. There were monotonous rows of little city houses and equally monotonous rows of detached houses all cut from the same pattern, with here and there "developments" where human pretensions held high with a stipulation that all houses must be of different design and of more than a set minimum cost. The growing surplus population of the East Side of Manhattan was drawn off more rapidly than ever a Western boom town grew.

The demand upon the truck-farm resources of Kings County was tremendous—and tremendously intense. An operator heard of a farmer who overnight had decided to overcome his stout Dutch traditions and sell the homestead of his ancestors—down by the salt marshes of Jamaica Bay. He bolted his breakfast and went down to see the farmer. Too late. Another man had gone without breakfast and taken an option on the entire tract. The second arrival remembered that while there is life there is hope, and he took a second option on the farm, writing his check for five thousand dollars to bind the formality of the contract. The first option had until Thursday noon of the following week to run its course. The holder of the second option went that Thursday to a horse show on Long Island as if there was nothing else on his mind. On the next day, as he stood in front of the grandstand looking at the rangy hunters being brought up to the jumps, an excited individual, hot and dusty from hard travel, approached him.

"I say, how much?" he gasped.

The man with the second option grinned.

"I'm more interested in horses than in land today," was his answer.

The first operator nearly lost his temper—he had been having a fearful time with it since he had let that first payment on the marshy tract slip by his memory—and had come to know about the second option. He whirled the horse-loving real-estate man round by the shoulders.

"I'm the goat," he whispered nervously, "and I'll pay you good and plenty to forget the rest of this."

And so he did.

The slim young operator who had taken a second option walked out of that transaction with a perfectly good check for one hundred and fifty thousand dollars—about the easiest money he had ever earned.

Did the first man begrudge him that check? Not a bit of it. He charged it off to selling expenses, organized his development and began selling lots. He had paid fifteen hundred dollars an acre for the marsh farm, including the check for one hundred and fifty thousand dollars for the second option, and he cut each acre into the conventional city lots—each twenty by one hundred feet. These lots sold quickly at one thousand dollars each. The development was an assured success from the beginning.

From Kings the epidemic spread into Queens with astounding rapidity. The Long Island Railroad, which possessed a monopoly of the steam-railroad service upon Long Island but had become a bit down at the heels, had been purchased by the Pennsylvania system. And the Pennsylvania had a distinct motive for the purchase of a road that was a loser and partly worn out. The Pennsylvania's traffic men had long been disturbed by the encroachments of the Vanderbilt system upon their through passenger business between New York and the West. The Vanderbilts had a passenger station upon Manhattan Island, while the Pennsylvania's main line was halted abruptly on the west side of the Hudson—an almost incalculable obstacle in gaining competitive passenger business. The far-seeing mind of the late A. J. Cassatt decided that the road of which he was president must pierce the Hudson—eventually it did pierce the Hudson—and for the mechanical and operating success of the work it was necessary to purchase the Long Island Railroad. It was a sort of terminal function. And having bought the Long Island as a terminal function, the Pennsylvania proceeded to make the best use of it. It gave it a corner of its Manhattan Station and then went ahead adding to its track facilities and electrifying some of its suburban lines. In an instant Long Island was on a parity with Westchester County—with unbroken track connections into the heart of Manhattan. The real-estate men saw a second Bronx, and the boom was on. It has never subsided.

"I'd Rather Not Corner Stomachs or Garden Plots"

Bad Things to Corner

AN OPERATOR with an earned reputation for shrewdness walked into the office of one of the two or three richest men in New York. His skin was flushed with the intensity of the proposition he had to offer.

"I can give you an option on every remaining acre of Queens County," he said. "You can hold it as long as you please and they will have to come to you with their hats in their hands!"

And then he began telling the rich man about the Astor fortune built up in New York City land holdings—that good old Astor fortune that has been the right hand of every real-estate advertisement writer these many years.

The big banker shook his head slowly. He knew something of the opprobrium that had been attached to men who sought control in meat and wheat and other food products.

"I'd rather not corner stomachs or garden plots," said he. "Give me something harder where I'll meet some one of my own metal—not starving or homeless men."

The development process has gone steadily forward until all of Kings is gone into city lots and most of Queens, while Long Island is plotted with "twenty by one hundreds" almost as far east as Montauk Point. There are enough town lots recorded in the clerks' offices of the four counties of Long Island to accommodate a city of ten million souls.

These "developers" vary extensively as to their methods, from the men who have really given to the eastern rim of New York a group of exquisitely beautiful suburbs, down to the men who go into the proposition just as they might go into any other business on the tidal waves of fresh enthusiasm—to steal all that they can get out of it. A good many legitimate real-estate enterprises in the vicinity of New York have suffered because of these sharks—and because of them the name of Long Island has suffered an opprobrium that it has never honestly or dishonestly earned.

When a man could not launch his development squarely upon its merits and his own reputation for business honesty, he sought to launch it at any price. If Billy Blinkins, hurrying from one broker's office to another in search of a job, chanced to mention that he had a rich uncle in Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, or knew a lot of pretty well-connected people in Muskegon, Michigan, he was hired at once and sent kiting out to those towns. No possible opportunity was neglected, and when dollars began to bite less easily in and round the New York metropolitan districts fishing was still good in the rest of the land. From one Pennsylvania town of not more than one hundred thousand inhabitants more than ten million dollars came to the backing of syndicates that had secured options on Long Island truck farms and were preparing to cut them up into home sites for the growth of the second greatest city on earth—the city that refuses to "stay put" but keeps on crowding herself off into the outer country.

The methods of some of these syndicates have been complex, varied and lurid. Their object has always been the same—to make money. The promoter of the syndicate will go forward and contract to buy a tract of land, generally an individual farm, at as low a price as a keen-witted farmer will accept. If it is good land and the promoter a decently honest sort of man, he will probably prepare an honest and attractive development; and if the tract is extra fine in location and accessibility his imagination will probably stimulate him to something elaborate and beautiful.

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BROKE AGAIN

By George Randolph Chester

ILLUSTRATED BY F. VAUX WILSON

WHEN Jacky Jumpson escorted his curly-headed wife into Antoine's, eighteen waiters gave smiles of greeting, the orchestra struck up her favorite selection, black-whiskered Antoine himself brought his compliments from the far end of the café, and a thoroughly appreciative head-waiter led them to a flower-laden table prepared for six. Jacky Jumpson was aglow with the mere physical joy of being here. Antoine's was classy, it was lively, it was expensive; and Leila Jumpson, with her burnished-copper hair and her sparkling brown eyes and her fresh cheeks, had every woman in the place defending herself with a lorgnette. These things considered, Jacky remembered to mention a little matter of business before their guests should arrive.

"Why, Pinky!" expostulated Mrs. Jumpson, then she smiled. "You do pick the most absurd places to tell me you're broke again."

"And I'm such a good picker in everything else," returned Pinky, whose smooth brow bore no sign of concern. He was just plump enough to fill out his dress-suit properly, and he was old enough, at thirty-five, to be happily far away from the worries of youth.

"Did you mean truly broke or just almost?" inquired Leila, who was exactly the sort of wife Jacky Jumpson needed.

"They cleaned me till I shine," her husband informed her, beaming as though he were proud of the thoroughness of the job. "G. J. Gibber broke his leg, and cotton went down twenty points. Curly, I'd have had two millions if old Gibber had waited a day."

"I don't like to mar the pleasure of the evening, Pinky, but you're an awful fool," Leila gently reminded him. "Every time you think you know anything besides railroads I have to part with something dear and near. I suppose we pawn the house again."

"I Suspect I'm Not a Good Sport, Pinky"

"You're a grand little supposer," Jumpson cheerfully acquiesced; "only you don't plunge."

"Ooch!" she cried, with her first appearance of acute interest. "Not the yacht!"

"Little Moonbeam goes," decided the ex-investor. "For a while, wifey dear, when we need a trip on the dancing waves we'll take a ferry-boat."

For just a fleeting moment Leila succumbed to a strictly normal feminine worry. Sometime they might not get back that house, and there wasn't an inch of the Moonbeam which had not known her ardent affection. Her confidence in Pinky's resourcefulness returned as always.

"Well anyhow, Pinky," she consoled him; "life with you is not monotonous."

Another influx arrived from the surrounding theaters, and it brought the awaited guests—two young women, almost as beautiful as Leila Jumpson, and two assorted men.

"Heard they bit you today, Jinky," observed the thin man, as he dragged his chattering wife away from Mrs. Jumpson and seated her.

"I have the toothmarks all over me, Tilling," laughed Jumpson, who was known by almost any name, except Eustace, which was his own.

The heavy young man, who looked like a fat baby, glanced round to see if the cocktails were arriving.

"I was afraid the supper party would be off," he bantered. "I heard they operated on you for about a million."

"Not quite," corrected Jumpson; "seven hundred and fifty thousand." He noticed with satisfaction that again all eyes were focused in their direction. It was the joy of Antoine that none but startlingly beautiful women ever found their way to Jacky Jumpson's table; but the selection was Leila's. She loved charming women, and she was pretty enough to be careless of comparison.

"Sorry, old man," remarked Tilling, reaching for his bun. "If you need carfare or cigarette money come to me."

"That's right! Brag!" chided the heavy man, whose name was Carpenter. "Tilling won thirty dollars at lunch today, playing sugar-loo with Thompson Baird."

"Did you hear what Nellie said, Pinky?" broke in Leila Jumpson. "She has acquired a full-size roulette wheel and she's found a system to beat it."

"That's my chance," returned Jumpson. "I'll come up there and bank it for her! Baird have anything up his sleeve, Bob?"

Jumpson asked that leading question for two reasons: First, because his subconscious mind was actively examining every road that might lead to money; and, second, because he felt like irritating somebody. Baird, as president of the more or less important M. W. C. Railroad, could give a large amount of business to the Northland Route, or he could withhold it; and Tilling and Carpenter were president and treasurer, respectively, of that little connecting line.

"Baird had nothing up his sleeves but his cuffs, according to him," stated Tilling, more annoyed than Jumpson had meant him to be; and here he mimicked Baird's nasal twang: "He has retired permanently from the manipulative market."

Carpenter and Jumpson did the scornful laughing for Tilling. He was too much vexed to do it for himself.

"He intends to devote his entire time and energy to increasing the earning capacity of the M. W. C.," mocked Jacky. "Baird couldn't make the street believe that if his mother said it for him. If he wants really to improve the M. W. C. why doesn't he consolidate with your road?"

"Why don't you pull it across?" bantered Tilling. "It might be good for everybody concerned."

"I'll think it over and see if there's anything in it for Jinky," laughed Jumpson in return, but he became oblivious for the moment to the music and the lights and the rattle of guy conversation. He was broke, and everybody who had money was proper food for sober thought.

"You play it on six numbers, Pinky," bubbled Leila, with a heightened color that increased the sparkle of her eyes; and Mrs. Carpenter decided, with relief, that Jacky could not have been as hard hit as her husband had supposed.

"You take a stack of twenty to begin," explained Nellie Tilling, who was as dark as Leila Jumpson was fair.

"I'd rather hear about the finish, Nellie," rejoined Jinky. "I wonder what Baird means. Twice that I've made guesses on him he lied about his intentions, and twice he fooled everybody by telling the truth."

"Pinky out-guessed him all four times!" boasted the curly-headed hostess. "I don't think there's a better railroad guesser in the market than Pinky."

"He's too good a guesser to waste," agreed Tilling. "He should quit miscellaneous gambling and take up railroad juggling as a profession. Come on the Northland board of directors, Jinky, and settle down."

"Wait till I grow up," protested Jumpson, now swaying slightly to the lively dance music. "Nellie, what do you do when you lose your twenty Napoleons?"

"She takes another stack and starts over," enthusiastically drawled the brown-haired Amy Carpenter, who, because she was slow of speech, enjoyed few opportunities to talk in this crowd.

"I furnish the losing stacks and Amy takes the winnings," grinned Carpenter. "It's a grand little system!"

"Consolidation might suit your company," speculated Jumpson. "The Northland Route declares dividends every time the M. W. C. buys a new freight car."

"Also it declares a deficit every time the M. W. C. has a hand-car wreck," remembered Bob Tilling, tugging savagely at the mustache that was a marvel of luxuriant growth sprouting from so dry a man. "President Baird is bad medicine for our road."

Carpenter gulped down his cocktail, but it seemed to give him no satisfaction.

"Baird interferes with my appetite," he objected. "His benefits to the Northland sour overnight."

There was an interruption, consisting of waiters with caviar and other tastes, and the penniless host had a moment for reflection.

"I think I'll honey round Thompson Baird a while," he decided.

"Slip something in his coffee for me, will you?" requested Tilling.

"Maybe," smiled Jumpson. "I wonder if I know all his directors."

"Stop talking shop," ordered Leila Jumpson. "Pinky, Nellie wants us all to go over to Monte Carlo and break the bank."

"I don't mind," chuckled Pinky.

"Wouldn't it be great sport if we could go in the Moonbeam," went on Leila; and then she remembered that they were broke and that the Moonbeam would probably be held by more than a mere anchor.

Her husband considered that proposition critically.

"It sounds like a good party to me," he replied. "When do you want to go?"

"Oh, not till after the opening of the opera," chattered Nellie Tilling, glowing with anticipated pleasure.

"We could all go then," said Amy Carpenter. "Couldn't we, Billy?"

"We never miss a Moonbeam party," asserted Carpenter, carefully squeezing lemon on his caviar. "Eh, Bob?"

"Jinky's broke," grinned Bob Tilling.

"Oh, is he!" loftily scorned Mr. Jumpson, at the same time wondering where he could borrow fifty thousand on the Moonbeam. He knew where he could secure fifty thousand on the house. "Go ahead with your decorations. Why, it's over a month," and he exchanged a chummy smile with Leila. "Say, Bob; you meet Baird nearly every day at the Mogul Club, don't you?"

II

THOMPSON BAIRD, who was a dark-skinned man with gray touches in his black hair, glanced at his appointment list and called his secretary.

"How do I come to have young Jumpson?" he testily inquired. Somehow Jumpson always made him uncomfortable.

"Preliminary conference on a short line from Rocktown to Jennison," rattled off the secretary, a crisp young man with an exaggeratedly accurate memory. "The line would be seventy-five miles long and feed us territory now tapped by the Harrison System."

"Who's back of it?"

"Mr. Jumpson did not care to state, but I thought the project promising enough to arrange an appointment."

Baird, given to much silent thought between speeches, turned now to his case of wall maps, and with the butt of his pencil traced the line from Rocktown to Jennison.

"All right," he said in a preoccupied manner, but even before Jacky Jumpson had been announced his brow cleared and he smiled.

"Nothing doing, Jumpson," grinned Baird, pleased with his own acumen. "Sorry the M. W. C. can't encourage your Rocktown and Jennison line."

Since young Jumpson had both expected and wished for this very answer, he was not altogether crushed.

"You can't make me believe that the M. W. C. is entirely fossilized," he protested. "Let me show you what a rich pay streak the Rocktown and Jennison Short Line will open up for you," and he started toward the maps.

"Don't bother with the maps, Jacky," Baird dryly advised him. "I know every junction in that country with my eyes shut, and your innocent little short line would cross the Dixie twenty-five miles above Jennison, diverting about half our southern freight to a shorter route."

Jacky took that disconcerting bit of calculation with amazing cheerfulness. He even laughed.

"Sure, Baird, if you want to look at it that way," he acquiesced. "You're not much for a give-and-take game."

"Take Your Pill. We Simply Beat You to It"

"Not unless I can take more than I give," acknowledged Baird. "I didn't know you had gone in for promoting. Who's backing this short line?"

"Oh, nobody," returned Jumpson carelessly, stating the exact truth with an air of concealing important facts. He had invented this fictitious project in order to have something to talk about. "Heard you were about to absorb the Northland."

"Queer how these rumors get out," responded Baird, frowning with much precision.

"I don't see why you should object," chuckled Jacky. "Rumors coming out of your office never affect the market anyhow."

Even Baird was forced to smile at that thrust, though he was uncomfortably aware of the truth in young Jumpson's statement, and he permitted himself to think—a particularly rash thing to do in the presence of this especial caller. The one quality on which Jacky Jumpson had managed to thrive was an uncanny intuitive perception, whetted by contact with some extremely sharp intellects.

"I shall be very happy if the street ignores M. W. C.," lied Baird. "I have dropped out of the manipulative market entirely, and my one ambition is to make my road a steady dividend producer."

"That in itself should strengthen the price, particularly just before your annual elections," returned Jacky jovially, deciding that there was no change in Baird since that gentleman's first birthday. "However, as I think I remarked, you'll have to show the street. If you intend to boom your stock by more conversation you'll have to make it strong. Put the president and treasurer of the Northland on your own board of directors, or something gaudy like that!" He was laughing as he "joshed" Baird with this extravagant proposition, which he had stayed awake all night to frame; but with his perceptions acutely strained he felt, rather than saw, Baird suddenly grasp the illuminative thought. He had builded elaborately on Baird's keen natural bent for manipulation. He knew that Baird's recent jugglings had resulted in less than ten-point fluctuations, and he had calculated that Baird needed a convincing argument.

"Just how much is there to your Rocktown and Jennison project?" said Baird's voice.

"I haven't seen the Dixie people yet," threatened Jumpson. "If you care to take a good block of the stock I might give you some more information."

"I'll take some of the stock when I see it quoted," announced Baird with a smile; but the smile was only perfunctory and Jacky Jumpson left him still thoughtful. Jacky's intuitive perceptions were well pleased with themselves!

III

STILL approving of his intuitive perceptions, Jumpson dodged three automobiles and hurried up to the office of the Northland Route, where he claimed the right of way over a previous appointment of President Tillings' and had Treasurer Carpenter sent for.

"Well, it's up to you, Bob," proclaimed Jumpson. "I knew Baird would recognize a foxy bluff. Bet you a case of wine he offers you a place on his board."

"I'll take you, and I hope I lose," returned Tilling, passing the cigarettes.

"He'd have to consolidate with Northland to do that," observed Carpenter, and shook his head incredulously.

"I think he'll be willing," chuckled Jumpson; "but I'm going to put up too much money to gamble on an uncertain quantity like Baird. He's liable to change his mind."

"The Northland has reason enough to know that," stated Tilling. "Confound the fellow, he has used us as a toy for ten years! The Northland gets enough revenue to represent its profits when the M. W. C. routes its northwestern freight through us; but when we begin to grow prosperous, he sells our stock, routes that northwestern freight through the C. I. and C., and nearly breaks us. When the stock's down to thirty-eight again Baird always buys in again."

"I could keep off my gray hairs for five years if we were consolidated with the M. W. C.," put in Carpenter. "We'd haul all that heavy upbound traffic then."

"Maybe," speculated Jumpson, pondering that statement deeply. "For myself, I wouldn't trust Baird's commercial plans any further than I can see the eye of a mosquito; but, just the same, you'd be safer on the board of the M. W. C. than you are now."

"We could at least have advance information of what's going to happen to us," laughed Tilling.

"You might even do better than that, if you don't waste your chances on a piker play," suggested Jumpson, thinking it over carefully. "I suppose you know about Baird's board of directors. Five out of the twelve are so much against him that they hate the way he shaves and despise his brand of cocktails. If he puts you in he'll have to fire two of his trained voters."

"He'll never do it," decided Bob Tilling.

"It's the only big play he has left," insisted Jumpson. "Baird has no interest in any straight railroad proposition, unless it will make him a killing on 'Change. He has never cared to absorb Northland, because he could manipulate it. He's through with that now. The street no longer believes him; so he's willing to absorb your road if he can boom its stock once more in the process. I showed him how to do it. If he puts you boys on the M. W. C. board of directors the Street will believe there's something doing, and your friend Jinky can play safe on a twenty-point rise."

"Jinky's a selfish brute," chuckled Carpenter. "He's framing this whole thing so he can put a cinch bet on our stock."

"He's perfectly welcome," declared Tilling. "My only matter of concern is how we'll get Baird to take us on."

"Tell him we're crazy for the absorption of Northland," advised Carpenter.

"I don't think you are, Billy," returned Jumpson, shaking his head. "But, anyhow, don't tell him that. Tell him you're crazy to get in the Baird bandwagon, first, last and always. That's the only sort of intelligent coöperation he appreciates."

IV

GAUNT and dark-faced President Baird walked into the grillroom of the Mogul Club, and took a seat at the long table that had come to be known as the Sugar-Loo Camp. He nodded to Tilling and Carpenter, and to three other hard-working business men, and placed a lump of sugar in front of him, before he even glanced at his menu.

"I'm in," he announced. "What's the pool? The usual dollar?"

"Two," Tilling informed him, watching his own lump of sugar earnestly. "We doubled because the game's slow today."

"Somebody opened a window and a lot of the flies flew out a while ago," explained the transportation superintendent of the Dixie line.

"A customer!" yelled Carpenter, focusing his gaze on a fly which at that moment lit on the table.

All conversation and even all thought was suspended, while the hard-working business men gave their undivided attention to that fly. A waiter who had come to take Baird's order stopped motionless and held his breath. The fly wandered about aimlessly, and then moved three inches in the direction of Carpenter's lump of sugar.

"Five to ten," offered Billy, without moving his body or exhaling much breath.

"Taken," accepted the Dixie man, whose lump of sugar was nearest to Carpenter's. He was unable to resist such odds.

"Any more, Carpenter?" asked Baird.

Carpenter nodded slightly. Baird echoed the nod. The fly, as if having waited to make his decision of the fullest possible value, flew straight over to Carpenter's lump of sugar and landed on it; whereupon Carpenter elatedly chased it away and collected the pool and his bet.

"Table d'hôte," said Baird to the waiter, and then he turned to Tilling. "I have a vacant half hour at three o'clock," he suggested. "Come over, if you'd like to talk transportation."

"All right," agreed Tilling carelessly. "Ready, boys?"

"There isn't a fly in sight," complained the Dixie man. "John, you better bring up a few from the kitchen."

"Yes, sir," replied the waiter with alacrity, and presently he returned with a small trap from which he liberated half a dozen flies.

"If the conversation is to be at all important I should like to bring Carpenter," observed Tilling.

Baird took his customary moment of slow thought before he answered.

"Very well," he assented, setting his lump of sugar in a position where it would be more certain to attract the notice of hard-working flies.

V

RAILROAD circles, meaning by that not the gentlemen who ran railroads, but the gentlemen who speculated in railroad securities, were thrown into extreme agitation by the fact that President Tilling and Treasurer Carpenter, of the Northland, had suddenly resigned their positions without any explanation whatsoever! One of two conclusions was inevitable—either there was something queer about Tilling and Carpenter, or there was something queer about Northland! Since there were no quotations on Tilling and Carpenter, nobody cared particularly what happened to them; so the interest settled on Northland. There was only one way for that interest to manifest itself. Nothing highly beneficial had ever happened to Northland since it was built; consequently, if anything had now happened, as it apparently had, that something must be detrimental; and Northland had dropped about eight points by ten o'clock of the morning after the announcement of the retirement of its two leading officers. At eleven o'clock, which coincided with the hour at which the annual meeting of the M. W. C. stockholders took place, Northland quotations touched thirty-nine, and at this hour and figure Jacky Jumpson invested a hundred thousand dollars in stock on a ten-point margin.

At one-thirty o'clock railroad circles, never happy unless agitated, were thrown into the most violent excitement they had enjoyed for many days! The ex-president and ex-treasurer of the Northland had been placed on the board of directors of the M. W. C.! Something doing, eh, the lightning calculators of the railroad circles impetuously reflected as they grabbed their telephones. Well, well; so Thompson Baird's old, old bluff about absorbing the Northland was to be put into execution! Tilling and Carpenter, in conjunction with Baird, held enough shares to force the

"That's the Little Bomb That'll Explode Northland Inside of Five Minutes!"

Northland into the combination, and they would run the stock up to a level with M. W. C., which stood now at ninety, before they combined. Extremely probable, eh, that the holders of Northland stock would reap a pleasant little profit, and there was a grand rush to grab some of it while the grabbing was good!

By closing time those gentlemen, who without a trace of shame had acknowledged the mistake in their estimate of what was happening to Northland, ran up the price from thirty-eight to a round fifty-one! At that price Jacky Jumpson closed, and immediately repurchased with all his funds on a ten-point margin. This operation, known as pyramiding, gave him an investment of two hundred thousand in place of one hundred thousand, and increased his profits on every upward point to twenty thousand dollars in place of ten thousand.

At nine-thirty the next morning, having learned that Northland had soared prettily to fifty-nine, the debonair Mr. Jumpson turned from the phone and called to Leila to know how soon she would be ready.

"I have my hat on," she gaily replied, skipping down the stairs, a bewildering vision in white ermine and pink cheeks. "Wouldn't I have wasted a worry, Pinky!" she chattered, as she ran over to him with his kiss. "I can see that your guess is still good."

"Good for about five thousand dollars a minute!" he exulted. "I've run that hundred thousand into nearly four, and it's still going up!"

"Glorious!" Leila exclaimed. "Now you can sell out and pay off the mortgages on the house and on Moonbeam, and trot round with me till we go to Monte Carlo."

"Why, you extravagant Curly!" he laughed. "You're trying to get me to waste half a million dollars."

"I don't know," she mused. "I suspect I'm not a good sport, Pinky. When I see we're that much money ahead I get a quivery feeling in there," and she touched his top waistcoat button.

"I have that feeling all the way up," he confessed as he helped her into the limousine; "but this is the cinchest cinch in town. All we have to do is to let that money ride till it is perfectly strong; then we can take it off for a walk."

"All right," she cheerfully acquiesced, once more succumbing to her supreme confidence in Pinky's flawlessness as a railroad guesser. "How do you know it's so safe?" This last out of mere friendly curiosity.

"Pinky fixed it!" he bragged. "The minute the Street heard yesterday that Tilling and Carpenter were on Baird's board it guessed the truth and took the elevator. Today, at one, the new board of directors elects its officers and votes to consolidate with Northland. That will send Northland up to ninety; but at eighty-five your Pinky will close, with over three-quarters of a million to the good, and forget that there ever was a Northland Route."

"Nellie and Amy will be screamingly happy," Leila rejoiced. "Pinky, before we start on our shopping I'd like to see about redecorating the Moonbeam. I want a red and gold saloon."

"Sure!" agreed Pinky heartily, and at once ordered the chauffeur to drive to the decorators.

VI

AT ABOUT the time Jacky Jumpson turned away from the telephone, President Baird, who made it a rule not to give out any accurate information more than five minutes in advance of its use, proved to Carpenter and Tilling that his compact with them was made in good faith. First of all, feeling himself entitled to a brief start, he called up his brokers, and, as soon as he had hung up the receiver, saw his two new directors.

"Dump your Northland," he crisply advised.

Tilling started immediately for the booth phone, but chunky little Carpenter always wanted to know why.

"Dump Northland!" he protested. "It's at fifty-nine and three-quarters and jumping half a point at a clip!"

"Exactly," smiled Baird. "By the time the brokers can get on the floor it will be sixty-five. The operation is working so well that we can do it twice."

"I'm satisfied with once," hesitated Carpenter, whom it disturbed to have his plans reversed, even to his advantage.

"Nothing is ever enough," declared Baird, enunciating the principle by which he had always guided his conduct. "We can sell now at a heavy profit, beat down the price to where we originally acquired the stock, buy in again and run it up well toward ninety. We can delay action on the matter of consolidation until we have bought in again."

Tilling, who had talked with his brokers in one concise sentence, now turned to Carpenter.

"Want to use the phone, Billy?" he offered.

"I guess I'd better," replied Carpenter, still hesitant.

"I'd advise you to do so," stated Baird pleasantly. "I've just ordered mine sold," and on this statement Carpenter reached the phone in as few steps as were consistent with the length of his legs, saving his indignant protest until afterward.

"Baird, I don't like this," blurted Tilling. "My Northland directors have confidence in both Carpenter and myself, and we told them that our only reason for coming over here was to benefit our road. Are you bluffing?"

Baird turned his impulse to snarl into a diplomatic smile.

"Certainly not," he replied. "A day or so of delay cannot possibly hurt either Northland or your integrity

"I Heard They Operated on You for About a Million"

with your board, and there's no use in wasting the harvest we can pick up by the wayside. I wish you'd go over these figures with me for the meeting at one o'clock."

They were still engaged in this work when Carpenter came out of the phone booth. He had been in there long enough to have talked with twenty brokers.

"I can't locate Jinky any place," he informed Tilling. "I phoned his house and his office and three of his clubs."

"By George, we have to find him!" exclaimed Tilling, jumping up with the sudden remembrance that Jinky was carrying twenty thousand shares of Northland on a mighty narrow margin. "You might have given me warning last night of what you intended to do!" he blazed at Baird.

VII

RAILROAD circles were violently agitated. Railroad circles had been mistaken in supposing that the retirement of the president and treasurer of the Northland, and their subsequent election on the board of the M. W. C., had meant the absorption of the former road by the latter. It was one of those hasty and ill-formed conclusions to which railroad circles were fervidly addicted; they admitted it themselves, though without shame, and hastily whirled to the only other plausible solution. Tilling and Carpenter, knowing that Northland was to be despoiled, skinned and hung up to dry, had simply come in out of the wet. Of course that was the answer.

Why, Northland stock was not worth the paper upon which its certificates were printed! More than that, it was a disgrace to have a share of it in one's possession. Hadn't Baird and Tilling and Carpenter sold theirs openly? Hadn't everybody started selling it? Let's sell ours! Let's sell all we can lay hold of, and all that we haven't got!

At twelve o'clock Jacky Jumpson, tired but happy after a fine, extravagant morning of shopping, took his curly-headed wife to lunch at Antoine's and bought a noonday paper at the door. As they took their seats he scanned the front page indifferently. His indifference vanished instantaneously as he saw, in the bottom corner, "Slump in Northland," and he read incredulously of how those two traitors, Tilling and Carpenter, had joined with Baird, of the M. W. C., to wreck the Northland.

Jacky Jumpson, even in this extremity, remembered to apologize to his partner of the burnished-copper hair, and rushed to the telephone, where he spent ten eternal minutes in establishing communication with his broker.

"What's Northland?" he shouted.

"Fifty-six, down from sixty-three!" the broker yelled back. "You'd better be prepared to remargin."

"What's happened?" asked Jumpson.

"Baird has announced that the M. W. C. has no present intention of consolidating with Northland, and has openly sold all his holdings. Tilling and Carpenter have also sold, though they say nothing."

"Of course they don't if they've sold," snapped Jumpson.

"Northland's down another half right while we're talking," stated the broker. "Better send up that check."

"I'll come myself," replied Jumpson, as cheerfully as if he had a nickel at stake, and as he hung up the receiver his mind was in a mad scramble, trying to straighten itself out.

He could no more remargin than he could print legal money. Something else had to be done, and it must be done in a hurry. He was about to call up Tilling's number, and that reminded him of the meeting at one o'clock. He stopped and looked fixedly for a moment into the mouthpiece of the phone, as if in its black depth he could find an answer to his urgent problem. Suddenly he looked at his watch and ran back to his wife.

"Leila, call up Tilling and Carpenter quick, please. Tell them to meet me in twenty minutes at Dracey's café!"

Leila immediately had all her miscellany in her hands and was on her feet. "Are we broke again?" she inquired as she headed for the phone.

There was some compunction in the warm admiration he bestowed on her for this serene attitude, but he wasted no time in expressing it.

"I hope not, honey," he replied. "If we're not broke at two o'clock, though, we won't be broke at all. You'll have to go home in a taxi. I need the limousine." He had dashed out of the door, when he had another thought and came back. "See if you can get J. B. Hardeman, Equity Building," he requested. "Ask him to meet me at Dracey's in twenty minutes; but don't tell him anything about Tilling or Carpenter. And say, Leila, don't hint that I'm cramped."

"I guess not!" she indignantly retorted. "It's unprofitable to let even your best friends know you're broke"; and her husband went out laughing.

Bob Tilling was waiting for Jumpson on the steps of Dracey's when Jacky dropped out of the limousine with fourteen minutes to spare before one o'clock!

"Thought you were dead!" worried Tilling. "We've been trying to get you since nine-forty-five, to tell you to close your Northland long and ride down with it."

"Don't you worry about me!" rattled Jumpson, who had been thinking for sixteen solid minutes while his chauffeur turned corners on one wheel. "I suppose you sold short."

"Sure," said Tilling. "We've cleaned up ——"

"Never mind how much you've cleaned up!" interrupted Jacky. "Cover, and buy while they're eager to sell! Where's Carpenter?"

"Inside. What's the matter?"

"Now take my tip and don't ask any explanations until afterward!" ordered Jacky. "Northland will be fifteen points up before closing-time, and tomorrow it will shoot a hole in the sky!"

"But—But how do you know?" stammered Tilling.

"Where's Carpenter?" snapped Jumpson, and rushed inside Dracey's where he fell on the astounded Carpenter, and jerked him away from the elaborate instructions he

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THE PACE IN NEW YORK

In New York the Pace That Kills is the Pace Set Outside Office Hours

By WILL IRWIN

THE Chicago man settled himself back in his chair at the Broadway lobster palace and turned to his favorite theme.

"What I miss most in your metropolis, after all," he said, "is the noise, bustle and activity of Chicago. Not enough activity on your streets to suit me!"

Since they were trying to sell him a bill of goods his hosts laughed over this quaint paradox; but his voice carried, and one of his auditors at a table near by received suddenly new light on an old platitude.

Was he not right after all? Does not Chicago move faster than New York? He ran over his old kinetoscopic flashes of memory. Surely State Street, Chicago, moves faster and gives out a louder city roar than any thoroughfare of New York. So, indeed, does Market Street, San Francisco—at least since the disaster shook the city out of its Spanish languor.

Does the New York man in business and the professions get through as much work in twenty-four hours or gear his industrial life to so rapid a pace as the man of Chicago? The observer of his kind was forced to admit that the proof all lay on the side of the West. The New Yorker who has reached such position in life that he can command somewhat his own hours gets to his office later and leaves it earlier; he dallies longer over his luncheon; he takes more frequent vacations.

Yet the average business or professional man of Chicago, San Francisco or Cleveland seems to swing usually into a healthy old age, with only a fair share of the fleshly ills, while nerve strain and nervous breakdown appear to the superficial as common in New York as plain colds. "Worn out"; "ordered South for the nerves"; "a breakdown"—these, in the small commerce of New York life, form stock excuses for breaking an engagement, like the old, familiar "unexpected guests" elsewhere. Every express train that goes South during the winter and every steamer that sails for Bermuda is a rolling or floating hospital, carrying nervous wrecks to a place of quiet and rest. A clergyman with a middle-class parish summed it all up when he said: "My congregation is virtually all neurasthenic!"

Getting Into Step With New York Ways

SET these facts before any acclimated New Yorker and he will probably answer carelessly: "Oh, yes—it's the New York pace that does it!" If this New York pace is not set by work—as we have superficially supposed—of what does it consist? Were one to state all the elements, the answer would be as long and complex as a hypothetical question; but it nearly boils down to this—society. In New York the pace that kills is the pace set outside office hours. That is not exactly accurate, however—for the business of doing things and getting ahead in this metropolis is closely intertwined with the business of wearing expensive clothes, eating expensive food and being seen in expensive places.

By the law of success the man who gets his promotion and comes to the metropolis as district manager, head buyer, boss salesman, managing editor, or what-not, has always been a steady and consistent worker. I have heard a dozen of these men shortly after their arrival state their first impressions in about this language: "These fellows don't know how to work." The newcomer does well to wonder at the easy business methods among those associates who have risen above the necessity of accounting for their time. They have no regular moment for arriving in the morning; they absent themselves for two or three hours at lunchtime.

In certain classes of business these executives or semi-executives are likely to telephone to their secretaries after luncheon, saying they will not be back that day. The newcomer, absorbed in getting his own ideas into the concern, chafes at all this; he tries to tighten up the habits of his underlings, to influence those of his superiors. At about this time, however, things begin to happen to him; in fact, things which bear upon his problem have already begun to happen. He and his wife have no sooner entered the gates of Manhattan and established themselves in apartment or flat than they find themselves spending a great deal more money, through the necessity forced upon them by imitation, than they ever thought of spending at home. That universal tendency of New York life must be noted here only as an element in a complex problem.

Spending may absorb as much energy as getting. The selection of just the right clothes, just the right house-furnishings, just the proper personal touch in belongings, takes time. This process, with the lure it offers to all warm and live human beings, begins to draw a little on the exclusive energy he used to apply to his business. The next stage usually is when the newcomer finds he cannot afford really to make short luncheons, since so much of the business of New York is transacted during that informal midday meal. In almost every department of commerce the New York man has continual dealings with out-of-town customers. By ingrained custom these people, upon coming to the gay metropolis, expect to be entertained.

The New Yorker, aware of this, has acquired the habit of mixing business with this entertainment. You must eat leisurely luncheons, consisting of two hours of pleasant small talk and half an hour of business. I am aware that this has grown to be a feature of business contact everywhere; but nowhere is the tendency so marked as in New York. The first real rift in the habits of the newcomer, then, is when he begins to imitate his associates and becomes a stranger to the office between half past twelve and three.

By now, if he be a sociable being, he is getting acquainted. Acquaintance in New York, contrary to the general impression, is as easy as in a new mining camp. Superficially the metropolis appears cold to the newly arrived Southerner or Westerner; but that is only because the inhabitants have so many interests, so wide an acquaintance, that they cannot pay much personal attention to any individual. Acquaintance, with its opportunity for entertainment, for delightful social contact, piles up. With it come alluring temptations.

In no other city of the world, I am convinced, are these temptations so many and various. We have, for example, more first-class theaters than any other city of the world—London not excepted. True, the quality of our drama is lower, but that is aside from the mark. Every week in the season there are from one to eight openings, ranging from highbrow near-Ibsen to half-nude musical comedy. He who loves the drama is lured to go and go—to see whether Gus Thomas will hit it again this time, or whether Ziegfeld's latest follies are as zippy as the critics paint them.

Do you love art? Not a week but the newspapers proclaim a loan collection at the Metropolitan, an exhibition of Velasquez at a Fifth Avenue gallery, or a sale of Barbizon masters at a Twenty-third Street auction room. One could occupy all the ordinary hours of leisure in following the exhibitions of art and objects of art. Do you love music? There is not only the Metropolitan Opera House, with its diversified program, its galaxy of stars, but there are symphonies, chamber concerts, recitals, musicales—so many attractions of the highest class that no single person could follow them all. To keep up with the musical activities of the Carnegie Building alone would be a career.

Do you love contact with all sorts and conditions of people? Then are you almost doomed. We have in New York some five thousand millionaires, about as many with incomes as great as though they owned an invested million, and an inestimable number of others who hold considerable private fortunes. Typically these people are above the working margin; industry makes no great call upon their time; it is their business in life to entertain and be entertained. Characteristically in this city of loose social distinctions they welcome any one with the social talent. The opportunities to sit about good lace and mahogany with people who have something to say, to drink tea among flowers and music, to dally away an evening at cards or talk, increase to the limit of human strength. The newcomer is caught almost inevitably in this whirl. Every one else is doing it. Why should not he? Rise we never so high, we cannot escape imitation.

How the Trap is Baited

AND the very physical conditions of Manhattan Island help to bait the trap. Here it is—a little sliver of land, built from four to forty stories above ground and one to five stories below, provided with the most modern facilities for rapid transportation. In such a city as Boston one entertainment an evening is about the limit of possibility, unless you own an automobile. But the New Yorker can go to a dinner in the Upper West Side or Harlem, jump in a quarter of an hour by the subway to a late theatrical party at Longacre Square, and walk in five minutes to a later supper at an all-night café.

While we are discussing this district—the theatrical business plays a more important part in the social life of New York than most have perceived. Here are sixty first-class theaters; here are the headquarters for all the circuits. Whatever the quality of our drama, we patronize it more widely than any other people in the world; and New York has therefore a greater proportion of the theatrical element than London, Paris or Berlin. Every actor tries to play on Broadway; if he cannot he visits New York in rehearsal season or between engagements. These theatrical people are sociable beings, with more than the common amount of leisure; and they are widely welcomed in Bohemian society as well as in the other social circles. Like most of us they take their pleasure after their work. Hence the growth of the late party, where the guests assemble at eleven or thereabout to meet the foreign players or the latest new-risen star. It is quite in fashion to top off an evening at dinner or the play with such a party; the habit is growing in New York.

And the banquets! Every state, every business, every genealogical society, every college alumni association, must have its dinner once a year—a formal affair, with too much

of good food, good wine, good cigars, and good to poor oratory. The man who likes his kind will probably find himself mixed up with three or four such organizations before he has been long in New York; he stands to be invited to the dinners of as many more. In January and February these affairs pile up; by March the banquet reporters of the New York newspapers are going about with gray, drawn faces. And Lent, of late years, has brought only a nominal let-up.

Now if you occupy some position in your business or your profession where you work by yourself, where there is no necessity for much contact with people, you may escape all this by the sheer power of will, though the will has to be almost superhuman. However, most New York men do not occupy such positions. The lawyer or physician must keep in touch with possible clients or patients; the insurance broker with possible policyholders; the bond broker with investors; the editor with contributors. Everywhere, and in ways far more subtle than this, the typical New York man finds himself obliged to get into the rush if he would advance his affairs. A combination of business and pleasure—how alluring it seems!

It is alluring too. If I, who here criticise it, appear to convey a dislike for the process I give a false impression. Nor is the thing all tinsel and vanity. New York draws to itself the talent of the United States and—in a lesser degree—of the world. He who has something new and better to offer is either attracted to New York as a permanent place of residence or visits it occasionally. One who mixes at all can hardly escape meeting brilliant people.

Now none of us who had the choice but would prefer as a dinner companion Robert Louis Stevenson, say, to the ordinary pleasing persons who make up the background of society—only the very splendor of Stevenson's conversation, his stirring of latent brain cells, his appeal to undisturbed emotions, would be a tiring process. The prevalence of the person with ideas helps to account for the lure of New York life and for its strain on the nerves. Whether one is an engineer, mixing with the men who are putting through huge irrigation projects and interoceanic canals; a physician, meeting the advance pickets of science; an artist, continually in contact with the subtle brains of his age—it comes to the same thing.

Indeed, we here approach a situation which explains something that may have puzzled the more or less gentle reader. A man has only a limited amount of brain and nerve energy. If the New Yorker spends so much of his energy just playing, how can New York hold her vaunted commercial supremacy? The fact is, the New York man of affairs—as a loose, general rule—has drifted to the metropolis or been drawn to it because he is creative. The metropolis generally spawns the new ideas in commerce, in finance, in manufacturing, in publication. Now creative work, as distinct from routine work, proceeds normally by short bursts of high-power thinking or activity.

Because I understand my own profession best, let me draw the illustration from literature—or, if you like, journalism. Every literary worker knows that a man can steadily make up forms or edit copy for seven or eight hours a day; but the normal man cannot keep up the purely creative work of writing or the equally creative work of magazine planning for more than four hours a day. If he attempts more he sacrifices quality. The rule holds good in such titanically greater creative work as planning new railway mergers, new systems of marketing, new engineering projects. These creators of the metropolis do well to work in short, hard bursts. Only unexciting and healthful recreation, with its chance for a let-down, for absorbing unconscious suggestion from the minds about them, is the proper occupation for their hours of leisure. However, instead of getting this same healthful recreation, the typical creative man of New York plunges, from the moment he closes his office door, into that exciting, overstimulating form of recreation I have been describing.

A nerve specialist, speaking in paradox, said once: "The real trouble with New York life is not its high pressure, but its low pressure." By low pressure he meant the effort to transform a normal low pressure into an abnormal high one. The Wall Street man, for example, has been working from ten o'clock to three on a job which, if not creative, at least requires the sharpest, most concentrated, most anxious attention to detail. When the market closes he is limp, wrung out. There follows a natural and healthful reaction, wherein the forces of mind and body should be allowed to go slowly for a time until he gets a rest and comes back to the normal. But New York is beckoning with its delights; he goes out and plays at equally high pressure, and wonders why his recreation does not rest him! It is traditional that college athletes generally make the most successful Wall Street men, because they have the brawn and nerve to stand it. The others—and even some of the ex-athletes—fall all too commonly into the way of stimulating themselves artificially for this second burst of high pressure. That is the true reason for the cocktail route.

Near the busiest uptown center of New York stands a barroom known as the Forty-second Street Country Club. Drop in there at five o'clock any afternoon and you will find it crowded to the doors with rather limp and gray-faced young men awaiting the services of the bartender. Here is the stage manager, exhausted by the creation of new business for a new piece; the broker, exhausted by the creation of a new deal; the reporter, exhausted by the creation of a new statement of old fact. They have drifted here to turn forced draft into clogged engines—to get energy for the dazzling evenings which lie ahead of them.

This relation between high pressure and low pressure is just as true of their wives, minus the creative factor.

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Millions and the Million

By Walter E. Weyl

ILLUSTRATED BY HANSON BOOTH

THURSDAY, APRIL 4, 1912. I am in for a fool's adventure and there is no way out of it. It is idiotic—plain fool idiotic. But I have passed my word. This evening at Dion Bagehot's. His wife at the opera. Bagehot and I smoking and taking an occasional drink. Discussing his latest novel, The Neighbor. I did not like it and told him so. It is the old, old story of the immigrant girl in a sweatshop, who starves on six dollars a week and finally falls a victim.

"I prefer to take my stories straight," I told Bagehot. "When I want medicine I want medicine—and when I want candy I want candy. Besides, I am growing sick of the whole trough of sentimental, molly-coddling swill about the poor and their alleged wrongs. Your heroine lacks moral fiber. A girl can live on six dollars a week if she has a mind to. The dietary tables show ——"

"Man does not live by dietary tables alone," retorted Bagehot. "A girl does not map out her life mathematically, buying so many calories or heat units—or whatever they are—for each nickel. Besides, a young woman needs recreation and beauty, as a flower needs light."

"Bosh!" I said.

"Have it your own way!" replied Bagehot.

"It's a Lie I've Told You. I've Borrowed From Everybody and I Never Pay Back"

We smoked on in silence. I was thinking of Margaret's wedding. I like Roscoe Van Sant, but I realize that this marriage means an almost impassable chasm between my daughter and me.

Roscoe is a clean, straight chap; but running a small settlement in a New York slum is no adequate lifework for a man of ability.

This morning I saw them off. It is to be a month's vacation in Europe. Vacation! Save the mark! They are not going to Sicily or Capri, to Granada or the Riviera, but to Whitechapel. They are to spend a happy month in a London slum!

"Dion," I said suddenly, "you've been telling me for years that I need a change. I've just seen Doctor Russell, and he says ditto; so on Saturday I am off for a Mediterranean cruise."

Bagehot yawned.

"That's a dull thing to do. Nothing to look at but water! Why not take your month on Fourteenth Street?"

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"If you really want a change get away from all the luxury and kotowing that surround you; live in furnished rooms; meet your fellowmen on terms of equality—and do it on ten dollars a week."

"I suppose you think I couldn't!" I said.

"I don't think," he replied—"I know! You've grown too soft."

His cocksureness irritated me.

"I'll do it," I said. "It's about five weeks to May eleventh, when Margaret returns. You won't hear from me for five weeks."

"Unless you telephone," suggested Bagehot.

"I will not telephone."

Bagehot's face fell.

"My dear Booth," he began, "surely you're not serious! It's a perfectly crazy scheme—and, good Heavens, man, what shall I say to Margaret if you fall sick?"

"Other people fall sick," I retorted. "If there's anything I've got to know address me in care of General Delivery."

FRIDAY, APRIL FIFTH. The more I think of it the more utterly ridiculous it seems. And yet ——

FRIDAY, APRIL TWELFTH. Six days done—twenty-nine more to do. I shall be glad to be out of this.

On Saturday—the sixth—I boarded my yacht, bound for the Mediterranean. A couple of cub reporters interviewed me on the dock. As soon as they were out of sight I went to the cabin, put on a cheap ready-made suit, purchased for the occasion, stuck fifty dollars into my wallet, put a silver watch in my pocket and a cheap derby hat on my head, and had myself rowed ashore. The yacht is to put in at Tangier and then return, arriving here on May eleventh. My alibi is perfect.

I have a room in Cahill Street, Brooklyn—three dollars a week. I did not know how dear rooms were when I said

a girl could live well on a six-dollar wage. I get breakfast and supper at a basement boarding house a few doors away—three dollars and fifty cents a week.

My first lunch cost me two dollars. At this rate my midday meals would amount to more than my total allowance. I tried to figure it out. Breakfast, supper and room, six dollars and a half; washing, carfare, amusements, newspapers—no matter how you calculate, it does not leave over a dollar a week for lunches. But a dollar a week is only fourteen cents and two-sevenths a day. Jove! I shall not put on weight this vacation!

Until I came to this boarding house I did not know that there were such utterly commonplace people in the world. On my right sits Tom Chambers, an old bookkeeper. I call him old, though his hair is jet black. Chambers is temporarily out of a job—chronically, I should judge; doubtless he is too old to be valuable. Because of his own failure, he thinks the country is going to the dogs. "We are being ruined," he told me last evening, talking in a spiritless tone—"ruined, sir, by trusts and foreigners; and there's nothing for it but a bloody revolution! There was a revolution in France once," he mused, "and all the kings and queens and nobles—they were the same as our rich people today—did not care whether the people starved or not. They all had their heads cut off! It happened a long time ago—but, mark my words, it'll happen again!"

My neighbor on the left is not so truculent. His name is Stump though whether it is his Christian or his family name I do not know. He is a round-faced, middle-aging, somewhat corpulent man, with atrocious table manners. Very talkative, however, and excessively polite. He is a clerk, I believe, for a furniture house—with an income, no doubt, considerably in excess of my own. Stump is well-meaning, but an unmitigated bore. He, too, sets himself up as a social philosopher. When he is not talking about the Single Tax he is interminably defending the rights of the American Indian. "Do you know, Mr. Russell," he has said to me a dozen times, "the only true American is Lo, the poor Indian!"

There is probably some sort of understanding between Stump and the pale, tremulous, faded lady opposite. Miss Sait is a manicurist, but—as she hastens to assure you—only "does ladies." Between the two there goes on a formal, half-sentimental discussion about food, the weather and poetry—somewhat pathetic, but quite ludicrous. I do not know any cure for such sentimentalism except marriage. I wish they would hurry up and do it.

Poor Stump's Charity

DIRECTLY opposite me sits a young man named Spiro. I have never seen a more melancholy countenance. He came from Russia as a lad, I believe, and was once a fairly prosperous real-estate dealer on the East Side. What he does today; how he makes a living; how he spends his time—no one seems to know. He is a silent, "uncomfortable" young person—stooped, dark, emaciated; with brown, unsmiling eyes, which stare at you without seeming to see.

Then there is little Effie Marsh—pretty, chatty, inconsequent. Stump tells me that she is a department-store clerk, earning eight dollars a week. Effie comes nearer to being interesting than ——

SATURDAY, APRIL THIRTEENTH. I was interrupted in my writing last night by a knock at my door. I hastily put my diary away—why are we all so ashamed of diaries?—opened the door, and behold it was round-faced, bowing Stump! He told me he knew at a glance that I was of the intellectual élite—he pronounced it "eelight"—and would I save my old magazines for him?

"What do you do with them?" I asked, after promising him all of my now scanty hoard.

His face lit up with a curious exaltation.

"Everyone asks that," he said. "It seems that we who are prosperous and happy cannot realize what mere old magazines mean to those shut away from newspapers and friends. Blackwell's Island, sir—that's where I take them every Sunday. They look forward so—those poor creatures do—to my weekly visit that I haven't the heart ever to disappoint them. I can't think what they'd do if I remained away! I'd be glad of your company, Mr. Russell, if you'd care to visit my prison friends. I can't ask every one, for people as a rule don't understand about prisons; but I guess you've seen trouble yourself. No harm meant!"

"You've Got to Now!" I Heard Him Say

The picture of John Booth, financier, accompanying a middle-aged furniture clerk on his Sunday visits to his prison friends strikes me as something out of the ordinary. What an opportunity for Bagehot!

SUNDAY, APRIL FOURTEENTH. Just returned from that awful prison. Am too sick to write.

MONDAY, APRIL FIFTEENTH. An accusing thought obsessed me all night: Many of those pent-up wretches simply lacked a little money—were driven or lured by desires that I share with them. This man gambled—as I have done on a larger scale. That one skirted the edge of the law—as I have done. Another wanted money for his sick wife. Some were merely weak or stupid—many were put to work too young and were used up by twenty; others, themselves exploited, turned and became ferocious enemies of society. Whose fault is it that these thieves, forgers, counterfeiters and drunkards are where they are and what they are? Whose merit is it that I am a respected citizen, possessed of thirty-five million dollars?

On Saturday I discovered that my first week had cost me fourteen dollars instead of ten.

TUESDAY. I am getting to like Stump. He is so courteous and gentle toward that tired-looking Miss Sait. Sometimes I catch him watching her—very wistfully.

WEDNESDAY EVENING. Irish stew again today—and fine! I cannot understand how I ever could have thought Mrs. Crozier's cooking bad! At first the oleomargarine nauseated me; the coffee tasted weak and dirty; the meat, jerky. But it really must have been a little my own fault.

I am taking long walks every afternoon and enjoying them hugely.

SATURDAY, APRIL TWENTIETH. Am running beyond my allowance. Only twenty-five dollars left. Must last me three weeks!

SUNDAY, APRIL TWENTY-FIRST. Visited the prisoners with Stump.

MONDAY, APRIL TWENTY-SECOND. This evening Tom Chambers came to my room—there is only one chair, so I had to sit on the bed. Tom was painfully embarrassed.

"I just thought I'd ask you," he said at last, affecting a light tone, "whether it would be convenient to lend me, say, a tenner—or a fiver? I'm a little pressed—just at present. It's only for a few days."

"I'm sorry," I began. "I've "

"Don't!" he broke in, his blue eyes filling with tears. "I know what you're going to say—and you're right—quite right. You're a poor man, too, and an old one. It's a lie I've told you. I've borrowed from everybody and I never pay back. I'll never get another job—never! Every one wants young men—not old fellows who have to dye their hair. Excuse me, Mr. Russell. I hope you'll forget my little request."

"Wait, Mr. Chambers," I said. "Wait. Sit down and let me think."

I tried to work it out. I could give him a letter to a dozen firms who would pay him anything I asked—but I was supposed to be in the Mediterranean! I could telephone Bagehot. No; I would not telephone Bagehot. Besides, this was one of my ten-dollar-a-week problems, just as were my luncheons and washing. Perhaps some of Stump's unfortunate friends were where they were because they had unwisely helped some other unfortunate.

I had only twenty-two dollars to last me nineteen days! I would gladly have given fifty thousand dollars of my "unreal" money uptown to have been able to lend this bookkeeper his tenner or his fiver. I handed him two dollars.

"I'm sorry it's not more," I said at last.

There will be no account of this gift in tomorrow's papers. Nevertheless, it is the biggest contribution John Booth has ever made!

People Not Wanted

TUESDAY. Tom Chambers seems starved. I am sure he goes without lunches, and he eats almost nothing at dinner, like a guest who doubts his welcome. He has given up the dye and his hair is quite white at the roots. I tried to cheer him up.

"There will surely come a great revolution," I began.

He shook his head feebly.

"Perhaps—perhaps," he answered. "There was a revolution in France; but that was long, long ago."

THURSDAY. "Poor old Chambers!" said Stump. "He might as well be tied in a sack and thrown into the river. Old men aren't wanted today—or middle-aged ones, either. Poor Tom! He will hang on, getting a dollar here and a dollar there; and then some night he'll take the air on the bridge—and slip off!"

I shuddered.

"Couldn't he go to the almshouse?" I asked.

"Have you ever been?" asked Stump. "I'm a religious man, Mr. Russell; but if ever I have to make the choice it's me for the river."

We were both silent. I was thinking of the commonplace, poignant tragedy of the old bookkeeper—of thousands of old bookkeepers—of hundreds of thousands of old men and old women—who are "not wanted." "The only thing," I thought, "is to save while you are young against the rainy day."

"And to think," mused Stump, "that Tom used to make his twenty-five a week and had saved up four thousand dollars! If it hadn't been that his wife got consumption and hung on for years, what with doctors' bills and the hospital, and —— Did you ever realize that we wouldn't ever have consumption if we had the Single Tax?"

FRIDAY. They were talking at the table about Mr. Carnegie's Hero Fund. The men all spoke against it. Pretty Effie Marsh said nothing. Miss Sait remained quiet a long time, and then in a tremulous voice burst out: "There are heroes today of whom the world hears nothing."

I looked at Stump, who was gurgling his soup noisily. His round cheeks flushed red. His eyes were deep in his plate.

SATURDAY. Three weeks gone. Two weeks to go. Only fifteen dollars left—seven dollars and fifty cents a week. How can I manage it?

SUNDAY, APRIL TWENTY-EIGHTH. At breakfast little Effie Marsh was telling excitedly about a "perfectly swell" show she had been to the night before. Just as she was explaining how the trained dogs spelled their own names, the doorbell rang and Eugenie, our colored waitress, whispered something in Effie's ear. The girl flushed.

"Excuse me," she said, leaving the table quickly—"it's my sister."

Mrs. Crozier's snub nose went up into the air.

"No sech thing!" she vouchsafed. "She tol' me herself she didn't have no brother or sister."

Effie went into the next room, closing the door behind her.

"Not so loud," we could hear her say. "Please don't shout!"

"You'll have to!" came the other voice—shrill, coarse, threatening. "We don't care where you get the money, so long's we get ours!"

Silence followed. I looked about the table. Mrs. Crozier's eyes were fastened on the closed door; Miss Sait's were cast down; Stump looked worried, his fat hand going instinctively to his pocket; while Tom Chambers despondently ate his prunes, oblivious of what was passing.

"Loan sharks!" exclaimed Mrs. Crozier in an excited whisper. "So that's where the willow plumes came from! I'm glad it's no worse!"

"Get it from your friends," came the high-pitched voice. "A pretty girl like you—can easy pick up a friend."

Spiro stood up, deliberately pushed back his chair and started for the next room. At the same instant the door opened and Effie appeared. There was a long, ghastly silence, which was finally broken by Mrs. Crozier:

"You was telling us, Effie, of them little dogs."

I looked up. Effie's face was drawn, the lips were still trembling, and the left hand clenched her napkin, which she had evidently held all through the interview.

"Oh, yes," she said, forcing a light tone—"the little dogs. I had a swell time last night. My, but it's hot in this room!"

Spiro at Work Among His Poor

LATER. In the afternoon went with Stump to see the prisoners. On our way home we talked about Effie. Stump told me story after story of young women—married and single—who, to tide over an emergency or for an evening's pleasure, had gone to the sharks and fallen deeper and deeper into their jaws. There was a plumber's wife who borrowed thirty dollars, paid a hundred in interest—and still owed a hundred! At last her husband divorced her—for cause.

When we arrived at Stump's house he gave me a pressing invitation to come up and see his room. It is quite luxurious. His carpet is elaborately flowered and his walls are literally covered with lithographs. "That Maternity is a fine thing," he told me, pointing to a painting of a thin, smiling woman, holding a pudgy baby, while behind her stood a young gentleman with side whiskers. "I don't pretend to be a connissoor," he said; "but I know what I like."

On the bureau there stood boldly a photograph of Miss Clara Sait. Stump launched into a stilted panegyric: "Only once in a century," he said, "does Nature bring forth a perfect woman!"

MONDAY. That melancholy countenance of Spiro haunts me. I find myself tempted to ask him who he is; what he does; what is the secret that locks his lips, yet seems written in illegible flaming letters on his sensitive face.

TUESDAY, APRIL THIRTIETH. To the general post-office and found a letter from Bagehot. No news; but the rascal inclosed a dollar bill.

WEDNESDAY, MAY FIRST. This morning, as I was standing on Third Avenue near Grand Street, beneath the Elevated Railroad, a cloudburst forced me into a corner drugstore. There I met Spiro. Our talk lasted for almost an hour and ended in an invitation to spend the morning with him. That is how I got acquainted with Nahum Spiro and his New York!

We threaded a number of crowded streets to a frowning, slatternly house. I followed him through the dark hallway, congested with children, up four flights of rickety, filthy stairs into a stale, cold room, where, on a cot in one corner, a tall, blond, bearded young man—a Swede—lay coughing. There was absolutely nothing in that room—not even a chair! On the floor beside the invalid lay a milk bottle; on the window-ledge immediately above his head was half a loaf of rye bread.

"Here's the medicine, Nils," said Spiro as he produced a bottle from his bulging pocket. "The milk will be here by nine o'clock and the nurse by noon. Don't worry, old chap. You'll be a lot better soon."

"I do not know how to thank you!" began the man.

"Your window's closed again!" interrupted Spiro. "How often have I told you —— Oh, I remember—you haven't enough covers. Well, let the window go. I'll bring blankets tonight."

The Swede again began to talk, but was interrupted by a paroxysm of coughing.

"Goodby," said Spiro, patting the man's hand not untenderly.

We descended to the crowded street. Men and women were laughing, gossiping, bargaining—engrossed in all the petty details of their personal affairs. It sickened me! How could they -with that man dying in that cold, stale room?

"Could we not somehow raise money for him?" I asked.

"What's the use? He'll be dead tomorrow. Fifty dollars would have saved his life a year ago—a million won't save it today! That's the tenth death from tuberculosis in that house."

"Tenth death from tuberculosis!" I repeated, aghast. "Why do they permit it?"

"Beggars can't be choosers," he said. "So long as the house stands, poor men will take those death rooms because they're cheap. So long as money is made from that house, it will stand."

"But the law?"

"Who owns the law?" he retorted. "Who buys the law?"

I suddenly recalled an incident long forgotten: Almost twenty years before, when I was desperately trying to hold the Patola & Albemarle Railroad against Jim Portugal and his crowd, the State Railroad Commission began to make trouble for me on the ground that my road was unsafe. I knew that Portugal had fixed the commissioners, and that I, too, should have to see them. I hated to do it; but I had to. I closed one eye, somebody fixed the commission with the railroad's money—and Portugal was checkmated. But the road was unsafe!

That visit to Nils was but the beginning. From house to house we trudged—upstairs, downstairs, in and out of miserable, awful abodes—until I wondered whether all the world were sick and destitute! It was a relief when Spiro descended into a basement restaurant and pointed to a table. I seated myself, but could not eat. I could not rid myself of the thought of that tall Swede, with his bottle of milk and his half loaf of rye bread.

I looked at Spiro and noticed that he, too, did not eat. He was tired and the lines stood deep in the young face. There was a pathetic gentleness in the dark eyes. Once more I caught myself wondering what tragic experience had corroded this life—what acid had etched this somber character.

"Where were you last night," I asked abruptly "with that Swede?"

"Yes," he replied.

"And the night before?"

"I have been with Nils—several nights."

After two more hours of weary visiting, Spiro at my urgent invitation came to my room and we talked until suppertime. I learn that he spends two weeks each month in making translations from Russian and Polish, and the other two weeks in visiting the sick. He is like a free-lance settlement worker—only he has not the cheerfulness, the routine, the sense of bustling busy-ness that so many settlement workers have. Even when he talks of his work he does not escape from the oppressive melancholy that has settled on him. As I looked at his unsmiling, sensitive face I could not help comparing him to an eye closed by a cataract.

We walked to Mrs. Crozier's together and took our usual seats on opposite sides of the table. Neither spoke; in fact, no one spoke. And then I noticed that Tom Chambers' chair was empty.

An Unexpected Loss

THURSDAY, MAY SECOND. It's all true about Tom. Mrs. Crozier could not keep him any longer. I went to the room where he used to lodge. He left a week ago. Where is he tonight?

FRIDAY, MAY THIRD. I lost a nickel today—on Fourth Street. I was chucking it up to see whether I should patronize the Palace Restaurant, where it costs fifteen cents, or a free lunch counter. The nickel rolled down a grocer's cellar. When I courteously asked the grocer to be allowed to get it he swore at me and called me a bum. So I went to the free lunch counter. I hate free lunch counters. Until today I had thought that grocers were invariably polite.

SATURDAY, MAY FOURTH. After paying for my room and breakfasts and suppers for the next seven days, I have exactly twenty-five cents left. No luncheons this week!

I shall never again speak so glibly of how cheaply a man or woman can live; nor shall I have much to say about the virtues and vices of the poor. I used to think I could manage better in their place; but the I that I thought of was the John Booth, groomed and cared for, whose life was eased in a thousand quiet, unobtrusive ways. At home I bathed every morning; but the bath was already drawn, my fresh clothes laid out, and a pleasant, gently insistent knock at the door gave me just the proper stimulus to get out of bed and take the plunge. Here I can bathe if I want to; but I must wait my turn, the bath is downstairs, and I have no clean clothes to change to. I have not taken a bath or what I should call a decent wash for over two weeks. I put it off from day to day.

I notice, too, that I am acquiring a slouch. I have not had my clothes pressed since I came here, and my shirts and collars are all soiled. Yesterday I passed Hugo Wilson, my stenographer at the Rubber Company. He looked prosperous and a little pompous. "Forty dollars a week!" I thought. "You do have a snap!" I slipped into the open door of a saloon as the great man passed.

I used to boast that Americans are all equal before the law. It may be; but I notice I get scowls where I used to

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Until I Came to This Boarding House I Did Not Know That There Were Such Utterly Commonplace People in the World

THE WHISTLING MAN

By Maximilian Foster

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

"Mary Adair Will Never Marry You! Come With Me, Won't You?"

XX

NORTHWARD ran the way, thirty-five miles to Arcadie; and as Craig, turning his back on Wall Street, plunged into the thronged, hurrying channel of Broadway, high overhead in Trinity's spire the clock struck half-past nine. Only half an hour had, in fact, passed since he and Gawtry had gone down the hill together; but in this short time had the whole course and current of Craig's life changed itself.

For he was going to Mary Adair. And nothing else could matter now if he got to her in time, not even all the trickery and deceit that so long and so tragically had enmeshed him.

That Gawtry had lied to him from the beginning Craig had, of course, suspected all along; but until the moment when the door had opened and he had instinctively recognized Gaines and Pelton he had not fully realized the depth, the meanness, of all Gawtry's duplicity. However he knew it now, and his last pity for him vanished, once he learned that to save himself Gawtry stood ready to destroy even a dying man.

But all this he almost at once dismissed from his mind. It was forgotten in that other circumstance, to him far more vital and compelling. Why had Mary Adair sent to him, as she had, that desperate appeal for aid? Why was it that if he did not go to her she would have to marry Willie Hemingway?

Craig hurried. With his face to the north and his eyes resolute he struck forward at a gait that made more than one that saw him wonder. He was going to her though, and there was every reason he should hurry. The first hour of that journey led through the crowded downtown business section, where deep between the skyscrapers' heat-soaked walls the air swam viscously like a furnace breath; and emerging then into the more open uptown streets he passed swiftly among the huge, ugly structures of the hotel and theater district. There the sun beat upon him as if he trod a Sahara, his head swam from it and the glare grew intolerable. Pressing on, he came eventually to a turn in the way, where far down a side street he caught a sudden glimpse of the river. Under the staring sunlight its surface blazed and quivered like a surface of molten metal, but still he turned toward it. Anything was better than the infinite drowsing waste of stone and brick that here surrounded him; and, his gait quickening as he trudged along, he came all at once out upon the river parkway and there saw before him all the Palisades, under them a vast expanse of the Hudson stretching away to the northward, dim and blue in the distance. As noon struck, the last city street fell behind him; and he bore away on the highroad that led along the heights to Arcadie.

In after years Craig could remember the hours of that journey only as one remembers the vague, inconstant images of a fever. He knew that hour after hour, possessed of a grim, determined patience, he stalked onward through the day's withering heat; but what roads he trod or how he managed to walk them not even he could have told. Then, as the sun dropped and four o'clock struck somewhere on a distant chime, a milepost by the way told him he had covered half the distance. Arcadie lay only a little more than sixteen miles beyond.

He marched like a specter now. Gray with dust, with his eyes hollow and mouth and throat dry as ashes too, he doggedly held on, neither faltering nor flagging in his gait. Not once but a hundred times that day motors bound to the north flashed by him; but though often their occupants turned to stare at the wearied fellow who trudged along in their wake, they only grinned and looked away. There were times when he could have cursed at them, fierce that he had not their idle, wasted haste.

Then somewhere around five o'clock, as Craig came out upon an open height, he looked down upon the purpling river; and there, speeding northward under the bank beneath, was the darting white hull of the Onontio.

He marveled as he saw the launch's speed. It seemed, in fact, as if she leapt along the water, as if, indeed, she were being driven, pushed, to the last powerful turn of her lithe, speedy engines. She forged along, at any rate, so swiftly that her forefoot was driven clear, while from under her counter her wake boiled and bubbled frothily, leaping like a cataract.

For a moment Craig halted. She was too far for him to recognize the figures on her deck; but there under the stern awnings, huddled down in a chair, was one he felt sure he knew. Again a little chill struck him; and he walked on once more, his eyes poring upon the distant craft till it turned a bend in the shore line and was gone. So passed the day; and dusk fell then, one by one the bright stars peeping out, while over his shoulder, low down in the west a new moon lay like a jewel upon the soft, velvety bosom of the night.

It was ten o'clock when he came out upon the last eminence that lay between him and Arcadie. Beyond him was the village, its lights gleaming like the lamps of elves, while high above the square bulk of Gawtry's house raised itself darkly against the sky. He was hurrying along, when at a turn of the road his heart gave a sudden leap.

There in the ditch, dragged out of the way of passing vehicles, lay the wreck of what once had been a huge, costly plaything, an imported racing car. Now only a mass of twisted, tortured metal, its front wheels torn from their axle, it lay sprawled upon its back, its hood and tonneau crushed flat beneath the chassis.

The Car Was Angie's!

Craig, nevertheless, knew it. The car, or rather the wreck of what once had been a car, was not to be mistaken; and with a pang of horror tugging at his heart he passed on, wondering.

The car was Angie's!

Craig was still wondering, still chilled with horror, when eleven o'clock struck upon the bells of Arcadie and he trudged down the final stage of his daylong, weary journey.

Almost running now, he swept on past the Gawtrys' gate, past that and the tunnel of the road where the day before he and Hilda Gawtry had driven; past Mrs. Belden's place, and then along the last half-mile of dark and deserted highway. The gates stood open, and above them a lighted lantern hung. Craig ran. Eyes ahead, he sped onward down between the ranks of huge Norway spruces that lined the drive on either side. They loomed above him, secret and silent, engulfing him in their depth of mystery and darkness. Then he emerged abruptly out into the open, and there the broad glare of light from an opened door burst upon him, almost blinding in its suddenness.

Mary Adair stood there, peering into the dark. As she saw him a cry escaped her.

"Leonard!" she cried; then again: "Leonard!"

Then, with a weak and silly, half-hysterical little smile, she threw out both her hands to him, and Craig went to her swiftly.

XXI

A LITTLE storm of tears shook her, and she clung to him, holding his arms tight with her trembling hands. "I knew you'd come—that it wasn't true!" she sobbed. "I knew you weren't what they said you were! You've forgiven me for saying it, too, haven't you?"

Craig smiled as he looked down at the head pressed against his coat. "There, there, dear!" he quieted her. "It's all right now! Don't you know it is?"

Presently she restrained herself; and he could see the color creep into her skin while she spoke, her voice faint and a little shamed.

"Don't think I've lost my wits, Leonard! And don't be ashamed of me! All the day, ever since morning, I've been waiting; and I was so frightened, so afraid!" Then, still clinging to him, she raised her face all rosy to his, a weak, wistful little smile upon her lips. "I thought you'd be here hours and hours ago!"

"You knew surely I'd come, didn't you?" he asked; and after a deep breath, a sigh, she nodded quietly.

"Yes, but it was so long, Leonard! What happened to you?"

"I walked," said Craig; and he felt her start.

"You did—what?" she echoed, her eyes widening.

"Just what I say, Mary—walked."

"All those thirty-five miles?" she demanded almost incredulously.

Craig, with a little grin, nodded.

"Why yes, Mary," he chuckled. "The fact is, when I gave you those things last night I gave you every cent I had in the world—my last sou!"

She gently disengaged herself but, with her hand still on his arm, stood there in the lighted doorway looking up at him.

"You walked all those hours through all that heat?" she faltered. "You did that for me?"

He smiled at her, his eyes earnest.

"Why, why not, Mary? That was nothing! You know, don't you, there isn't anything I wouldn't do if you asked it?"

For a long moment she gazed at him, her lips twisted into another vague, faint little smile; and then of a sudden he saw her eyes brim over again.

"Oh, Leonard! Leonard!" she cried under her breath; and instantly Craig was at her side, bending over her.

"What's wrong? Tell me!" he asked, quick to divine the depth of trouble in her tone; and after a pause she looked up, her face brave again, though he could see her lips tremble.

"Leonard, we must be sensible," she said gently. "You and I must face this with courage. I sent for you, yes; but I'm afraid I sent too late." Then, laying both her hands upon his shoulders, she looked up at him wistfully. "Leonard, I could laugh if it were all not so ghastly. That statement, the one your father drew up the night he died, it's quite worthless—only a list of securities, nothing else! After all our anxiety, our dreadful worry, it's only so much waste paper!" Then she slowly shook her head, her air sorry, helpless. "It's too late, Leonard, I'm afraid," Mary Adair said gently. "Hemingway was here only a little while ago. He told me again, just as he told me last night, that if I didn't marry him I'd be responsible for what happened to my father! Leonard, I can't help myself—nor can you either," she murmured, again smiling at him, brave but helpless. "I'm sorry, dear!"

But it was not upon her regret, even upon her air of deep, painful sadness, that Craig's mind dwelt at the moment; instead, it was upon what Hemingway had said to her—that she would be responsible if she did not marry him. It was absurd, outlandish. Craig could have laughed at the man's veiled threat to her.

But Mary Adair did not laugh.

"Leonard," she said quietly, "Gawtry knows about that time twenty years ago, the night my father's brother died. If Gawtry makes use of it now the shock might kill my father—I think it would, indeed. His condition is still critical; his life, I may say, is still in the balance; and if I don't give Hemingway my word Hemingway will not interfere!"

"Interfere?"

"Yes, Leonard. Somehow he holds the whiphand over Gawtry—how, I don't know. He wants me to promise, though, that if he calls off Gawtry I'll marry him." But here, at the swift gleam in Craig's eyes, she paused, and her hand on his arm tightened its hold. "No, no, you mustn't look like that!" she cautioned. "After all, Leonard, Hemingway loves me, you know! He is only doing all he can to get me!" With his face livid, Craig sought again to speak, but she hushed him with a hand laid softly on his lips. "Come, we must go inside," she said; and she was moving toward the door, her hand held out to him, when he caught it and suddenly drew her toward him.

"No, don't go yet! You can't!" he cried; and when she quietly disengaged herself, her smile appealing, he demanded: "Listen, Mary! You love me, don't you?"

Mary Adair looked at him, her smile helpless. "Why can't you understand?" she asked. "Don't you realize that it's not for me to say, Leonard—that I'm not free?"

But Craig gave no heed.

"Answer me, Mary! Do you love me?"

She looked at him steadily, her lips parted tremulously.

"You know it, don't you?" she asked; and again the light leaped in Craig's eyes.

"Hear me now, Mary," he said evenly. "Whatever happens, no one else will ever get you! You're mine, and you've always been mine—at any rate, ever since I first saw you that day at Lowestoft. I've got you and I'm not going to give you up!" he said; but Mary Adair, after a look at him, turned away, her face drawn.

"Come," she said, her voice restrained, a little wearied too, "I must not keep you out here. You've eaten nothing since morning either, and I must get you something. Come, Leonard"; and with his hand in hers, her lips trembling in the effort she made to be calm, she led him indoors to her own softly lighted library, a room bright with its light summer hangings and gay pictures and prints.

"Now listen, dear!" she said gently. "I love you, of course, but do not make it harder for me. You must help me to learn to face it."

Then, with another brave smile for him, she was gone.

A drowsy-eyed maidservant showed Craig to a room upstairs; and there with the aid of soap and water and a brush he managed to make himself fairly presentable. His face shone, at any rate, as he went down the stairs again. His eyes, though, showed his trouble.

For what, after all, if Mary Adair did marry Hemingway? Craig knew that in her love and loyalty for her father she would spare nothing in her power to save him.

In the library a small table had already been spread; and Mary Adair was hovering over it. Once more her self-restraint had asserted itself, and she flashed at him her usual frank and friendly smile. When Craig, worried at the trouble he was making, strove to protest she wagged at him a pink, warning finger.

"Not a word!" she ordered. "You mustn't even think of speaking till you've eaten! Now don't wait. Everything is ready."

Then when he had seated himself she took the chair opposite, her eyes and hands busy, eager and ready to make sure he wanted nothing. The maidservant, now no longer drowsy but unaffectedly engrossed in all this, hung gaping in the background. Mary, however, presently got rid of her; and as the woman went, Craig abruptly laid down his knife and fork. "Mary, I can't eat!" he confessed frankly. "If I'm to help you I've got to know everything that's happened! I can't wait; you've got to tell me!"

She leaned back, her fingers nervously twining and untwining in her lap.

"But I thought you knew," she murmured. "I thought Gawtry had told you everything!"

But Craig smiled ironically.

"If I'd believed Gawtry," he returned, "do you think I'd be here now?"

She smiled a little at his vehemence.

"No, I suppose not, Leonard," she agreed; and then looked at him, her mouth wried up into a little grimace. "I don't suppose you know, but all yesterday, all the time you were with him, I was terrified! It was because I'd begun to suspect his honesty, Leonard, to fear he was not the friend he'd pretended for years to be." Here she looked down, sighing. "But then I'd begun to suspect every one. I suspected even you!" As she said it, however, it was evident from the look on her face, the light that flashed into her eyes, that her feeling now was far from that. Craig leaned over and laid his hand on hers. She did not withdraw it, but sat there, her eyes lowered, gazing at the floor.

Craig waited for a moment.

"Now listen, Mary," he said quietly, "you must tell me everything you know. You must omit nothing; I want to know it all. I've got to find out just how much Gawtry has lied to and cheated me if I mean to unravel this tangle." Then he gave her hand a reassuring pat. "Now first of all, dear, what happened that night, twenty years ago, the time all this began?"

"The night my father's brother died—my Uncle Tevis?"

"Yes, Mary; was he killed?"

After a pause he faintly heard her answer. It was a half-uttered "Yes."

"Murdered?" Craig asked as gently as he could; and she looked up at him presently, her eyes vague with trouble.

"I don't know, Leonard," she answered brokenly. "Let me tell you all that happened; then you can judge for yourself!"

So for the second time Craig heard the story of the tragic circumstance that had wrecked and ruined his father's life, and now promised to wreck and ruin the lives of others. Midnight struck as Mary Adair finished; and then Craig leaned back confounded. He had reason, too, for his amazement. The astounding fact remained that, detail for detail, her story and Gawtry's were alike in every particular!

As Gawtry had said, there had been a pool in Eastern Consolidated, and Robert Adair had managed it. Still further, as Gawtry also had told, the man had been sold out to his enemies. In Mary Adair's whole story of that affair there was, in fact, no single detail wanting of the story that Gawtry had told. However, when her story reached the point where she told how Robert Adair had been tricked and cheated, sold out to his enemies, Craig halted her a moment.

"You heard, didn't you," he asked, "that my father had done that?"

"Yes, Leonard," she answered; and he nodded.

"Did Gawtry tell you?" he asked; and when she answered "Yes," he smiled grimly, his face set.

"Go on," he said quietly; and sat back, intently listening.

It was not, however, until her story came to the hour when Tevis Adair had died that light began to trickle in on the mystery. Then, paradoxical as it sounds, Craig learned that though the man had indeed shot himself he still had been murdered.

Craig, horrified, sat back and gazed at Mary Adair, picturing to himself with graphic detail the grotesque and ghastly moment of that tragedy. For it all had indeed been as Gawtry said. Tevis Adair had looted the Island Trust Company of three and a half millions of its funds; and then, when his brother, appalled at the disgrace, had sent for him, Tevis Adair had come up the street whistling, still bluffing to the last. But about the brother, about James Adair—there had been no bluff about him.

"There was a scene," said Mary, her voice falling, faltering as if with dread. "There was a scene, a frightful one. My father taxed his brother with the theft. Then, wild with the rage of his grief, my father told him the world would be well rid of him if he killed himself."

Nor was that all. James Adair had not only advised his brother to make away with himself, he had backed up his advice by throwing a pistol on the table.

"There, if you're a man!" he cried, "that's the way to square yourself!"

And Tevis Adair had taken it. At any rate, while Craig's father stood crying out in remonstrance, Tevis Adair had snatched up the pistol; there was a flash and a report, then the man pitched forward, face downward on the carpet.

"Poor Tevis!" said Mary Adair.

As with this she finished, a word of pity for the dead, Craig leaned toward her, his eyes keen and alert.

"How long have you known this, Mary?" he asked curiously.

(Continued on Page 53)

"I Thought You'd be Here Hours and Hours Ago!"

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PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 7, 1913

Mr. Hill's Prosperity

SPEAKING to his fellow citizens at St. Paul about congressmen the other day, James J. Hill was reported as saying: "If we could just tie a bell on each one of those fellows and put on a long pair of ears, then box them up and adjourn Congress, we should be doing something worth while. If we could get them to stay adjourned for ten years this country would see an unprecedented period of prosperity."

There is a great deal of truth in that remark. Remembering Mr. Hill's Burlington deal, by which he converted one hundred and seven million dollars of stock into two hundred and fourteen million dollars of bonds; recalling his Northern Securities plan, which would have inflated railroad capitalization by one or two hundred millions more; and looking back to his celebrated lease of orelands to the Steel Trust, which would have imposed a huge cumulative burden on the steel industry for a couple of generations if the trust had not at the last moment got cold feet—recalling these and various other episodes, we have not the least doubt that if Mr. Hill were given a free hand for the next ten years the prosperity that would accrue to a certain modest citizen of St. Paul would be something to amaze the world. As to what would happen to the rest of the population we are less certain.

The fundamental trouble with Mr. Hill consists in his constitutional inability to comprehend that he himself incarnates one reason why Congress cannot adjourn for ten years. It is precisely because of our Mr. Hills that Congress should, in fact, remain in perpetual session. Even then it would probably be a few laps behind.

Rich Roads and Poor

THERE is the Lackawanna, with its twenty per cent dividends. On the other hand, there is the Pere Marquette, which a committee of the Michigan legislature has been investigating. The system gridirons a considerable portion of the state and has been insolvent during a considerable part of its afflicted existence.

The committee finds that there is no water in the road's funded debt; that its branch lines are mostly operated at an actual loss; that at times in the past the whole system has failed to earn operating expenses and reasonable maintenance charges; that its deficit last year was nearly two million dollars.

The Père Marquette must, of course, accept the same passenger and freight rates as its more prosperous neighbors and pay as high for labor and supplies.

The committee finds the outlook for profitable operation rather dubious.

Obviously branch lines that cannot earn operating expenses should never have been built. But there they are. Towns have grown up along them; communities depend upon them for transportation. It would never do to abandon them.

Railroad regulation, of course, deals almost wholly with averages; but such extremes as the Lackawanna on one side and the Père Marquette on the other suggest that there might well be some exceptions, especially as those two examples by no means stand alone. Generally the public will demand that a railroad, once built, shall be kept in operation, no matter how unprofitable it may be. If they insist on that they should be ready to foot the bill.

Mr. Bourne's Ingenious Plan

UNITED STATES three per cent bonds, with no bank-note circulation privilege attached, sell at a premium. The state of New York's four per cent bonds sell barely at par. In other words, the Federal Government can borrow one per cent cheaper than the states can. That one per cent, if put into a sinking fund and improved at compound interest, will pay off the principal of the bond in forty-seven years. Upon that mathematical fact Ex-Senator Bourne bases an ingenious plan for Federal aid in good road making.

He proposes that the Federal Government shall issue and sell three per cent, fifty year, road improvement bonds, apportioning the proceeds among the states; that the states shall pay Uncle Sam four per cent interest on the amounts so received—the same rate they would have to pay if they sold their own bonds—and that the one per cent excess shall be put into a sinking fund which will automatically extinguish the principal of the bonds before maturity. Thus the loan would cost the Federal Government nothing except bookkeeping expenses. A state that borrowed, say, ten million dollars under this plan would have to pay four per cent interest for fifty years, but would never have to repay the principal.

The scheme shows how road improvement may be made to pay for itself from the narrow point of view of the public treasury. That it will pay for itself many times over from the broader point of view of increased value of farm lands, decreased haulage expenses and general betterment of country life is no longer disputed. It is high time the Federal Government acknowledged its duty to take the lead in public road improvement. We hope Ex-Senator Bourne's report will stir it to action.

Squelching Children

WE WONDER whether it ever occurs to a young child what a great nuisance he is in the world, or what tremendous efforts the world puts forth to abate him! The whole idea of school discipline is suppression. The child must sit rigidly at his desk; he must not move about or whisper, or even shuffle his feet; not because that is good for him—on the contrary, it is as bad as possible for him—but because if he made a sound it would annoy the teacher!

At home he must behave properly, which usually means in a manner to give the least possible annoyance to his elders. With his healthy young barbarian nerves, his overflowing physical energy, his normal inclination to leap and shout, he is a perpetual object of terror to grown-ups. If he moves at all a line of nervous tension comes into their foreheads and they look as frightened as though he were a bomb that might explode at any moment.

If young children were given to reflection they would probably picture the world as a large spider-web of sick adult nerves, which any natural motion on their part was bound to rend. They are taught implicit, unquestioning obedience, in order that the adult may shut them off instantly by holding up a finger, thereby saving himself the nervous wear and tear of reasoning with them.

Suppression and submission are the beginning of nearly all children's education; but many children—especially female children—do not need to be taught submission, being too much predisposed to submit anyway. An intelligent course in rebellion would be much better for their future usefulness and happiness—but it would be annoying to their elders.

The Underpaid Farmer

AT THE National Conference on Marketing and Farm Credit, Mr. Spillman, of the Department of Agriculture, produced an estimate that the average farm income is about six hundred and fifty dollars a year; and that, after allowing a reasonable interest on his investment, the average farmer gets about one dollar a day for his own labor.

True, the farmer is his own boss; and, according to this calculation, he is one of the very worst bosses in the country. He not only makes himself work long hours in all kinds of weather but pays himself scandalously low wages. If ever there was justification for a general strike it exists in this industry. We hope to see the time when farmers will enroll themselves in a union and walk out *en masse*, refusing to do another lick of work except upon the following conditions: That pre-Adamite methods of cultivation, by which a given plot of ground produces less than half as much as it should, be abandoned forthwith; that the preventable waste in marketing farm products—which Mr. Yoakum estimates at one billion five hundred million dollars a year—be corrected by coöperative marketing.

If every farmer can bring his own boss to these terms there is no reason why he should not pay himself double the present wages and cut down his working day to a reasonable length. On the whole he cannot expect higher prices from the consumer than those now obtaining; nor can he, on the whole, expect much cheaper transportation by rail. For higher profits he must look to decreased cost of production of the unit, to decreased cost of reaching the railroad station, and to reduction of the present waste in marketing his produce.

The Rush to the Cities

CANADA has no city so large as Cleveland and only two that are larger than St. Paul. We think of it as a predominantly agricultural country and commonly account for the big immigration thither by the cheap farm lands of Alberta and Saskatchewan; but even in Canada almost one-half of the population now lives in towns. The proportion of rural population has steadily declined from eighty-one per cent in 1871 to only fifty-four per cent at the last census. Alberta and Saskatchewan have gained seven hundred thousand inhabitants in ten years, but one-third of this gain has been in the towns of the two districts.

In the same time Ontario has gained three hundred and forty thousand inhabitants, but the rural population of that province has actually decreased. Quebec has gained three hundred and fifty thousand, but only forty thousand of this increase has been on the farms. For the whole Dominion in ten years rural population has increased less than six hundred thousand, while urban population has increased by more than a million and a quarter.

From this one may deduce the following formula: Given a great abundance of cheap land that may be cultivated profitably, and two men will still go to the city for every one that goes to the farm. In the United States during the last census period the towns gained twelve million inhabitants and the farms four millions—three for the town to one for the farm.

The World Do Move

WHEN Daniel Webster nervously waited in the Astor House, in 1852, to learn whether the Whigs had nominated him for the presidency, probably it never occurred to him that he might about as well have been Marcus Claudius Marcellus nervously waiting, in the year 50 B. C., to hear whether he had beaten Julius Cæsar's candidate for the consulship of Rome. If the notion had been presented to him Daniel would have said that vast changes had intervened; but he waited in a building constructed and operated pretty much on the Roman plan. The news would be brought to him by the same purely muscular agencies Marcus Claudius relied upon.

They are tearing down the old Astor House now to make way for the extension of a system of tunnels through which six hundred million passengers are yearly transported at a speed Daniel would no more have considered credible than Marcus Claudius would, and by an agency—electricity—whose mechanical possibilities the American understood hardly better than the Roman did. A little to the south rises a fifty-one-story building, whose steel construction, electric lights and elevators would have made people's hair stand on end in A. D. 1852 as much as in 50 B. C.

On the whole, probably a man of the middle of the first century before Christ would have found less to astonish him in the middle of the nineteenth century than a man of that period would find to astonish him now. But not a great way from the old Astor House and the Woolworth Building is a modern law library in which both Daniel and Marcus Claudius would be pretty much at home.

A New Age Begins

FORTY years ago there were only fifty-three thousand miles of railroad in this country—mostly east of the Mississippi. Since then population has increased two and a half times and national wealth nearly fivefold. This year, if you add together the tons of freight and the number of passengers moved one mile on steam roads, you get the prodigious total of three hundred billions. To that add electric-road traffic and the country will look like a myriad of dust atoms madly dancing in a whirlwind.

This is one of the things that incline us to agree with William English Walling's insistence upon the newness of the present world—the rapidity of change under modern conditions. Economists usually reckon the present industrial era as beginning with the application of steam to manufactures and the introduction of the factory system. Mr. Walling argues that the big-scale application of steam to transportation—which is really only forty or fifty years old—brought in another revolution even more important than that which began in the eighteenth century.

Perhaps another revolution, wrought by the flying machine, is about to begin. It is certainly true, at any rate, that in many respects the world has moved farther in the last century than it did in the preceding twenty; and the pace seems to be accelerating. Both economically and politically, any precedent fifty years old needs very careful consideration before it is accepted as applicable to present conditions.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Lives of Great Men

LOVE," we are informed by Mr. Tennyson, "smote the chord of Self," which, after being thus smitten, "trembling, pass'd in music out of sight."

This shows, among other things, that Mr. Tennyson was not averse to a little of the vernacular now and then; and, also, it brings to mind another smiter of the chord of Self—two others—to be exact, many others—but one in particular who recently swatted the chord of Self a mighty smite. I refer to the Honorable William Howard Thompson, of Kansas, United States senator. The only difference between Mr. Tennyson's smiter and Mr. Thompson is that the results of Mr. Thompson's smiting did not pass in music out of sight, either tremblingly or in any other tosticated manner. Instead they passed direct to the Congressional Directory, page thirty-four, edition of April, 1913.

Always, we have one supreme smiter of the chord of Self when a new bunch gets to Congress—always.

You remember Adam—Adam Littlepage—of whom, in addition to many other things, it was said in the Congressional Directory: "He works hard, late and early as a congressman, and is reflecting credit upon the country by his manly, conservative and wise course in Washington as a representative of all the people. He is a patriotic man of ability and fine qualities of mind and heart." To be sure, Adam later rather reneged on some of this, for the edited autobiography of himself that appeared in the later editions of the book consists of but four lines and one word, and the bare—very baré—facts concerning his birth and election. It may be—it may very well be—that this will happen in the case of Senator Thompson; but who are we that we should seek to peer into the future? The pulsating present and the ardent story of the moment for us!

First-hand information is the better. No other person can possibly know Senator Thompson so well as Senator Thompson knows himself. He was asked to supply a short sketch of himself for the new directory, and it was supplied concisely, illuminatingly and appreciatively. The task was not one to be given over to unsympathetic hands. Had it been, many of the little lights on the real character of the senator and his achievements might have been left unwritten; and we should have known nothing about him save those meager details of birth and offices held that ninety per cent of the men in Congress send in about themselves.

We learn that the senator was born in Crawfordsville, Indiana—which accounts for his flowing literary style—in October, 1871, and removed to Kansas in 1880, settling in Nemaha County. For fear the comparatively short time that has elapsed between then and now should escape the casual reader, we find: "He is the youngest senator ever elected from Kansas and will be one of the youngest men in the Senate." Having made this clear, the account continues: "He is a disciple of the new school of politics and is classed as a Progressive Democrat; has been identified with Kansas for over thirty-three years and has been very active in the affairs of the state from early manhood until the present time, filling various positions of honor and trust with the strictest honesty and fidelity."

What We May Expect of the Senator

HIS reputation as an honest and able man being thus established, that important phase of himself is left for the moment and his legal side is taken up. He is a reformer; for we read: "He is the author of a number of legal articles on judicial reform that have attracted attention throughout the United States." Small wonder too—for it is related in the next line that he was elected a district judge "at the age of thirty-four, which position he filled until elected senator"—and then we are told how great his judicial attainments are in a geographical sense; for, as it is pointed out, the district over which he presided so ably "comprises a territory equal in area to the entire state of Connecticut." It goes without saying that a district judge who presides over an area in Kansas equal in extent to the entire state of Connecticut must be some judge, and fully conversant with the necessities for judicial reform in all other areas, including those as big as the state of Connecticut.

That was my own conclusion on reading the autobiography; and my impression was clinched and made eternal by the words which follow in the next line: "He was considered one of the ablest and most popular judges in Kansas and has been slated for a Federal judgeship." Nothing is said about who slated him or why he was sponged off the slate; but possibly those facts are immaterial, for Federal judgeships go by favor anyhow. And we learn immediately that when the senator made the race that made it possible for him to come to the Senate "he received the largest popular vote ever given any Democrat in Kansas, leading the state ticket by twenty thousand and the national ticket by thirty thousand!" Also, "he received the largest vote in the legislature ever given to any senator from Kansas—Democrats, Republicans and Socialists voting for him almost unanimously."

The Youngest Senator Ever Elected From Kansas

The subject of the Senator's political supremacy is hit off in this neat little tribute: "His political success is without a parallel in the history of the state."

That suffices for the political part of it and ends the historical detail. Squaring away for a few fitting words for a peroration, the account closes modestly: "It is acknowledged by all who know him that as a senator he will not only bring honor and credit to himself but to the state and nation as well."

Thus we know exactly what to expect of William Howard Thompson, senator from Kansas. In many other cases, when new senators have arrived in Washington, they have dully and conventionally left the future to judge of themselves and their doings; but William Howard Thompson is no such dull and conventional person. Inasmuch as all acknowledge that he will bring credit to the United States, to Kansas and to Thompson by his forthcoming patriotic service in the Senate, it is all set down, not blatantly, not boastfully, but simply as an accomplished and admitted fact.

Moreover, the senator's campaign literature shows him to be a man of much acumen. He circulated a card on which was a picture of a jack-rabbit beating it across the plains, with suitable literature inscribed beneath, beginning: "Home run! Help win this race by voting for United States Senator William H. Thompson!" But—great Hevings!—a disquieting thought obtrudes: Do you suppose—is it possible—that the jack-rabbit wrote the sketch of the senator?

Correct Except in Details

THE newly-formed press club of Indianapolis had a banquet, and the toastmaster was Charles Bookwalter, who was mayor of that city twice. While Bookwalter was speaking a distinguished-looking citizen was escorted into the room and took a seat at the festal board. A reporter present went up to Bookwalter and whispered to him.

"I am just informed," said Bookwalter, "that we have with us tonight Mr. Morton, of the New York City Press Club. We welcome Mr. Morton and would like to hear from the New York Press Club."

The stranger rose and made a speech congratulating the new club on the success of the dinner.

"However," he said in closing, "the introduction of your toastmaster was a little inaccurate. My name is not Morton and I do not belong to the New York Press Club, nor do I live in New York. My name is A. C. Shively and I live in Seattle, Washington. Barring these trifling details, the introduction was correct!"

A Westminster Piker

TIMOTHY D. SULLIVAN, the New York politician, went to England and visited Westminster Abbey. He was telling some friends about it. "Why," he said, "I found a grave up there of a man who had been dead only one hundred and fifty years. He must feel like a piker among those other old boys!"

A Misfit

THIS letter was received by a Butte, Montana, clothing dealer from an Idaho customer:

"Dear sir the close came to hand today & Are no good A tall to me I told you that if thay wasent big mens size thay would not do me eny good for that is the way i alwaye order my own close big mens size is for people who has a stommach the kind you sent are for men who hant got eny stommach so what will i do with them let me know by return mail or i will sent them back next wensay I cant get in to them A tall if you hant got big mens size let it go & if you have only send the coat & pants I dont need any vest now I have found A old one that will do & it fits me So let me here from you."

Mr. Egan's Parable

IN COMPANY with other American ambassadors and ministers Minister Maurice Francis Egan, who represents us at Denmark, sent in his formal resignation to President Wilson on March fourth. Mr. Egan accompanied the resignation with a note that said his attitude in the matter of resigning reminded him of a woman he heard about once, who through financial misfortune came to be in distressed circumstances, and for a livelihood had to rely on a few hens she owned. She was of good birth and breeding and very proud, but was finally forced to go out and peddle eggs.

She took some eggs in a basket and walked along the streets, saying:

"Eggs, tuppence! Eggs, tuppence! I hope to Heavens nobody hears me! Eggs, tuppence!"

An Adaptable Prodigal

A MAN who lived in Raleigh, North Carolina, fell heir to about fifteen thousand dollars and immediately spent it in high living. A second and a third good-sized sum of money came to him; and each time he played prodigal son until he was without funds.

One day Josephus Daniels, now secretary of the navy, met this man on the street in Raleigh. The prodigal was in rags, looked hungry and was evidently in very hard case.

"It seems to me that you must have a tough time," said Daniels. "How do you stand it after the good living, luxuries and fine clothes you have been accustomed to?"

"Mr. Daniels," the man replied, "I'll tell you how I do it: I have made arrangements to get along without what I can't get."

Riley at Home

AN INDIANAPOLIS lawyer, with a friend, motored down to Greenfield, Indiana, the birthplace of James Whitcomb Riley, the Hoosier poet. They had dinner at the hotel, and thought they would like to see the house where Riley lived. So they asked the hotel man:

"Where is the Riley house?"

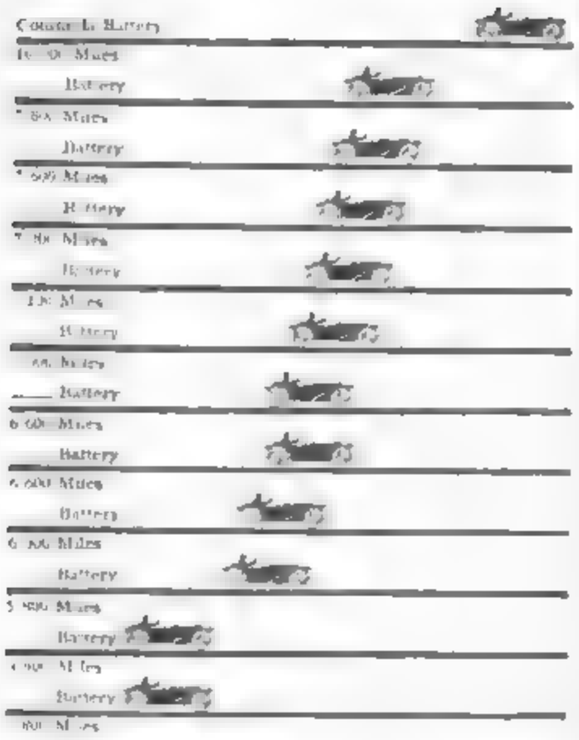
"I don't know any hotel by that name," he replied; "though there may be some such boarding house here."

"I mean the James Whitcomb Riley house," said the lawyer, thinking his host had misunderstood.

"I don't know him; you may be able to find his name in the city directory."

"I guess he's moved," said the lawyer as he aimlessly thumbed the directory.

"Probably," the hotel keeper commented. "Some of them Irish don't stay long in a place!"



For a Long Life and an Active One

The graphic illustration above shows how far "Columbia" runs beyond other batteries for automobile ignition.

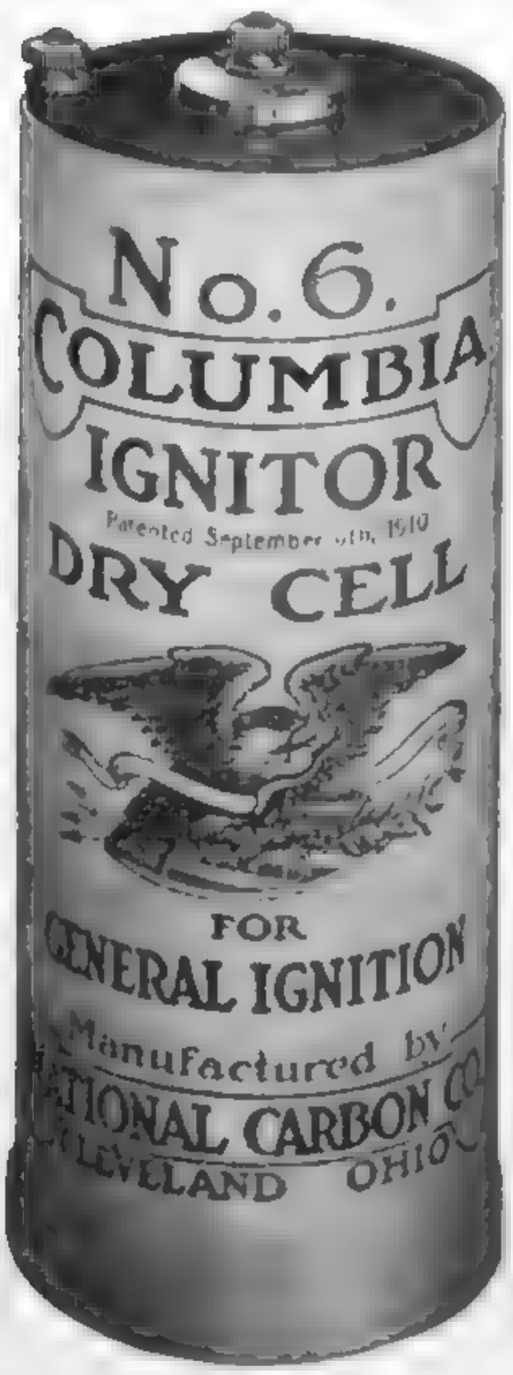
It's the same story for all other battery uses from the front door-bell to the power-boat or stationary engine.

Convenient Fahnestock spring clip connections without extra charge

Tell your dealer to give you

COLUMBIA
The National Battery

It costs no more
and lasts longer



Nine factories in U. S. and Canada

OUT-OF-DOORS

Your Motorcycle—What About It?

LAST spring, while in the city of Louisville, Kentucky, I was perforce made aware of the truth of the general proposition that "the world do move"; in fact, there is every reason to believe that never has the world moved so much and so fast as it does today in Louisville. The streets were full of a mad procession of young persons of both sexes and all colors, each and every one of whom was moving as fast as he or she could. The pavements of that city offer miles of smooth asphalt suitable for roller skating.

All at once, with one of those frequent instances of American hysteria, the entire town had gone mad over roller skating. Five thousand pairs of roller skates had been sold the previous Saturday night. I presume there were twenty thousand roller skaters on the streets. A big rink was about to open. The street cars posted warnings to patrons not to get on or off the cars with a skate on, or two skates. All at once a new social situation had arisen.

In the midst of this swaying procession of young humanity—youths and maidens doing their best at the tango and turkey-trot on wheels—many automobiles were threading their way, in continual danger of inflicting injury upon these wheeled persons, who were not wheeled vehicles and who had indefinite rights on the thoroughfare. And frequently, especially as one passed toward the parks or suburbs, there would come a warning—to roller skaters and automobiles alike—to make way for liberty. Then would flash by, not the fire-engine but some youth in goggles, cap and leggings, riding a red vehicle, with a searchlight in front of it and a horn that could be heard a mile. Thus one youth after another passed by, jauntily jouncing, seriously intent, beputteed, beglazed, behatted. Between the motorcycles, the automobiles and the roller skaters, Louisville was the busiest little city on the Ohio River at the time. Any one who has ever called Kentucky slow ought to take it back.

Ach, du Louisville! Of course there will be accidents in that city; and of course there must be new laws and new ordinances for all our cities, under which foot traffic will be regulated properly and society can adjust itself to the ever-increasing number of high-powered speed vehicles.

An Old Idea With Modern Frills

Very likely you own a motorcycle or are going to own one if you get a raise from the boss. The sane attitude toward motorcycles is the sane attitude toward roller skating or motoring. Each is right when rightly managed. Also, in regard to the motorcycle, we must accept the general truth that it is not good for a man to be alone. The motorcycle, though not always built for two, can be used for two upon occasion. It is not infrequently used as a Sunday vehicle for a young man and a young man's best girl. Sane motorcycling is not only a rational sport but one that has come to stay.

The principle of the motorcycle, like that of the automobile, the aëroplane and the power boat, dates back to the basic invention of Gottlieb Daimler, the old German who first hit upon the idea of burning petrol vapor back of a piston in automatic repetitions. Your motorcycle, whether a single or twin cylinder, is a four-cycle type.

Thus the old idea of Gottlieb Daimler, worked out by good business men, following the lead of the motor car, has increased manifold the range of territory for a man of small means. So essentially in keeping with the spirit of the day is the motorcycle, there is no doubting its general acceptance and the eventual adjustment of society to its presence, with many other gasoline-driven contrivances, on our thoroughfares.

At present, the term "motorcycle" calls to mind simply a ponderous bicycle, which goes under its own power and will fall over like a bicycle when it stops. Now comes an ingenious citizen and offers to American consumers yet another vehicle, already common in Europe—which may be called the four-wheeled motorcycle—a vehicle sometimes called the solo car, cycle car, or motorette. There are fifty-eight firms making these cars in Europe and their general introduction in this country is practically assured. This vehicle has four wheels of narrow tread—about thirty inches. It is ridden astride by the driver and has two seats tandem—the rear seat detachable at will, so that a receptacle for carrying heavy luggage can be rigged in the rear if desired.

It is expected that parcel post men, delivery boys, professional men and others will avail themselves of this type of machine. In cost it will range between the motorcycle and the cheap motor car. In speed it will be as fast as either. Its narrow tread—the machine being built so narrow that it will go through an average doorway—will not adjust it to country roads any better than the motorcycle of today, which can follow a narrow path like a bicycle; but, at least, here is one more application of that giant force which lies in vaporized gasoline fired by the electric spark back of recurrent cylinders. It is one more instance of the craving of the times for speed—more speed—and yet more instruments for speed.

How to Study Your Machine

As yet the motorcycle stands alone for the amateur driver who is simply seeking locomotion and not luxury. This young man has sometimes been held up to scorn as owner of an unlovable thing. That impression is hardly correct regarding so admirably built a machine as a good motorcycle of today. Such a machine can be depended upon a great deal more than the average user of it. The same is true of a power boat and its engine. Therefore the same advice that applies to the motor car or the power boat applies to the motorcycle—the owner should study it and should master the theory of its engine before assuming that he is master of the entire machine.

The men who make American machinery are experts, but the men who use it are not always such; and there lies the main trouble. The average student of the motorcycle will do better to spend some of his time in personal preparation rather than in repairs. It was bad enough to trundle a bicycle into town from far out in the country. A motorcycle is far, far heavier. Study your cycle, therefore, before you buy it, after you buy it, in books, in shops. Learn its basic theory first. Disregard the counsel of any man who tells you that any fool can run one. You may be the sort of angel who cannot.

Your study of evaporization and ignition should be as careful in your motorcycle as in your motor car; and, beyond that, you should know what every part of your vehicle means, from fork to saddle. It will pay you to buy your machine of a good maker, which customarily means at a higher price; but, if you buy a second-hand machine or a low-priced one, spend some time in the shop, taking it apart and seeing whether you can get all the wheels back in place again. It is when you are most the master of the motorcycle that it will be your best servant.

In all likelihood you will find the motorcycle offered to you of good material and strong construction. There is a lot of vibration, which means a certain amount of danger after a time; but you must take your maker's guaranty of the quality of the material used. Much of your comfort will depend upon your saddle. See that it is adjusted to your form and your weight so that you shall not be too uncomfortable in going at high speed over rough roads. The discomfort of this is not so great as it seems; and, as a matter of fact, on a well-adjusted saddle you can ride with practically the same comfort that you could on a bicycle—with the additional advantage that you can sit more erect and naturally. Of course the items of equipment, such as lamps, horns, gas tanks, extra saddle, and so on, will not be difficult of mastery, and your bicycling experience will be of service here.

Having your motorcycle it is best to begin its use for a time with a friend who is more of an expert than yourself. Go out with him into some quiet place and learn all you can about the gears, the brakes, the ignition, the adjustment, the lubrication, and so forth. It is better for you to have your first grief as near home as possible. In short you should do what most people do not—familiarize yourself with your sporting equipment before you use it. It is generally supposed to be good form to learn something about using your gun before you go afield; but there seems to be no very rigid application of this idea to the high-speed vehicles run by gas. It is the abuse of speed and the ignorant handling of dangerous speed that create resentment against the new vehicles of today. Therefore, even when you feel under you the enormous power of this new iron horse you have bought for two hundred dollars or so, do not go mad with it. Indeed, the first thing your dealer teaches you is how to stop, not how to start. This certainly is good advice to you.

Society once had in its possession a curious, ancient and now somewhat obsolete weapon against speed wagons, though gas was then unknown; this weapon was laid aside before the speed wagons were born. Reference is made to the ancient common law in regard to deodands. This law has, as a matter of fact, remained unaltered on the statute books of some of our American states. They accepted the English common law as it existed at the time of the Jamestown Colony. The law of deodands, long archaic and out of use, was abolished in England August 18, 1846, the act of Parliament declaring that deodands should cease after September 1, 1846. Many of our states, perhaps not to their own knowledge, have not formally abolished the law of deodands. This ancient law, therefore, possibly remains as a weapon society may use against the motorcycle, the motorette, the automobile or the roller skate.

Few folks today know what deodand means. Really it runs back to the primitive times of superstition, when a woman cursed her broom if it did not sweep and the man broke the stick that had hurt him. The principle you may still see in the disposition of some men to curse their snowshoes when they are in trouble, or to threaten to break their guns when they fail in the work. In other words it is the anger of a human being against the inanimate object that has brought him harm.

From the Law's Lumber Room

The word "deodand" means "a gift that must be offered to God." Under the ancient English law the coroner could confiscate an instrument of death to the king, and the king could give the object itself for charitable uses.

The deodand was the price of blood and was forfeited to God—"that is, to the king, God's lieutenant on earth, to be distributed in works of charity for the appeasing of God's wrath."

A Western jurist gives some curious instances of this old and forgotten law:

"If a man be driving a cart and the cart falls and kills the man, the cart and horses are condemned as a deodand; and so if a cart runs over a man and kills him both the cart and the horses are forfeited; but if a man be climbing up on a cartwheel for the purpose of picking plums, the cart not being in motion, and the man falls and dies, only the wheel is forfeited. If a man is killed by falling from a hayrack the hayrack is a deodand. If a man be struck by a boat in action in fresh water the boat, but not the cargo, is a deodand; but if any part of the merchandise in a ship falls upon a man and kills him that article and not the ship is a deodand. If a man falls into the water and, by reason of the running of the stream, he is carried under the wheel of a mill and killed the wheel, but not the mill, is a deodand.

"Deodands were not allowed for sudden deaths occasioned by ships sailing upon salt water; and it is claimed that a deodand should not be allowed for the death of a person under fourteen years of age. The reason

given for the latter exception is the ancient practice in England of giving deodands to the clergy that masses might be said for the soul of the deceased.

"As a person under fourteen years of age was presumed incapable of sin, a deodand was not necessary."

The jurist above quoted points out that if we still have this law unrepealed on the state statutes the coroner in case of accident could direct his jurors to confiscate a locomotive, a street car, an automobile—and, no doubt, even a motorette or a motorcycle. In short, in some states we have unrepealed a blue law that, if dug up by some curious member of the bar, might make trouble for the owner of a new red motorcycle if he chanced to run down some useful member of society. It might not be so bad to kill somebody—not so bad to be arrested or even sent to the penitentiary; but to lose one's motorcycle before the red paint was worn off it and while the sparker was still in good working order, and have it confiscated to sweet charity, would be too, too much! Therefore take warning—the common law of deodands is not yet abolished in all our states.

Seriously, my friends, as we say in Philadelphia, you will in all likelihood pay no attention to the law of deodands now that gentle spring has come and found you in possession of a few hundreds to the good and that growing tendency toward the motorcycle fever. The possibilities of the motorcycle for a young man and a young man's girl are much worth pondering.

Gas-Bike Possibilities

What can this little two-wheeled go-devil do for you and the girl over average country roads? It can beat the average motor car in hill climbing and all-round country travel over average roads. Good roads are less important, for it can travel in a narrow path. In a cross-country tour it will beat out the average well-made touring car. It will allow you to go into parts of the country where a car could not follow you at all.

As to speed, you can make—or a man has made—a mile in just over twenty-six seconds. Divide sixty seconds by twenty-six and you will see how many miles a minute you can go—if nothing breaks and you do not run into anything. Do not go fast. Go slow. And do not cut out the muffler. It is best not to undertake a mile a minute on the asphalt or on the road; but the possibility of such speed is in the little engine that rests between your beputteed legs. On good stretches of road you can run forty or fifty miles an hour. You can do two hundred and fifty miles on a Sunday tour—or even on a Saturday afternoon, for that matter—with far less fatigue than the oldtime century run cost you on the bicycle. You can take your girl out into the country—if she can stand the discomfort and does not fall off—a trifle of seventy-five miles, and get back in time for supper. That was out of the question in the old bicycling days. You can do it with a motor car; but suppose you have no motor car and cannot afford one?

Ask any owner of a big six-cylinder limousine what it costs him a mile to run his car. He will tell you perhaps forty cents a mile; perhaps sixty—probably not so low as thirty. Now you can run your motorcycle twin on a gallon of gasoline for sixty-five miles—a single for eighty miles possibly. Sometimes you can do much better than that, sometimes not so well—for figures and facts do not always coincide. Probably you will want not over a gallon of gasoline in your day of vacation. Counting in gasoline and lubrication, the experts and conservative amateurs figure that running a motorcycle, not counting repairs, costs from half a cent to a cent a mile—probably between three-quarters of a cent and a cent in average favorable circumstances. That leaves a big touring car looking like defunct mining stock so far as an investment is concerned. It is about as cheap as riding on the street cars, and you do not have to submit to insult from the conductor when you ask for a transfer. On a street car you have to stand up frequently, but on a motorcycle you can sit down all the time when you are not walking. When it comes to close-stripped, high-class, efficient, economical speed, the motorcycle is speed itself. It weighs, say, three hundred pounds, has from five to ten and a half horse power, and costs, say, fifty dollars a horse power.

This being the case, the disadvantages in motorcycling are not apt to receive very serious consideration; nor will the difficulties or the dangers of the sport have more regard. A machine that costs you a hundred and fifty to three hundred dollars or so, which can carry you two hundred miles for two dollars or less, is something exceedingly difficult to withstand as a factor in modern locomotion.

Naturally the use of the motorcycle has gone forward by leaps and bounds. It is today no more a freak vehicle than was the motor car relatively much later in its own history. Not long ago a man was laughed at who rode a motorcycle, and the sport was called of all things the most unlovely. It began about 1900. In 1911 one house that deals in motorcycle magnetos sold twenty thousand magnetos in the year. The next year, 1912, it sold forty thousand. This year the sales have leaped enormously. There are about thirty thousand now in use.

In 1912 this firm made fifty-four thousand, and ten thousand on top of that will be made in 1913.

Moreover, the history of the motorcycle will follow that of the automobile in more ways than one. At first it was a city vehicle, used only on good pavements, and more abundant in the East than in the West. It has steadily worked outward and westward, until today it is a vehicle of use or pleasure or sport, well known and pretty much accepted in every corner of the Union.

The motorcycle represents a small investment and has a small cost of upkeep and operation. The basement hall will do for its garage, it is always ready for use, and it asks no chauffeur but yourself. In short it is a product of this keen-witted, high-strung age of ours, and it certainly has come to stay and to increase.

Aside from the mere delight of speed alone, it is growing in applied usefulness. Many doctors use it for country work, and some farmers use it to go to town. The sportsman for a long time has used this convenient means of getting over big distances out into the country, the vehicle being quite competent to carry a man equipped either for angling or for shooting—not to mention amateur photography.

Trailers for the Babies

The time is past in this country when a horizon of a few miles will content either a young man or an old one, either of great means or small. The whole country has been telescoped, shut together, made accessible, made close and common. The motorcycle and its coming cousin, the motorette or solo car, will do yet more toward making these things generally true. It is no use today to draw the picture of another day when the sportsman shouldered his trusty shotgun and, calling the faithful old pointer to his heel, trudged off afield perhaps a few miles from home. Gawstrewth! What a figure today! Legs are abolished; shotguns are automatic; even bird-dogs are bred for speed rather than for nose or stamina. This is the age of speed—and one of the speediest speeders is the gas bike.

We may, therefore, confidently look ahead—unless some evil man shall revive the law of deodands and confiscate a lot of motorcycles to charity—to the day when every man shall have a motorcycle. Consider the pulling power there is in such a machine and trace the future course of its development in usefulness: First, the car, red and shining, with a brass reflector in front and a curving horn alongside, operated by a solitary rider. Next behold the owner of the car with a pretty girl riding behind him tandem on a twenty-five-dollar special saddle—a girl who has discovered that an automobile veil is just as becoming on a motorcycle as in a tonneau. A few years pass and note again a change. A baby carriage is hooked behind the motorcycle; in it is sitting a typical American babe, shrieking and waving its hands at the landscape slipping by. Another year or two and another baby carriage is added to the train—and so on perhaps for eight or ten years.

There is, forsooth, no reason in the world why a man may not, with a powerful twin motorcycle of today of ten horse power, haul a hundred baby carriages if he has so many children.

It may be seen at a glance that the sport has elements of great popularity and long life before it. Let none hastily raise the voice of condemnation against a sport so simple, so practical, and of so wide a range of application.

Mothers:

Learn How to *Feed* "Child Hunger"

"Child Hunger" is the dumb call of fast-growing muscles, fibres, tissues for new Strength, Heat and Energy.

THE little body says to the child, "Eat some more food quick,—food full of Strength and Heat and Energy. For all you ate before is *used* up and gone."

Then the child comes to its mother. The mother fixes up something in the pantry. But it's generally something *short* on Energy. Result, over-tired, over-thin children.

Mother-wise mothers should know that one food—Beech-Nut Peanut Butter spread on bread, crackers or toast—is the most complete "Child Hunger" Food of all.

It contains an abundance of Strength, Heat and Energy in the right proportions. The bread is needed with the Beech-Nut Peanut Butter spread on it, to get the right proportion to satisfy "Child Hunger."

Its cost is trifling too—less than half the cost of a glass of milk.

Made of Spanish and Virginia peanuts, roasted, blended, salted and crushed to a creamy nut butter of such delicious flavor and aroma that the little tasters like it "better 'an candy." The *fine crushing* partially prematicates it, making it easy to digest.

This blending of Spanish and Virginia nuts adds delicious flavor to the Strength, Heat and Energy. Therefore *see that your child gets Beech-Nut brand.* 10c and up per glass jar.

'Phone your grocer for a jar of Beech-Nut Peanut Butter *now.*

BEECH-NUT PEANUT BUTTER

The Mid-Meal Food For "Child Hunger"

TRY THIS SUNDAY NIGHT SUPPER

Beech-Nut Bacon—baked. Beech-Nut Beans with Beech-Nut Tomato Catsup. Lettuce and tomato salad with Russian dressing made of mayonnaise, chopped chives, sugar and Oscar's Sauce. Be sure to make the mayonnaise with Beech-Nut Cider Vinegar (sound-apple vinegar) and Beech-Nut Olive Oil which tastes like ripe olives. German pancake with Beech-Nut Grape Jelly and sliced lemon. Good brown coffee—a large cup.

If you have any trouble getting these delicious Beech-Nut products, write us. Write us anyway for "Beech-Nut Breakfast News," describing the sunny Beech-Nut Pure Food Plant in the picturesque Mohawk Valley. Free.

The Exquisite Beech-Nut Flavor comes in These Products too:

Beech-Nut Peach Jam
Beech-Nut Strawberry Jam
Spiced Plum Preserves
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Beech-Nut Whole Figs
Black Currant Jelly
Cherry Preserves
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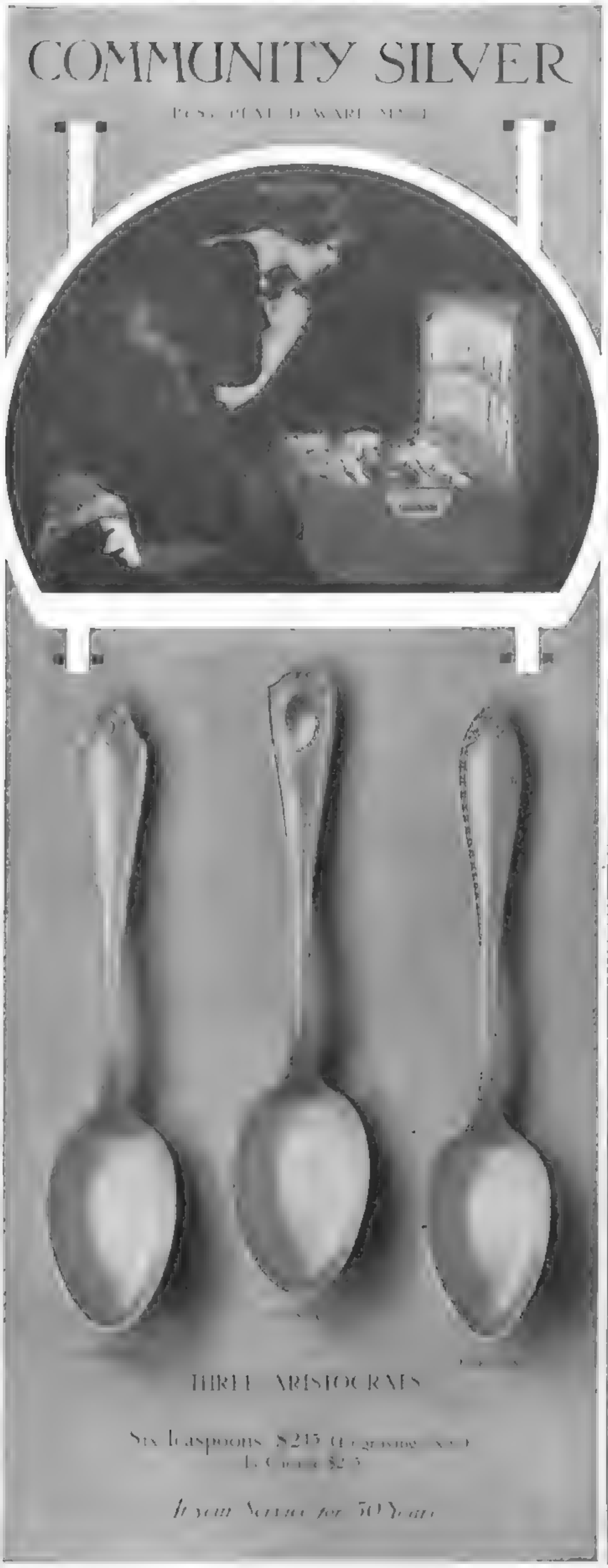

MILLIONS AND THE MILLION

(Continued from Page 21)

get smiles, and shoves where I used to have the road cleared for me. I shall never forget that grocer!

SUNDAY, MAY 5, 1912. Let me try to write down this evening's events just as they happened: In Spiro's room. Modestly furnished. Good taste. Books. Pictures of Kropotkin and Karl Marx on the walls. Then that photograph of the beautiful young Jewess, with the wonderfully appealing eyes ——

"Your sister?" I asked.

I shall never forget the tone of his answer.

"No!" he said shortly.

Both of us were silent. I wanted to go, but did not know how to leave. Later in the evening the story came out.

I need not write that story to remember every word of it: How Spiro worked and scraped and schemed until he owned his tenement; how he never made repairs; how he bribed the inspector. He used to collect the rents himself. Then Esther came and lived with her uncle and aunt on the sixth floor front. The stormy courtship. The wedding day set. That night the fire. Spiro, coming home late, heard the clang of the engines. He fought his way through the street packed with screaming people. He rushed about looking for Esther, calling her name. He could not find her. He tried to force his way into the building. The police held him. The flames were leaping upward—the ladders could not be used. An old man in his nightclothes jumped from the fourth story and fell dead in the street. There was a shout; and as Spiro looked up he saw Esther hanging from the sill of the sixth-story window. He tried to cry to her, but he could not utter a sound. Then she fell!

The Final Adventure

SUNDAY, MAY NINETEENTH. It all seems years ago! That Sunday night when I returned from Spiro's room I could not sleep. I tossed on my pillows, finally got up and took down a book to compose my mind.

Again I tried to sleep; but after tossing for about an hour I dressed and went out into the street. The clock was tolling three. An occasional tramp with slumped shoulder shuffled by. Women passed me without a glance, for there are many temptations from which poor men are protected. A girl and a man emerged from a cheap hotel and, without saying good night, parted, going in opposite directions. At the same moment a taxi dashed up to the sidewalk and a foppish, muscular youth got out, followed by a young girl. He moved toward the hotel door, but she hung back.

"You've got to now!" I heard him say.

"Please don't!" she pleaded. "I've ——"

Then she turned and the light fell on her face. It was Effie Marsh!

I did not stop to think who stood behind this young man—the millions of "respectable" people—the billions of "respectable" dollars. I did not stop, but brought my cane down heavily on his arm.

"Run for your life, Effie!" I shouted. "Run!"

The youth had seized me by the neck and was twisting me backward over his knee; a policeman was approaching with uplifted club. Then it'all grew black.

It was a sultry day—a Tuesday morning as I afterward learned—when I recovered consciousness in the prison hospital. The police surgeon was dressing my scalp. "That was some beating up—believe me!" I heard him say. I could not tell to whom he was talking. I was too nauseated to open my eyes.

For several more days I lay on that hospital bed, hovering between consciousness and delirium. At last there came to me Effie Marsh.

"I had to lie to get here," she whispered. "I had to say I was your daughter."

For a few minutes I could not remember who she was. Then I suddenly asked:

"What day is this?"

"Saturday," she told me.

"What date?"

"The eleventh—the eleventh of May."

"Morning or afternoon?"

"Why, afternoon, of course."

"Thank God!" I said. "Effie, telephone immediately to Mr. Dion Bagehot—River

Royal-Rochester Cold Water Percolator

"Now, Mary, listen!

"BE sure to settle the coffee. Don't boil it too long, but *serve it hot.*"

And what results?

You don't know whether to blame Mary or the coffee.

You can quickly end this daily coffee puzzle with the Royal-Rochester Aluminum Cold Water Percolator.

A new patent valve percolator that starts pumping with cold water almost immediately. The water in filtering down through the grounds extracts the best of the coffee flavor.

In fifteen minutes your coffee is ready—a rich, smooth brew.

As the ground coffee is kept away from the main water supply, there can be no boiling or stewing of the coffee grounds—no muddy or harsh-flavored coffee.

The Royal-Rochester Cold Water Percolator works well on the stove and looks well on the table. It makes coffee uniformly good—always delicious. It is the cold water percolator you have been waiting for.

Sold by hardware and house-furnishing dealers. Prices $4.00 up—depending on the size.

Royal-Rochester

If you don't easily find a Royal-Rochester dealer in your town, write us. We will send his name.

When you want percolators, egg boilers, chafing dishes (electric or alcohol)—anything in fancy table utilities—look for the Royal-Rochester trade-mark. It is stamped on each piece.

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New York Show Room
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Royal-Rochester
TRADE MARK

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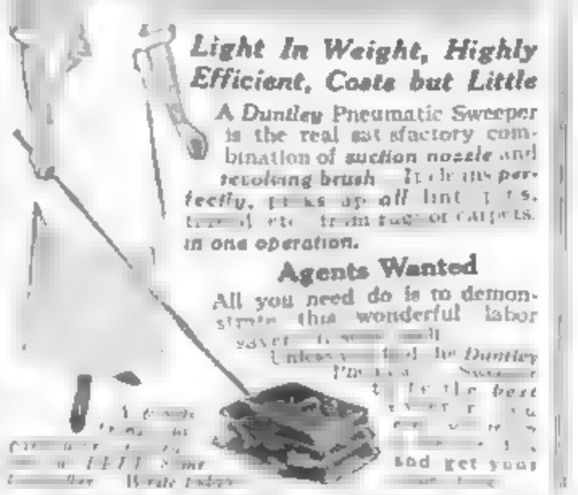

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A *Duntley* Pneumatic Sweeper is the real satisfactory combination of *suction nozzle* and *revolving brush*. It cleans *perfectly*, picks up *all* lint, threads, etc., from rugs or carpets, *in one operation.*

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Ready-Rubbed or Sliced Plug
Smoking Tobacco

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You who swear by "Edgeworth" tell your friends to try it. And you who don't know it not—it's time to get acquainted.

We're so sure of Edgeworth that we GUARANTEE it and will refund the purchase price if you are not satisfied. Edgeworth READY-RUBBED can be had everywhere and in small sizes for 5c; [illegible] packages for 10c; [illegible] Sliced Plug 15, 25, 50c, or $1.00. Mailed [illegible] by your dealer has none.

Liberal Sample Free

We know what it will mean to you to try Edgeworth, so we ask you to accept a few good smokes at our expense. Write to-day and we will mail samples to you without charge. If you will send us your dealer's name.

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(Established 1877)
Also manufacturers of Qboid Granulated Pipe Smoking Tobacco
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Sliced Plug or Ready-Rubbed—Either way you want it.

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Built like Government Torpedo Boats, of tough, puncture-proof, galvanized, steel plates, pressed to rigid form and so securely joined together that a leak is impossible. The Mullins Steel Boats are *guaranteed* against puncture, leaking, waterlogging, warping, drying out, opening seams and NEVER REQUIRE CALKING.

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Our beautiful book, illustrated in colors, is free.
THE W. H. MULLINS CO., World's Largest Boat Builders
120 Franklin Street, Salem, Ohio.

STEEL ROW BOATS AND CEDAR CANOES

9494—and tell him that John Russell is in prison."

Half an hour later Dion was at my bedside, gripping my hand in both his fists.

"God, John, but I'm glad to see you and glad to get you home! I've had an anxious month, old man! Now let's get out of this. The charges against you have been dropped."

"Charges?" I asked feebly. "What charges?"

"Drunk and disorderly conduct; assault and battery; interfering with an officer in the discharge of his duty. Men have been railroaded for less."

I was carefully lifted into Dion's big car and quietly driven to my home. After a warm bath and comfortable bed, Doctor Archbold came and looked me over, and said that, considering everything—doctors always say "considering everything"—I should be as good as new in a few weeks.

Dion hovered round the bed as excited and fussy as a hen over her one chick.

"It's good to see you, John!" he told me a hundred times.

"It's good to be here," I said from the pillows. "This is a comfortable bed."

I wanted to hear everything that had happened since I left.

"I suppose you know," Dion broke in, "that Margaret and Roscoe land tomorrow."

"Good!" I replied. "Do you know, Dion, Roscoe isn't such a fool as we thought!"

"No," assented Bagehot, "he isn't."

"I was wrong about your story," I added, determined to be "handsome." "It's big and it's true!"

He gripped my hand.

New Uses for Money

"Just go to sleep, old man, and I'll sit here in the dark without talking to you."

I closed my eyes, but I was too happy and too comfortable to sleep.

"Well," I said exultantly, "I did it!"

"What?"

"Lived on ten dollars a week!"

Dion did not answer. As I opened my eyes I saw that he was smiling.

"I suppose it was cheap," he said—"at Ludlow Street Jail." Before leaving he fired his last shot. "On that police blotter," he said, "there is still another charge against you."

"Out with it!" I cried. "What is it?"

"Being without visible means of support!"

JULY 1, 1912. This afternoon I received a visit from Stump.

"I wanted to bring you this myself," he said, handing me a printed invitation to the approaching nuptials of Clara Sait and Elbert Everett Fortescue—"because it is you who have made it possible."

"Why," I said, "I thought ——"

"It's all right," he assured me. "Elbert Everett Fortescue—that's me. They only call me Stump for short."

He gave me the news of all my friends at the boarding house. He himself was doing splendidly in his new position; and, of course, Miss Sait—the future Mrs. Fortescue—had given up manicuring. Miss Marsh was working hard at the Girls' Commercial School—though, as she had left Mrs. Crozier's, he rarely heard from her.

"Goodby!" he said. "And you surely will come to the wedding?"

"I surely will!" I answered. "Have you ever—ever heard anything of Tom Chambers?"

"No," he said; "and I never shall."

As he left, Roscoe and Spiro came in. We are slowly and patiently working out plans for the Industrial Foundation. In the course of the coming years the thirty-five million dollars I have scraped together are to be spent in a better way than they were made. I am completely out of business for all time, and the years that remain to me shall be devoted to a work that even now I see only vaguely.

After Roscoe and Spiro left I looked at my table and saw that, besides the invitation, there was also a small picture in the envelope. I took it out. It was the photograph Stump had taken the very first Sunday I had breakfasted in Cahill Street. There was Mrs. Crozier herself, unusually prim and starched; young Spiro and myself; that little Effie Marsh; and Miss Clara Sait, looking faded and washed out. And on the extreme left, quite out of focus, was a blurred picture of old Tom Chambers, standing very straight and stiff.

"Look at my graduation present!"

The beautiful design and exquisite workmanship of a piece of Simmons jewelry always delight the recipient. The giver is equally pleased, in the knowledge that his gift is in good taste and that its wearing qualities will afford lasting pleasure.

Simmons bracelets, lockets, chatelaines, fobs and chains are sold in every city of the United States by the most prominent jewelers, because they are always "correct" in style. Patterns change, but a style that is in good taste is never out of date.

Simmons Chains, through their beauty of design, the excellence of their workmanship and their satisfactory service, have become a standard among well dressed men and women.

The surface of a Simmons Chain is not a wash or plate, which will wear off and look shabby after a few years use. It is a rolled cylinder of *solid gold.*

SIMMONS
TRADE MARK
CHAINS

Write us for FREE Style Book

If your jeweler hasn't in stock a piece of Simmons jewelry which exactly strikes your fancy for a wedding or graduation gift, write us for free style book. You surely will find it there.

R. F. SIMMONS CO. *Established 1873* 191 N. Main Street, Attleboro, Mass.

Another interior in Mr. Reynolds' home. Every room in the house has Beaver Board walls and ceiling.

What one man did by intelligent designing of his walls and ceilings.

The man is William A. Reynolds of Fort Erie, Ontario.

What he did is shown by the pictures at the left.

He wanted a home as beautiful within as without.

He knew that walls and ceilings are the key to beautiful interiors.

He wanted individual, distinctive designing, color harmony, good taste

But he didn't want delay and inconvenience in construction; the annoyance of cracks, the nuisance and expense of repairs and re-papering.

He found the way by using Beaver Board instead of lath and plaster.

Mr. Reynolds found his opportunity in Beaver Board. It is pure-wood-fibre, clean, wholesome, durable and strong

The panels were easily and quickly nailed to the wall and ceiling timbers.

Its pebbled surface, when painted, gave him the rich but subdued color-effects so expressive of good taste.

After nearly five years he has had no cracks, no repair expense, no wall-paper expense. The colors are fresh and bright, and the panels easily cleaned by soap and water.

You can take advantage of Mr. Reynolds' Beaver Board experience.

First, because Beaver Board suits every type of new or remodeled building, residence or commercial. You can put it over old plaster as easily as on new wall and ceiling timbers.

Second, because the experience of thousands of Beaver Board users is freely offered you in design suggestions by our Designing Department.

Third, because Mr. Reynolds himself is ready to answer any questions you wish to ask him

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BEAVER BOARD
Walls and Ceilings

THE PACE IN NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 19

The allurements of the city appeal especially to women. If she is at all a social success, the woman finds delightful temptations enough to fill three ordinary lives; and her world goes also at high pressure. Afternoons full of teas, of the specialized shopping necessary to maintain her reputation for having the exclusive thing, of bridge, perhaps of charity, club or church work, evenings full of stimulating dinners, nights full of late parties and suppers these, if she chooses, may be her round of life. No more than her husband has she the chance to relax. She must keep herself up to pressure, if not by artificial stimulation, at least by heavy drafts on her woman's nerve. And where the finish comes with him in plain nervous prostration, it is more than likely to take with her one of the distressing feminine forms of neurasthenia.

No longer has New York any single group of people like the Knickerbocker Set, of old Manhattan; the St. Cecilia Set, of Charleston; the Back Bay Set, of Boston. Even the Four Hundred of Ward McAllister's time and the Sixteen Hundred of a later period have first expanded and then broken up into separate groups, with rather hazy boundaries and definitions. The old aristocratic families who used to inhabit the north side of Washington Square have become merged in this new group or that, or have grown disgusted with a society that has no boundaries, with a pace which they have no stomach to follow, and retired to quiet association among themselves. The old gentlemen of those clubs once marked exclusive find themselves appalled by the number of outsiders who have broken in.

No longer is there any arbiter, except perhaps the society reporter. He, for purposes of his own, keeps up the fiction that there is one mysterious, exclusive organization called Society; and each reporter for himself nominates and elects his own candidates. All this, I suppose, is an indirect effect of the pace. Those persons who, by the tests of wealth, breeding and inherited position, are eligible to constitute exclusive society in New York lack the time and energy to take the leadership and still hold themselves solid against internal disruption and external invasion.

Friendships Rare as Orchids

To be perfectly fair, New York arranges its social groups partly upon talent and community of interest, but most of all upon wealth or the appearance of wealth. This, doubtless, is a hateful thought to the conservative. However, the metropolis plays herein only the rôle of frankness. "There never was an aristocracy that was not an aristocracy of wealth." Not an old and proud family but is old and proud just because it has possessed the wealth to keep up for generations the refinements of life; and a duke is an aristocrat because some ancestor had the native force to gather, and his line the conservatism to hold, that power which meant wealth. New York, indeed, has done something to carry the idea of society back to its logical basis.

Those middle-class people who have no hope—and perhaps no special yearning—to sit in with our best society find their own social contacts influenced in a like manner. Their lives, if they follow the pace, become superficial in the extreme. They have hundreds of pleasant acquaintances and no real friends. Friendship in Manhattan—unless it be working friendship—is an exotic. Here, as elsewhere, you meet those persons whose characters, ambitions and personalities would make them the chosen of your heart, had either party to the incipient friendship the time to cultivate it; in fact, you meet casually rather too many of them.

As things go you cross lines with such people three or four times at dinners; or your wife encounters them just about as often at teas and receptions. There is time only for a little conversation, a parting handshake, and a regret expressed or implied that you cannot see more of them. Then you blow on down the world, driven by the pace, to meet them again next winter and go through the same process.

Hardly is there time to be kind, so swift is the pace. Yet this famous coldness of New York is more superficial than real. John Smith, whom we know and like, has broken his leg or fallen sick with the pace,

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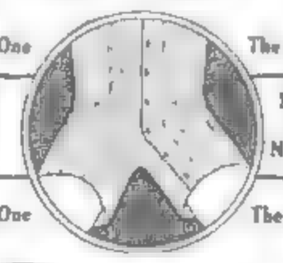
Don't wish you had OLUS later—*buy it now.*

You have a right to insist upon OLUS *triple comfort features.* Ask your dealer, and if he has not yet stocked OLUS, we will supply you.

(1) Coat Cut—opens all the way down the leg. *(2) Closed Crotch*—no flaps, no bunching, one thickness of material. *(3) Closed Back*—perfect fit from shoulder to crotch.



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Ask your dealer. If he has not yet stocked OLUS send price and size and we will supply you. Booklet free.

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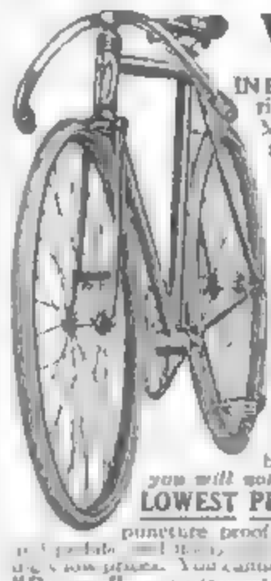
RIDER AGENTS WANTED



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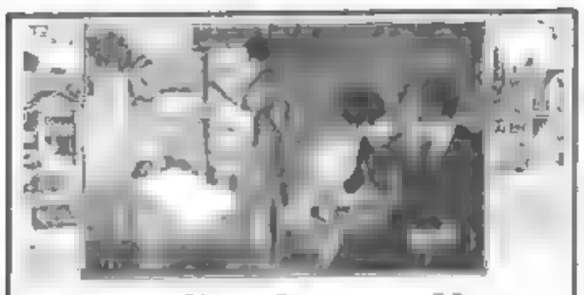

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Vudor
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will make your porch the most enjoyable spot about the house. While they keep the porch shady and cool, they do not obstruct your view. You get all the air and light you want

You will insist on Vudors if you want satisfaction, for they will withstand sun and rain for many seasons. The light, strong wood strips are lock-stitched with heavy soie twine that will not rip out at the ends and break. The raising cords and lifting devices are hidden by curling over strips at the pulleys. Vudors are not ugly stained cloth painted nor dipped in glaring colors to harmonize with your house, but retain their fresh woodness for years.

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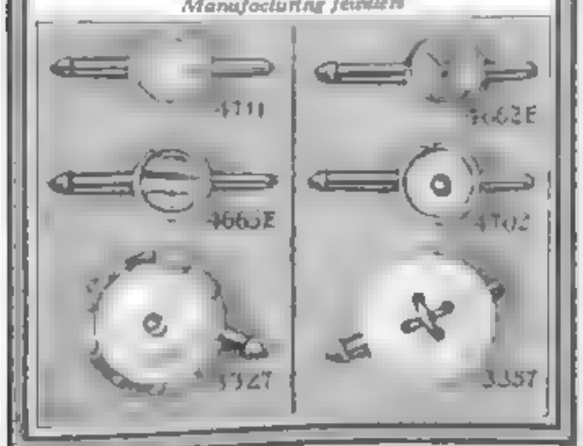

SHORT-STORY WRITING

A new and fascinating course in the Art of the Short Story
J. Berg Esenwein, Editor Lippincott's Magazine

THE HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL
69 Myrick Building, Springfield, Mass.

or lost his mother; or Jane Smith's baby is dead. Who, after all, will know about it in New York? Not the pleasant acquaintances of John and Jane, who pass for friends in the metropolis—they only know they are not meeting John or Jane in the round of entertainment. Not the neighbors—you may live five years in a New York apartment house and never learn, save by the names under the bells, who shares the same roof with you. Once a lonely, crippled man, who came from my own home city and knew the same old friends, lived for three months in the next apartment to mine. He heard my typewriter tapping of nights; I heard his chair scraping across the floor by day. And only the accident of a broken elevator brought us together!

Where New York people know of distress and heartache, they are, within the limits of their time, as considerate and helpful as any other people—no more, no less. Indeed, I have witnessed here certain acts of corporate kindness that put to the blush anything else of the sort I have ever known.

Grouped by their incomes, or by the show they make of their incomes; living beyond their means and their strength; driven by the pace into a surfeit of pleasures that verge on follies—still New York people, above all others in the old cities of our continent, incline to democracy.

I know not how it may be with those who hold great wealth, but in the working, directing middle class that drives this world the born New Yorker is nearly a curiosity. The characteristic middle-class New Yorker has come to the metropolis to make good. He has discovered that his home background gets him nothing in New York; he has had to depend on his naked self. He has found the personal contact so superficial that people have had neither time nor opportunity to scrutinize his antecedents. They have not asked him, as in Boston, What do you know? or, as in Richmond, Who are you?—but, Can you deliver the goods? And they have given him little time to answer. He has shown them by his acts that he possesses the originality, the power of creation, which New York demands for success; and he has got ahead. He, become an insider in his town, judges the outsider on the same standards. In business and professional life the response to originality, to the brain with the new idea, is quick and hearty.

The Climb and the Climbers

Just so in social life. The highest circles may be reached only by much hard climbing; but in the middle class she with the trick of eye or smile or wit that wins people finds rather easy the path to that group of the thousand New York groups which she may choose—provided she has the money to begin with.

Conversely no other city probably is so easy in the beginning for the faker or the bluff. Just because people have no time to inspect his tickets, he is likely to flourish mightily for a time. The day comes always, however, when he makes his slip, or when some one takes the time to look him over; and then his finish is as sudden as his rise. He gets quick action at any rate.

Please remember that the above observations on New York cannot be taken without modification. People do not absolutely change their hearts with their skies. To a certain degree old respectability, background, blood and pull do count in New York as elsewhere; but this aristocracy of talent or democracy of personality—however you may wish to phrase it—is the main tendency that divides the soul of the metropolis from the soul of our other American communities.

The pace! The pace! Wealth—suddenly, easily accumulated wealth—started it in the beginning; wealth got without due effort from the opportunities of our land; from the watering of those stocks that stand for our resources; all our American gambling with the heritage of future generations. The spender, rushing to New York to learn indigestible ways of blowing his pile, has made himself, unconsciously to the rest of us, the model. We cannot keep that pace forever. By the next generation, I suspect, the industrial shoe will have begun to pinch a little. We shall have no more new, raw fortunes, won as a gambler wins; the heirs of our older fortunes will have learned the more sober uses of wealth. For this generation, however, there is no relief. Would you prosper and know your kind in New York, you must face a life all dazzling superficiality, go, nerve strain and nervous prostration.

"Dixie" Raises Riot
When Played *by Instinct*

(Joyous Experiences with the New Instinctive Playing—No. 9 of series)

"I RAISED merry riot in my house last night. I had the whole place going: but I didn't care. I was having the time of my life.

"I was trying Mary's new Virtuolo Player Piano, and I thought I'd try it out. So I put in a roll marked 'Dixie,' while I was peeking around at the door, and that old song must have gone to my head. Before I knew it I was crashing it out for all I was worth—

"'*Way down south in the land of cotton,*'

"I closed my eyes, touched the 'soft and strong' Acsolo buttons, and I put regular smash and ginger into that music.

"Why I seemed to be right back in those thrilling days of '61 again—when multitudes went wild over that great old song—when hearts beat like trip-hammers and throats sang themselves hoarse with its stirring rhythm.

"Well, Mary peeked in—and stayed. Then Mary's young man, and then some of the neighbors came along too, and all joined in—yelling and singing and capering like mad!

"Say—my 'music instinct' is *great*, when I can play 'Dixie' like that!"

* * *

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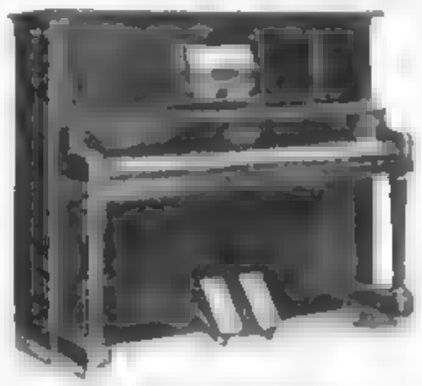
will bring you and every member of your family? Why, indeed—when you can own the new PRINCESS Style Virtuolo for *only $450* and can pay for it on terms as low as $10 a month?

This latest model has a new simplified control which makes Instinctive Playing simpler than ever. A mellow toned, durable piano manufactured especially for us and bearing our guarantee.

You can easily pay more than $450 for some player piano that hasn't the guarantee of a firm of piano makers, as honored and reputable as the Hallet & Davis Piano Company, established in Boston, the home of musical culture, for the past 75 years; whose instruments have been commended by greatest musicians. You can easily pay more for some player piano that hasn't any of the exclusive advantages this new invention has over every other make of player



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Isn't the Virtuolo worth investigating? Isn't it worth a postage stamp to find out all about Instinctive Playing?

Fill out the attached coupon and mail it today for full information. It puts you under no obligation, and it brings you facts and figures about player pianos which you can't afford to be without.

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Send me full information about the Virtuolo and your Easy Buying Plan, including Prices, and Plates of Different Styles.

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The National Drink is *Welch's*

The widespread press comment in this country and Europe, upon the fact that "grape juice" (WELCH'S) is served at official dinners and receptions in Washington simply emphasizes the honestly won position of

Welch's

"The National Drink"

(From an editorial in Boston Post.)

"The New Beverage"

"The Secretary of State, however, should not be credited with the origination of this beverage. Its component elements are recognized as familiar in our households. What he has done is not to pose as a base imitator, but to give international standing to a drink which, by popular suffrage in this republic, is certified as of democratic excellence."

Wherever Welch's is served it is served on its merits. Some folk call it a temperance drink, some call it a health drink—all regard it as a delicious, satisfying beverage. It is a drink with character.

Here are two Welch drinks which Welch users already know and like, and which occasioned the press comment. Try them yourself.

The famous Welch Punch

Juice of three lemons and one orange, one pint of Welch's, one quart of water and one cup of sugar. Serve cold. If punch bowl is used, add sliced fruits.

Welch Ball

Fill an eight or ten ounce glass half full with Welch's. Add cracked ice and fill glass with charged water. It is a tart drink that especially appeals to men.

"Get the Welch habit—
it's one
that won't get you"

Do more than ask for "grape juice"—say "Welch's" and GET IT! If unable to get Welch's of your dealer, we will send a trial dozen pints, express prepaid east of Omaha, for $3.00. Sample 4-oz. bottle by mail, 10 cents. Booklet of recipes free on request.

The Welch Grape Juice Co.
Westfield, New York

The Forehanded Man

By WILL PAYNE

IF YOU have any investments the income tax may get you whether your income exceeds four thousand dollars a year or not—at least that is the way the bill stands at this writing.

The bill proposes, so far as possible, to tax incomes at their source. This is an eminently sound principle. It tends powerfully to prevent tax evasions and to make the law operate more equitably. Suppose you and your neighbor each have incomes of seven thousand dollars a year. With a tax of one per cent on incomes exceeding four thousand dollars, each of you should pay the Government thirty dollars a year. You make a true return and pay your thirty dollars. Your neighbor chloroforms his conscience, says his income is only four thousand a year and pays nothing. Now the tax is calculated to raise a certain amount of money, which amount the Government proceeds to spend. But if there are a great many evasions the tax does not produce the estimated amount, so the Government raises the rate from one per cent to two per cent and next year you pay sixty dollars—in short, you pay your own tax and your neighbor's too.

Every person, firm or company that regularly pays to another person more than four thousand dollars a year must deduct the income tax before it hands over the money. If such person, firm or company does not deduct the tax he or it is liable for the tax and for penalties.

Suppose your income consists of a salary of five thousand dollars a year. Your income tax would be ten dollars—being one per cent on all over four thousand. Your employer, whether an individual, a partnership or a company, must deduct that ten dollars and turn it over to the tax collector. If you lease Smith's building or farm at a rental of five thousand a year you must deduct ten dollars from the rent and give it to Uncle Sam.

This applies practically to every relationship under which any person or concern pays any regular income to another person, except the dividends a company pays on its capital stock. No income tax is deducted from dividends, because every company, large or small, is taxed one per cent on its own net income, out of which it pays the dividends. Otherwise the payer must deduct the income tax and hand it over to the Government. The object, of course, is to prevent evasion. If a company employs you at five thousand dollars a year it will not make itself liable for your tax—and penalties besides—in order to help you cheat the Government out of the tax. It will make a true return of your salary.

The Taxing of Bond Incomes

The general intention is that incomes not exceeding four thousand dollars a year shall be exempt. Suppose once more that a company pays you five thousand dollars a year as a salary. At least thirty days before March first you must make out an income-tax statement showing the total amount of your income, which statement you may file with your employer. You are then entitled to an exemption of four thousand dollars and are taxed only on the last thousand—supposing the salary constitutes your total income; but if you do not make out this statement and file it with your employer you are not entitled to any exemption, and your employer must deduct the income tax from the whole five thousand. In the same way if you derive more than four thousand dollars a year from rent you must file your income-tax statement with the lessee at least thirty days before March first, and are then entitled to an exemption of four thousand dollars.

There does not, however, seem to be any practical way by which a bondholder can claim an exemption. It looks—as the bill read when introduced—as though he would have to pay tax on that part of his income derived from bond interest whether his total income exceeds four thousand dollars or not.

The bill says: "The amount of the normal tax herein imposed shall be deducted and withheld from income derived from interest upon bonds, mortgages or other indebtedness of corporations, though such interest does not exceed four thousand dollars." Then follows a set of provisions for deducting the tax from foreign investments; and the clause winds up: "But in each case the benefit of the exemption and the deduction allowable under this section may be had by complying with the foregoing provisions of this paragraph."

Now counsel learned in the law are of opinion that this final provision was meant to apply to bond interest as well as to income from foreign investments, and the "foregoing provisions of this paragraph" are as I have described that is, a person can get the benefit of the exemption by filing an income-tax statement with the concern from which his income is derived.

It is difficult, however, to see how this provision could work in the case of bond interest. Very few corporation bonds in this country are registered. Over ninety-five per cent of them, it is safe to say, are payable to bearer, and pass from hand to hand without indorsement or any other record, exactly like a banknote. Consequently no corporation knows or has any possible way of finding out who its bondholders are. Any given bond may be owned by me or by Mr. Rockefeller. The corporation that issued it cannot tell.

When a corporation pays an interest coupon it does not know whether that coupon came from a man whose income is a hundred dollars a year or a hundred thousand dollars. You, let us say, own one Union Pacific bond. On interest day you cut off the coupon and deposit it as cash in your bank. Ten minutes later a man may come in with twenty Union Pacific coupons; then one with thirty. The bank bunches all the coupons and sends them on to its correspondent in New York. On the same day that New York bank receives coupons from other out-of-town banks. It puts them all together and collects them in a lump.

In the Snarl of Red Tape

Suppose, moreover, your coupon falls due July first. In order to gain the exemption you must file with the paying company by February first a statement of your income, but that paying company never heard of you or had any dealings with you. How are your particular coupons going to be identified all along the line next July?

Most small investors in bonds scatter their holdings—buying two or three bonds of one company, two or three of another, and so on. The identifying and filing of a tax statement would have to be gone through with separately for each company. Obviously, as the income tax on a twenty-five-dollar coupon is only twenty-five cents, it would cost less to pay the tax than to make and file the statements. This clause of the bill may be amended. By far the simplest scheme would be to throw the tax once for all upon the company, exactly as in the case of dividends—that is, tax the company upon its net income before bond interest is deducted and then make the coupons taxfree, as dividends are now made taxfree.

In a great many cases no doubt the tax will fall upon the company anyway; and because of that probability a large number of corporation lawyers are now looking down their noses.

In 1894 you remember Congress passed an income-tax law that the Supreme Court presently declared to be unconstitutional. At that time there seemed small probability of an amendment to the Constitution authorizing an income tax; so it looked as though a tax of that sort could not be levied in this country.

Now the great borrowing corporations very properly seek to make their bonds as attractive as possible to the investor—adding any little frill here or there that seems likely to please the latter's fancy; so it became the fashion to insert in bonds a clause reading about as follows:

"All payments on this bond, both of principal and interest, shall be made without deduction for any taxes which the company may be required to pay thereon, or to deduct or retain therefrom, under any present or future law of the United States or of any state, county or municipality therein."

Nobility Chocolates

Send Us Your Name or "Her" Name

That we may send without charge a dainty box of these unusual new chocolates for her to try.

This ¼-Pound Box Without Charge

Simply send us 10c for each person you order for, to pay postage and packing (only one box to a person), and tell us where you buy your candy. We will send these delicious chocolates by return mail.

$1.00 a Pound
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Make Your Tires Give Double Service

Make them wear for months *after* you would ordinarily have to buy new ones. Treat your tires with

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Inject a 25c tube into each tire. It *preserves* both the fabric and the rubber; *prevents* those aggravating flat tires from thread leaks and defective patches; *heals* ordinary punctures *automatically and instantly;* saves Tires, Worry and Money. Don't put it off. Inject Neverleak Tire Fluid into your tires today.

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The income tax, of course, is not a tax on the bond. It is a tax on the income of the holder of the bond. If the tax were not collected at the source—if the Government simply let every man file a schedule and taxed him accordingly—then there is no question that companies whose bonds contain clauses like the above would not be liable for the tax. But the clause says: "any taxes which the company may be required to deduct therefrom." And the present bill does require the company to deduct the tax. So—though some lawyers try to view it in a different light—it seems clear that companies whose bonds contain such clauses will have to pay the tax.

As a matter of fact they might as well pay it anyway. When they borrow money they must pay the market price for it; and in all probability, in the long run, bonds that are taxfree will fetch a shade better price than those that are not—about enough better to offset the income tax. Probably, in short, if the company throws the tax on the investor it will have to pay him about enough more interest to make it up to him.

Nevertheless since it became very probable that the Constitution would be amended to authorize an income tax, a good many corporation lawyers have been drawing their bonds and mortgages so that such tax would fall upon the bondholder. That is one of the minor points to be taken into consideration nowadays in choosing a bond—not that it is very important, for the tax amounts only to one dollar on each hundred dollars of bond income.

The Ways and Means Committee in drawing the income-tax bill evidently had in mind the clause quoted above, for the bill provides: "In case of bonds or other indebtedness which has been issued with a guaranty that the interest payable thereon shall be free from taxation, no deduction for the payment of the tax thereon shall be allowed"—meaning no deduction from the company's own net income in computing the amount upon which it is taxable.

The Exemption of Dividends

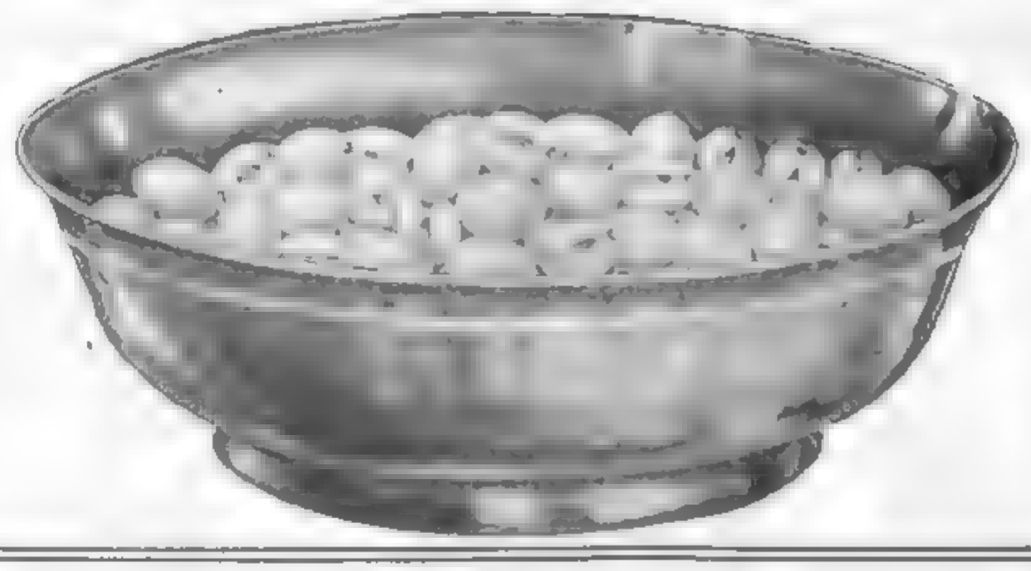
The committee, in short, took the eminently sound view that if a company had deliberately agreed to pay the income tax on its bond interest, in case such a tax were levied, it must stand up to its bargain.

Since the bill was introduced a theory has been evolved that the income tax will tend to turn investors away from bonds and toward stock, because dividends are taxfree and interest is not. But this theory deserves no consideration so long as the normal tax is only one per cent. Suppose you have ten thousand dollars to invest and your income is above four thousand. If you buy five per cent bonds the income from them will be five hundred dollars, and the tax will amount to five dollars a year—which is too insignificant to influence you materially if you really prefer bonds to stocks.

If you are one of those happy individuals whose net income exceeds twenty thousand dollars you may possibly—but not probably—get a little additional advantage from stocks as compared with bonds. On incomes of twenty to fifty thousand dollars there is a surtax of one per cent; on those from fifty to a hundred thousand, a surtax of two per cent; and on those exceeding a hundred thousand dollars, a surtax of three per cent.

The bill says that every person subject to a surtax shall make a personal return of his entire net income, from whatever source derived. But farther on, in describing how returns shall be made up, it says that in arriving at net income all expenses of business, actual losses from bad debts—and so on—shall be deducted; also "the amount received as dividends upon the stock of any corporation which is taxable upon its net income shall be deducted." Very likely some astute lawyer will bob up with a claim that if a man's income is a hundred thousand dollars wholly derived from stocks the entire income shall be deducted, leaving nothing for the surtax to be levied upon. The bill evidently intends otherwise however.

Of course the bill is not passed yet. After it is passed the executive officers of the Government, in putting it into operation, will be called upon to interpret many fine points. And after the executive officers have had their say it will take the courts a couple of years to determine exactly how it will apply in certain cases. That is inevitable in the case of any law as important and complicated as this one.



We Sold
Forty Million Dishes
In the Month of March

Forty million dishes of Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice.

That's told to show you how the world is coming to these fascinating foods.

Wheat and rice, for ages, have been served in countless ways. But Prof. A. P. Anderson found a way to explode the grains.

To secure ease of digestion, he learned how to blast the food granules to pieces.

Then the millions found that these whole-grain wafers formed delightful foods—crisp and toasted, thin and porous, almond-flavored morsels.

Now our mills run night and day. Yet it's often impossible to meet the demand for these steam-exploded grains.

Puffed Wheat, 10c
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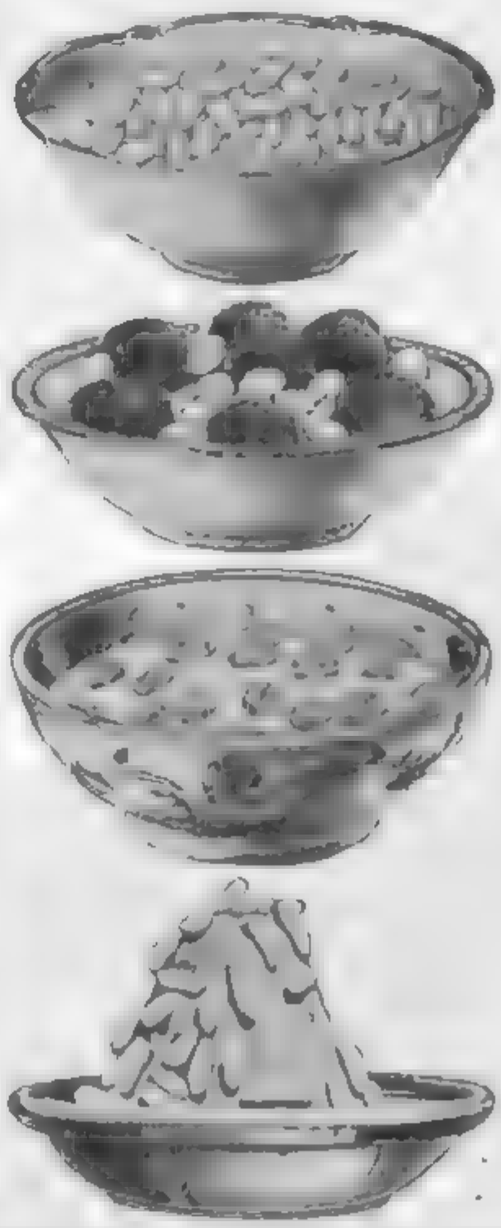

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Folks serve them at breakfast with cream and sugar. And the grains taste like toasted nuts.

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Girls use them in candy making. Chefs use them to garnish ice cream. Boys eat them like peanuts when at play.

In any place where nut-meats taste good, folks like the Puffed Grain flavor.

Don't let your people go without them this summer. They like good things too.

The Quaker Oats Company
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(431)

IT will interest those who contemplate the purchase of a new car this summer to know that this Overland has a larger and more powerful motor; a longer wheelbase; larger brakes; better and more complete equipment; more carefully and finely constructed, tested, and inspected chassis; a more finished, graceful and durable body design; a bigger tonneau; more comforts, conveniences, and refinements than any other car for the price in the world.

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THE demand for Overlands this year has broken all preceding sales records. Every section of the civilized world is ordering far in excess of their original contracts. We are now delivering 1000 cars a week, which, in itself, is an overwhelming production record. Look up the Overland dealer in your town. Let him explain and demonstrate the remarkable power, speed, strength, economy and beauty of this unusual car—the world's most exceptional automobile value. In practically every respect this $985 Overland is the equal of the average $1200 car. Handsomely illustrated and descriptive catalogue, gratis, on request to the factory.

Company, Toledo, Ohio

A Good Story in the Old English Days

was relished over a good after dinner pipe, from the nights of Shakespeare to the nights of Garrick and Burke—and is so in our own day, provided the tobacco be *cool*, *sweet* and *comforting*. Such a tobacco is Old English Curve Cut—the *best* pipe tobacco in the world, because it is made expressly for the pipe and the pipe alone.

No "combination," two-purpose, loose cut tobaccos give complete satisfaction in the pipe, because such tobaccos soon dry out, lose their original flavor, and burn too fast and hot. Old English is prepared in the right and only proper way for the pipe—in hard-pressed curved slices, which preserve the natural flavor and true aroma in the leaf.

Try a "slice to a pipeful" today,—note how slowly this Old English tobacco burns in your pipe, how sweet and fragrant and satisfying it is. No wonder that thousands of men who really know pipe tobacco and like a tobacco with the real tobacco taste never smoke anything else.

You will find Old English in neat, compact 10c curved tins that just fit the pocket, at most dealers the world over. A sample tin will be sent for 2c stamp to any part of United States.

Old English Department, 111 Fifth Avenue, New York

BROKE AGAIN

(Continued from Page 17)

was giving the bartender for a new cocktail. "Hump right over to the phone, Buy, and cover your Northland quick!" he aspirated into the fat young man's ear.

"Huh?" gasped Carpenter.

"Buy, I tell you!"

"What's up now?" piteously demanded the slow-moving Carpenter.

"We've only twelve minutes to decide, Billy!" urged Tilling, with his meeting in mind.

"But what's it all about?" implored Carpenter, who was beginning to pant.

"Confound you—buy!" ordered Jumpson, and grabbing each of them by an arm he hurried them over to the telephone booths.

At the very door of the booth Carpenter hung back.

"Is this on the level, Jinky?" he wanted to know, and Tilling waited to hear the answer.

"Did I ever fool you?" demanded Jumpson. "Are you going to waste these precious minutes in chat, you fathead?"

Tilling slammed the door of the booth from the inside.

It was eight minutes of one when Tilling emerged from the booth, dripping. He found Jumpson in close conversation with Hardeman, and apologizing to the latter gentleman he drew Jumpson away.

"Now tell me what is to send Northland up with such a rush," he insisted on knowing.

"You!" returned Jumpson, chuckling with relief. That had been a close call.

VIII

AT ONE o'clock President Baird, at the head of the big table in the directors' room of the M. W. C., looked at his watch with impatience. Three of the directors had not yet arrived—Hardeman, Tilling and Carpenter. He could have done without Hardeman very well, for Hardeman was his stanchest and most consistent enemy, a man who pursued railroading as a business and not as a spiked wheel-of-fortune. He needed Tilling and Carpenter, however, for without them the directors stood four and four, and he could not cast the deciding vote in the formality of his own election. He discussed with such patience as he could command those matters of railroad expediency with which he cared to have mere directors conversant, and when the door finally opened, at one-ten, to admit the belated members he greeted Tilling and Carpenter with a frown which was intended to let them know that there was a difference between attending a Baird board meeting and playing sugar-loo.

"Meeting to order," he snapped, cracking his knuckles on the table and bestowing an extra frown on Hardeman. He meant to have Hardeman's scalp during this year, and he was already going after it through a Pacific Coast connection of Hardeman's. "Secretary call the roll." Obedient to the temper of the moment, the secretary called the roll as if it were one word, and the interruptions of response were like the snap of firecrackers. "Secretary read minutes preceding meeting." This the secretary did as if it were a succession of rapid swallows. "No objection; minutes stand approved. Nominations president now in order," and Baird glanced at Fosdack, who was the customary nominator.

"Nominate Baird," enunciated Fosdack with automatic promptness.

"Second nomination," called the customary seconder, breaking a wooden toothpick into little bits with his thumb and forefinger.

"Nominate Hardeman," observed a listless director, who had annually performed this useless function as a mere matter of protest.

"Second nomination," drawled another listless director, in contempt with himself for having been so long on the minority side.

"Move nominations closed," automatically remarked Fosdack, this also being one of his regular duties.

"Second motion," called Baird's customary seconder, now throwing away the bits of broken toothpick.

"Moved and seconded close nominations president," rattled Baird, who was impatient to be through with the red tape and get at a little important business not unconnected with the price of both Northland and the M. W. C. He had developed a new

The Emery Guaranty
Emery
Guaranteed
Shirts $1.50 up
Look for Emery when you buy shirts.
GUARANTEED FIT
GUARANTEED COLOR
GUARANTEED WEAR
A New Shirt for One That Fails
Free to you, the Emery Souvenir—and Style book—a Gentleman's Guide to Correct Dress—authoritative information on latest styles, with classified chart of "Ethics of a Gentleman's Dress."
W. M. Steppacher & Bro., Philadelphia
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FINEST QUALITY LARGEST VARIETY

"ALBO" cleans and whitens canvas and leather shoes. In round white cakes packed in zinc boxes, with sponge, 10c. In handsome, large aluminum boxes, with sponge, 25c.

"STAR" combination for cleaning and polishing all kinds of russet or tan shoes, 10c. "Dandy" size, 25c.

"GILT EDGE" the only ladies' shoe dressing that positively contains OIL. Bucks and Polishes ladies and children's boots and shoes. Shines without rubbing, 25c "French Gloss," 10c.

"BABY ELITE" combination for gentlemen who take pride in having their shoes look A1. Restores color and lustre to [illegible] shoes. Polish with a brush or cloth. 10 cents. Elite" size, 25 cents.

"QUICKWHITE" (in liquid form with sponge) quickly cleans and whitens dirty canvas shoes 10c and 25c.

If your dealer does not keep the kind you want, send us the price in stamps for full size package, charges paid.

WHITTEMORE BROS. & CO.,
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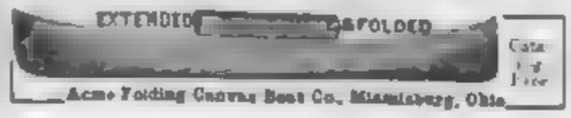
The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of Shoe Polishes in the World.

Auto Lighter 50c

Clamp an Alco Friction Lighter on your burners and be independent of wind, rain, matches or electrical complications. Just flip the spring and gas instantly lights. Guaranteed—50c postpaid, $1.00 for two. Try local dealer first, if unable to procure send stamps and order to

AMERICAN LAVA CO., Chattanooga, Tenn.



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Whether before the game or after, it's always a point in your favor to offer your partner a tempting box of *Johnston's*

Glacé Cream Bon Bons

Here's a new and delicious Johnston creation — a hand-made cream candy of the usual Johnston purity—a candy with fruits and nuts for those who love sugary sweets and want them *fresh*.

Glacé Cream Bon Bons are *always fresh* because we ship them to your dealer by parcel post *daily!*

Made in five different flavors—each a triumph—all put up in the inimitably dainty Johnston fashion.

In 80c and $1.00 packages, of all Johnston dealers. If your dealer cannot supply you, we will fill your order and prepay it upon receipt of stamps or money order.

Johnston's
MILWAUKEE

The Sign of a Good Spark Plug

J-D
JEFFERY-DEWITT CO
DETROIT, MICH.

Motors are like human beings—they are all different; and you will never get the best out of that motor of yours until you use the particular plug it needs. It is wonderful what a difference the right *type* of plug makes—and the *J-D* line has a type for every variety of motor. Try them!

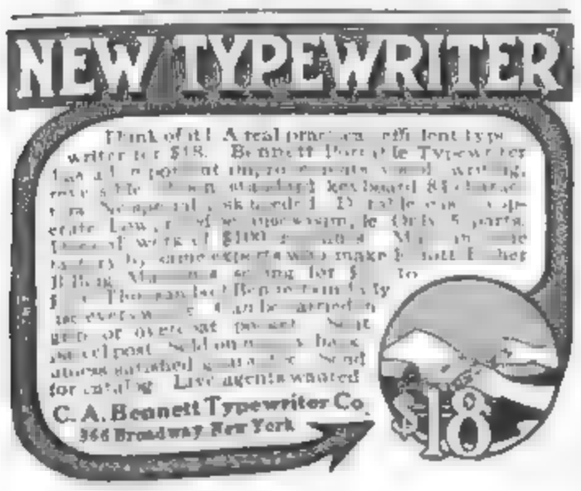
75c

J-D plugs include the famous Reliance that "sparks in water"—$1.—for motorboats, the "Visible Gap" that instantly locates ignition troubles—$1—the Conical and Petticoat, open or closed end—75 cents, or with sparking points of solid platinum, each—$1.25

Write for our pocket free illustrated book, "Spark Plug and Ignition Talk." Learn what your motor needs.

JEFFERY-DEWITT COMPANY
68 Butler Avenue Detroit

NEW TYPEWRITER



Think of it! A real practical efficient typewriter for $18. Bennett Portable Typewriter has all important improvements visible writing, [illegible] standard keyboard $5 cheaper than Nos. 2 and 3, ask trade [illegible] table [illegible] Lasts [illegible] speed, [illegible] parts. Instead of $100 [illegible] Made in the factory by same experienced men who make $100 typewriters. Send for $ to [illegible] Thereafter [illegible] monthly to [illegible] can be arranged [illegible] or over at present [illegible] Send [illegible] postpaid [illegible] back. Address nearest [illegible] Send for catalog. Live agents wanted.

C. A. Bennett Typewriter Co.
366 Broadway New York

$18

manipulation since morning. "Are you ready for the question? All in favor signify by saying 'Aye.' Unanimous. Secretary take the ballot."

"Move roll-call ballot," automatically proposed Fosdack in his regular turn; for the vote in these meetings was so well known that a secret ballot spared nobody's feelings.

Automatically that motion was seconded and carried, and the secretary prepared to call the roll.

"Baird."

"Baird," repeated that gentleman with no trace of immodesty in voting for himself.

"Tarkinbery;" that being the secretary's name he tallied his own vote for Baird. The voting continued:

FOR BAIRD

Fosdack Edwards Wakefield

FOR HARDEMAN

Prince Hardeman Respus

All perfectly regular; the same old monotonous singsong. The red tape of election in a cut-and-dried affair like this was a nuisance. The vote stood Baird, five; Hardeman, three! Then—

FOR HARDEMAN

Sanders Gregory Tilling

That placid meeting immediately broke into a conflagration! Hardeman alone remained serene. The four staunch Hardeman supporters suddenly sat up, as if the sun had burst through years of fog! The regular Baird men turned purple! Tilling and Carpenter were pale. Baird's dark face grew queerly sallow!

"You rat!" he shouted, springing from his chair and glaring at Tilling with clenched fists.

Hardeman, too, was on his feet.

"Finish the roll!" he yelled.

Little fat Carpenter almost climbed on the table.

"Finish the roll!" he shrieked so energetically that his voice broke, and at the same time he kicked back his chair as he saw the furious Baird starting to come round the table.

"Carpenter," faltered the secretary, succumbing to the bare momentum of his duty.

"Hardeman!" howled chunky little Carpenter, a great deal of whose fat was muscle, and jumping round Tilling's chair he advanced to meet Baird. His face was no longer pale; it was the color of a Spitzenburgh apple and his under-jaw wobbled.

Fosdack sprang in front of Baird and, clutching him by the arm, brought his chief to momentary reason.

"Announce the vote," demanded Hardeman.

Again the panic-stricken secretary hesitated, and seven directors, as with one voice, screamed: "Announce the vote!"

"Hardeman, seven; Baird, five," faltered the secretary, and seven directors cheered!

"You ingrates!" gasped Baird, trembling with rage. "I got you on this board only yesterday, and you've thrown me!"

Tilling, who was still pale, walked up to him and glared into his eyes.

"Take your pill," he advised. "We simply beat you to it. We've found a better scheme for the Northland than a consolidation under your management."

IX

JACKY JUMPSON nonchalantly lit the cork end of his cigarette as he watched a living skeleton chalk the figures "forty-nine and a quarter" under the Northland column on Bolan & Bolan's blackboard. By the time he had detected the source of that awful order, and had thrown away the cigarette, the boy was checking "forty-eight and a half" in the same space, and immediately afterward the "forty-eight" appeared, without the "half," whereupon young Jumpson looked at his watch for the thirtieth time in ten minutes. One-twenty-five, and Northland was still on the toboggan! The orders of Tilling and Carpenter had checked the slide somewhat, or he would have been "broke" again by now. At a little over forty-one Jumpson would be wiped off the financial map, with the house and the Moonbeam mere regretted memories. Catastrophe, however, would come long before forty-one, for in this nervous market there would be a peremptory call for margins, and Jacky Jumpson's sole tangible assets consisted of a twenty-dollar bill and a Swiss watch!

"Forty-seven and three-quarters"; "forty-seven and five-eighths"; "forty-seven and one-eighth"; "forty-seven."

For One Day
Let Them Have Van Camp's

Say to your grocer—just for once—"Today I want Van Camp's."

Serve them hot or cold. Either way they have the fresh oven flavor.

Then submit this bean question to the folks at your table.

If they don't say, "These beat them all," we have nothing more to say.

If common baked beans taste to you like Van Camp's, we sha'n't urge you further.

If there isn't immense difference—as great as we say—we don't deserve your trade.

But if there is that difference you should know it. And a single meal will tell you.

The best chefs we know are here baking Van Camp's. Their master skill is lavished on this dish.

They have modern steam ovens. They use the rarest materials.

There is no stint on cost.

Surely these men, with all these facilities, ought to excel others.

If they do, you should find it out.

This dish made our kitchen famous. Now a million homes enjoy it.

To supply those homes, our chefs are baking 300,000 dishes daily.

One meal will tell you, so you won't forget, that those countless homes aren't mistaken. Order that meal today.

Van Camp's
BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE
PORK AND BEANS

"The National Dish"

Made of beans picked out by hand from the choicest crops that grow.

Baked with a sauce made of whole, ripe tomatoes—a sauce that costs five times the common cost.

Baked without bursting, without crisping a bean. Nut-like, mellow, whole. The finest dish the ablest chefs can bake.

And put up in a way which brings to your table all the fresh oven flavor. Find out if this is true.

Three sizes: 10, 15 and 20 cents per can

Prepared by

The Van Camp Packing Company, Indianapolis, Indiana

(Established 1861)

(268)

United States Tires
are good tires

How many good points should a good tire have?

You know the qualities a *good* tire ought to have.

Generous mileage is the prime essential.

You want a guarantee against rim cuts; you want flexibility, ease of manipulation and security of fastening.

Have you ever been able to secure *all* these desirable qualities in one tire?

By our four-factory coöperative methods of tire building we have been able to combine into one tire all of the desirable features it is possible to put into a tire.

Tire mileage has been raised to an unprecedented point

We have perfected and control *exclusively* a process that has increased the fabric strength of our tires practically fifty per cent.

The treads on United States Tires are made of the toughest, longest-wearing rubber stock ever put into an automobile tire.

Flexibility and resilience have been improved to a similar degree.

In fact we have taken *all* the features that you yourself would like to find in the tires you buy and have them *all* put into *one* tire.

Made in three treads, Plain, Chain and Nobby and in three styles of fastening including the Dunlop (Straight Side).

Cost no more than you are asked to pay for other kinds

United States Tire Co.
New York

A boy came out of the private office and with a practiced eye scanned every face in one flash; then he made a bee-line for Jacky Jumpson. He was a nice, clean, fresh-cheeked boy and did not look as if he could be the bearer of evil tidings.

"Mr. Bolan would like to see you," he quietly whispered in Jacky's ear.

"Sure," replied Jacky cheerfully, and as he strolled into the office, with no trace of concern on his smooth pink cheeks, he cast another look at the blackboard.

Forty-six and three-quarters.

Harry Bolan, who was forty and looked like a boy until one gazed into his chill gray eyes, nodded quite pleasantly, though briefly, to his friend and patron, Jumpson.

"I'll have to call on you for more margin, Jacky," he advised.

"All right," assented Jumpson with a glance at the clock. One-twenty-seven! He picked up the ticker tape. Northland was forty-six and five-eighths. "How soon do you want it?"

"Right away," declared Bolan with a glance at the clock and the tape.

"Oh, calm yourself!" chuckled Jacky. "I've over five points."

"Haul out your checkbook," directed Bolan crisply. "Five points is thin ice here. It is possible for Northland to drop more than that distance before I could turn over your stock."

"You'll have to cut out coffee," bantered Jumpson, hoping that Bolan would not see the moisture that was beginning to gather on his brow. "It makes you too nervous. Why, Bolan, I'll bet you a new runabout that Northland don't touch forty-three in a year."

Bolan reached for his private phone with one hand, and with the other picked up the tape. Forty-six and a quarter!

"This isn't a kidding match, Jumpson!" he said angrily. "I'll give you to forty-five, and if you haven't remargined by the time Northland touches that figure I'll phone closing orders."

"Now you talk like a sport," laughed Jumpson, secretly wiping his palm on the handkerchief in his pocket and producing his cigarette case. He was careful this time to put the proper end of the cigarette in his mouth.

"Better get your checkbook ready," advised Bolan now smiling, as he fell in with the whim of the jovial Jacky. There were other traders who needed watching, but the senior partner had his eye on them. He often reproved Harry for looking after his friends in person. It was a dangerous procedure.

"Forty-six flat," announced Jumpson, and looked at the clock. One-thirty-one! Lord, they were slow on the M. W. C. board! Hadn't Tilling and Carpenter sent out the news yet? Hadn't they been able to swing it? Had they weakened when they faced Baird? Had one of the Hardeman supporters switched? Had Tilling, or Carpenter, or both, been run over on the way to the meeting? That last was an awful supposition, and he threw away his cigarette for fear he might accidentally put the fire in his mouth!

"Forty-five and five-eighths," exulted Bolan. They were both leaning over the tape now, with an absorbing interest in Northland, which made them impatient of any quotations in between. "I think I'll try a Rapid Roadster, Jinky. Got your checkbook with you?"

"Never trusted myself with it up here," grinned Jacky. One-thirty-five! He was sorry to have been compelled to answer that question. He could have gained two or three minutes "bluffing round" about that checkbook.

"Never mind, I know your bank," returned Bolan, reaching into his tremendous assortment of check blanks.

There was a sudden activity in Northland. Three quotations in a row, on odd lots: "forty-five and a half"; "forty-five and three-eighths"; "forty-five and an eighth."

"Got you, Jacky!" laughed Bolan. "In a few more minutes the car's mine!"

Jacky drew a long breath. He disliked to plead with Bolan. He disliked to say that he knew something, for that was the customary pretense and it would make a piker of him; but there was no way out. It was his last card!

"I'll tell you, Harry ——" he began with a gulp, and then he suddenly stopped.

The noisy little ticker, after an extravagant whirr, had deserted arithmetic and had taken to literature. It had already spelled out "P R E"; and now it added

Skeleton Lined Oxfords

A new idea that makes The Florsheim Low Shoe—cool and perfect fitting—"hugtite instep"—and made over "Natural Shape" lasts.

Look for the Florsheim Sign—You'll find a live dealer ready to show you correct styles to fit your feet.

A complete showing $5.00.

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Style Book FREE upon request

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Chicago, U. S. A.

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3 Large 50c Books for $1.25

600 illustrations, exterior and interior photos, reliable costs, descriptions, building hints.

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Any 2 of these books for 90c. All 3 for $1.25

We have built over 2500 homes and know how. Get our ideas.

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A delicious, creamy candy with a flavor all its own.

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ALMOST every man in this country has $20. Almost every man may therefore become an investor.

For with $20 a man may open a Partial Payment account and acquire full paid income bearing stocks and bonds, through small monthly payments. Larger amounts and larger instalments allow larger purchases—that's all.

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Are You Deaf?

Electricity and invention continue to accomplish new wonders for the hard of hearing.

ACOUSTICON with *Sound Regulator* (six instruments in one), *best* for the hard of hearing.

ACOUSTICON with *Battery Regulator* (four instruments in one), *great strength*, for the *very deaf*.

AURIS with Acousticon Battery Regulator, a lighter instrument of great strength, and the lowest priced electrical aid for the deaf

Sent on request—by parcel post—for 10 DAYS FREE TRIAL—no deposit required—you do not commit yourself to purchase.

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To our old Customers: Try the new battery regulator on your Acousticon or Auris.

THAT empty box is a sure reminder of the irresistible flavor and freshness that a new package will contain. Every package of Kellogg's brought into the home is to every member of the family a delight and a benefit.

The original has this signature

W. K. Kellogg

an "S." Both men bent over it eagerly as the period indicated the abbreviation of "president"; then Baird's name followed.

"Here it comes!" yelled Jacky, and grabbing his hat from his head he threw it on the floor. "That's the little bomb that'll explode Northland inside of five minutes! Harry, pyramid me every ten points all the way up, and sell on the first three-point drop!"

"Pres. Baird deposed M. W. C. Hardeman now Pres.," the ticker informed them, and then irritatingly slid in quotations on six active stocks, ending with Northland forty-four and seven-eighths!

"The devil!" exclaimed Jacky. "Nevertheless I'll make it a limousine!"

Bolan grabbed his phone.

"Never mind about that!" he said. "Where's your remargin check? Don't fool round about this! I can't carry your Northland another instant!"

"All right, hand me your checkbook," Jacky gave in, cursing all those intermediary quotations. He could spoil the first check and tear it up. He could kill at least two minutes that way; maybe three.

At last the ticker took to spelling again.

"M. W. C. gives Northland twenty-year contract entire northwestern traffic," it said, and Jacky Jumpson, glancing at it with a friendly smile, calmly wrote a check for a hundred thousand dollars on a bank where his balance was at that moment fifty-six dollars and twenty-two cents!

"Why didn't you say you knew something," reproached Bolan.

"I didn't want you to think I was a liar, even for ten minutes," grinned Jumpson, signing his name to the check with the customary flourish. "Now watch the fireworks!"

In the next three minutes there was but one feeble quotation on Northland, and that was at forty-four and seven-eighths; then it suddenly broke loose and began to climb! With Baird out and Hardeman in, railroad circles had confidence in the performances of M. W. C. Why any one could understand what all this Northland maneuvering had meant. Railroad circles, properly prepared by all the preceding agitation, now went mad. Was Northland a good stock? Northland was certainly a good stock; and everybody made haste to reap the rich profits that it would make in the next twenty years! Know the trick, don't you? Hardeman has uncovered an influence in a Pacific road that takes all that northwestern traffic. It makes Northland a link in a big new system! Incidentally Northland went up so fast that ex-President Baird had no chance to cover his tremendous line of short stock; but that had nothing to do with Jacky Jumpson! At three-fifteen Jacky, tearing up the check Bolan had not needed, telephoned to his house as follows:

"It's all right, Curly! We're a clean million on the shiny side!"

"Glorious, Pinky!" Leila exulted; and then there was a second of silence. "Have you sold out?"

"All but a souvenir certificate," he chuckled. "I'm keeping that because Tilling and Carpenter insist on putting your Pinky on the Northland board! Let's all have dinner on the Moonbeam tonight."

The Human Needle

MADEMOISELLE GABY DESLYS, the French dancer, who is now appearing in a New York musical show, is an exceedingly slender young person; and for purposes of better demonstrating her art she wears, when on the stage, exceedingly slender clothes. A person from the interior who had seen the lady came forth to tell about her.

"What does she look like?" asked a friend.

"Well," said the visitor, "if she'd shut one eye she'd look like a needle!"

Unspeakable

ONCE Wilton Lackaye played in a piece called The Law and the Man, a dramatized version of Hugo's Les Miserables.

"Why didn't you preserve the original name for the sake of the advertising?" asked a friend.

"I did try to—at first," said Lackaye. "Couldn't you find a manager to produce it?"

"I couldn't even find one who could pronounce it!" said Lackaye.

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Springfield, Mass.

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Write to that Wandering Boy

Is your son an actor? Is your brother a performer? Is there any dear one that you have lost track of and want to write to?

If so—and you have reason to believe that he is on the stage, in vaudeville, or identified in any way with the theatrical [illegible] write your letter and address it to him in care of [illegible] business, write your letter and address it to him in care of

THE BILLBOARD

The Theatrical and Circus Paper

Cincinnati, Ohio

And it will be forwarded to him promptly, even though he be in India, South Africa or Australia.

Building for the Future

Do you want that "Castle in Spain" to come true? Then get busy and lay bricks today.

There is a lot of preliminary work that far-sighted concerns have found pays big in the end.

Like getting into a new territory, and digging the foundations for the future building.

You can't always do that with salesmen.

It means too large an outlay before the returns come in.

But suppose you had a salesman that could cover the whole territory — town for town — dealer for dealer — prospect after prospect?

The Salesman Extraordinary

Multigraph System is just such a salesman.

First you have the Multigraph itself, a handy office machine that produces both genuine printing and real typewriting.

Then you have free co-operation from our Business Aid Department in planning and executing your campaigns.

Multigraph advertising costs but 25% to 75% of printers' charges.

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Just think of having such an equipment in the privacy of your own office.

You can reach out into new fields with every kind of persuasive, intimate, business-getting literature.

When the salesmen come along the ground is all ready for them.

But the Multigraph doesn't stop there, it keeps right on co-operating with them. It gingers them up, locates new prospects, keeps after dealers, acknowledges salesmen's calls, follows up inquiries.

THE MULTIGRAPH

Produces real printing and form typewriting rapidly economically privately in your own establishment

You can easily determine if the Multigraph fits your business. You can count also on the helpful co-operation—free to every Multigraph User—of our Business Aid Department. You can't buy a Multigraph unless you need it; but we'll gladly send a trained expert to help you investigate at no expense to you.

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Twenty-five cents or fifty cents worth of Comfort is a good deal, if the money is spent for

PARIS GARTERS

When you pay for a pair of Paris Garters, be sure you get them; the name is on the back of the shield.

25c - 50c

A. Stein & Company, Makers
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Saves Labor 52,000 Times a Day!

52,000! This is the number of times your typist hits the keys of your typewriter in performing the average day's work. These figures may surprise you but you can easily verify them for yourself. Every one of these 52,000 strokes is performed with less effort on the

Light Touch

Monarch

Think of it! A daily labor saving multiplied 52,000 times. Think what that means in a month or a year. Is it any wonder that the words "no three o'clock fatigue" have become universally current among Monarch operators? Or that these operators swear by the Monarch? Or that Monarch owners are pleased with the work they get—its quantity and its quality? Ask any Monarch owner or operator and find out for yourself.

We have an illustrated booklet on the subject which is yours for the asking.

Monarch Department
Remington Typewriter Company
(Incorporated)
New York and Everywhere

MONSIEUR POMPADOUR

(Continued from Page 13)

fisherman straddled across a fallen tree-trunk and nodded his dozy head and pole in the shadow of his still-water retreat. The Cleopatra in Myrtle stirred vaguely and sighed down through the centuries.

"When our ship comes in," she said, "I want to own a white electric launch, with a striped awning and a shiny brass railing, and with a searchlight, so you can float down the river at night, with the water hittin' the sides of the boat and music playin'."

"Then she woke up," said Mr. Hagan, "and the cabbage was burnin' on the stove."

"Just the same, Joe," chortled Mr. Swingley, "if we get them hotel cigar concessions we may be runnin' one of them things ourselves some of these days."

"Say, Swingley, wouldn't Mrs. Smithers, Myrtle here, make a swell picture for our two-for-five Havana speciala?"

"By crickety, yes!" cried Swingley. "She'd make a cheroot look like a three for fifty, wouldn't she?—them eyes and hair!"

"Nix!" said Myrtle in mock consternation. "I'd scare off all the customers."

"Like fun! You're a regular Anna Held when it comes to looks."

The pink of pleasure dyed her face.

"Gee," cried Anna, "but ain't it pretty over in that V-shaped place? It looks like a park."

"And look!" cried Mr. Joe. "There's that sign the kid told us about; that's Tunis Hollow. It don't look like there's currents and rapids there, does it?"

"A friend of mine told me a boat turned over there once and a bunch was drowned," whispered Anna as if she were in a cathedral.

"There ain't never any excuse for an accident," said Mr. Swingley, "if you know your business."

"I remember reading about that accident," said Mr. Hagan; "a bunch was saved and a bunch drowned."

"We went the other direction last night," said Anna. "It was swell!"

"We can go over there and look round—I ain't afraid," said Swingley, rowing steadily ahead.

"Oh, oh, oh!" squealed Anna. "Honest, Swingley, you are a regular daredevil."

"What's there to be afraid of? Come on; I'll row you over and show you Tunis Hollow," he insisted, still rowing ahead.

"No—no!" cried Myrtle. "I've heard about the rapids that don't show on top; look! I can kinda see it boiling from here."

"Ain't that the woman for you!" said Mr. Swingley.

They glided on, with the hot sun baking their skins dry and its polished golden sheen in their eyes. From time to time Mr. Swingley drew in his oars and they drifted close to the bank. Myrtle leaned back and, without raising her eyes, regarded Mr. Hagan through lowered lids.

"Are you happy, little one?" he asked in a voice as gentle as a muted violin string.

"Ye-es," she drawled at him, smiling through her delicious languor.

"You little devil!" he said. She smiled as if he had mounted a new gem in her diadem of virtues. "I wish," he said, "this boat would turn over or something, so I could rescue you."

"I wouldn't let you," she objected, smiling archly.

"You would!" he insisted.

"Wouldn't!"

"You're a great kid!" he whispered.

Her eyes were mere slits to keep the sun out; behind the curtain of her lashes her low-lidded glance thridded pleasantly up and down his spine.

"Gee-whiz," he sighed, "but you can get a fellow goin'!"

The boat hugged the shore; they passed beneath spreading branches that brushed their heads and forced them to crouch low. A sudden bend brought them to a cool stretch of bank with a natural landing. They climbed out and tied their boat.

Meanwhile the sun had wandered through a cloud; the woods were pleasantly damp and darkly green. They trudged, a merry foursome, to a small grassy ridge with a level top and a background of deep-reaching forest—with arms as high and uplifted as the cedars of Lebanon.

"Home was never like this!" cried Joe, depositing the lunch-basket on the summit of the ridge.

"Gee, ain't I got a thirst though! Let's get to the bottom of this basket quick!" cried Swingley, scrambling breathlessly up the steep ascent.

"Aw, now," cried his wife, a note of anxiety in her voice; "if I'd 'a' known there was bottles in the bottom of that I wouldn't 'a' come—you ought to know better'n to let him, Joe."

"I'll watch him, all-righty. Don't you worry, Anna; there ain't going to be no funny business."

"You need too much watchin' yourself!" Anna snapped back at him.

"There you take that!" said Swingley, printing a large kiss on his wife's brow. "Ain't I the henpecked hubby, Myrtle? Don't she treat her old man real mean—me buyin' her more clothes than she can shake a stick at and giving her a five-dollar goldpiece this very morning!"

Mrs. Swingley's eyes were cold.

"You know very well what I'm driving at, Swingley—you know what I mean all-righty——"

"Cut it out, kid! I've stood enough from you now," he cried with a sudden shift of mood. "That ain't what I married you for."

"And it ain't what I married you for'"

"None of your bossin' round here! I was my own boss before I ever knew there was anything like you behind the cigar counter in the Driglet Drug Store."

Anna reddened high up into her hair and made aimless little forays into the basket for sandwiches, which she unwrapped with hands that trembled.

"Look at those little red flowers growin' in the moss!" cried Myrtle, bent on ignoring these barometric evidences of storm pressure. "If there's one thing I love more than another it's flowers."

"I know one thing I love more than flowers," said Joe, drawing her arm through his. She flushed, and drew her arm away. "Freshie!" she said. "Here, help me open out the tablecloth."

They spread their feast beneath an oak—massive, full of years, and older than their combined ages. The cavelike smell of unsunned earth and the green twilight of overhanging trees was cooling. Through the lacework of leaves they could see the shining flow of the river—like oxidized silver now that the sunlight was gone.

"My!" cried Myrtle, piling high a wooden plate with pickles. "I'm glad the sun ain't out."

"Oh, oh!" squealed Anna. "There's a big ant running across the tablecloth!"

"'Fraid cat!" said Myrtle, flipping it off with her thumb and forefinger.

They seated themselves tailor fashion about the banquet outspread on the uneven and maternal bosom of earth.

"Before we begin, Joe, run down and see if you can't find a spring or something, and bring some water back in this bucket," cried Anna, helping her husband to a large plate of sandwiches.

"Spring water nothin'!" retorted Swingley, delving to the bottom of the basket—"Spring water nothin'!" He drew out amber-colored bottles of ale and beer, three in each hand, and twirled them like so many tenpins. "This is the only and original spring water—the rest of it is only good for washin' in."

The bottles, still sweating on the outside, were placed at intervals about the cloth.

"Well, Swingley, here goes!" cried Joe, prying the fluted tin top off a bottle and pouring, with hand held high, a thin stream of purring liquid into the glass. It settled clear as amber, with an inch-high cap of foam, which rose with nice calculation above the rim of the glass, but did not overflow. They passed glasses carefully from one to the other.

"Ah!" said Swingley, draining his at a draught and wiping the mustache of foam off his lips—"Ah!"

"Thanks, I don't want none," said Anna, turning away from the proffered glass and biting sullenly into a sandwich.

"Pass it back to her, Joe. None of them high-handed manners here, missy—you didn't learn them behind Driglet's counter, and you can't learn 'em to me. No poutin' out of you, neither!"

"I don't want none," she repeated.

Her husband pressed the glass into her reluctant hand.

"No poutin' here!" he insisted.

She hesitated, looked at him darkly, and sipped with the grace with which she might have quaffed hemlock phosphate.

The King of Bitter Sweets

You will experience an altogether new delight in the delicious and tempting bitter sweets,

REX CHOCOLATES

"The American Candy"

The crisp chocolate coating adds an enticing touch of sweetened bitterness to the flavor of the smooth creamy centers.

35c—60c—$1 the box

At your dealer's or direct on receipt of price.

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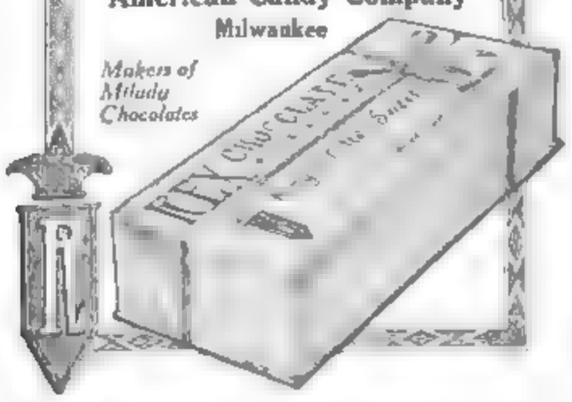

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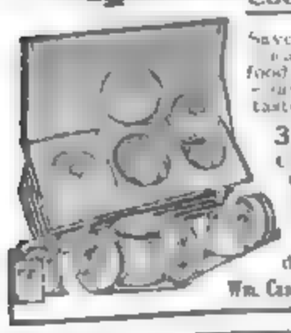

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With the opening of each bottle the men's spirits fizzed and foamed; they abandoned the cocoon of restraint and let their shouts and laughter echo and reëcho through the somnolent air. Myrtle regarded them with anxiety on her face.

"Don't mind 'em!" whispered Anna. "They're just like two kids when they get out in the country together—workin' so hard all week and all."

Joe leaned over and looked closely into Myrtle's face; his tan-colored skin had darkened like damp clay.

"Well, baby doll," he said, "you're having the time of your life, ain't you? Look at me—gwan, baby doll!"

"Quit!" she said.

Swingley stretched himself full length on the grass, his head pillowed on his wife's lap and a high flush up round his small eyes.

"You're my honey, ain't you?" he cried.

"Yes," she answered mechanically.

He fingered a small gold chain that dangled from her belt.

"I gave you that, kid, didn't I? There ain't many get more'n you. When she comes into the stand all rigged up like a Christmas tree they all sit up and take notice of her—don't they, Joe?"

"What's that," cried Myrtle—"thunder? Gee! It looks like rain—don't it?"

"Thunder!" repeated Anna. "Come on, Swingley; let's try and get back before it begins to rain—me and Myrt don't want to spoil our new duds."

"Sure, we'll go back!" cried Swingley, draining the last glass. "Sure, we'll go back! Joe, you go down and saddle up the boat."

"I don't think we can beat the storm back, though. Ain't it hard to row when it gets rough, Mr. Swingley?" ventured Myrtle.

"Hard to row in a storm?" he replied, scrambling to his feet. "I could row through a molasses stream in winter!"

"Whoop, old man! That we both of us could!" cried Joe. "That we both of us could!" They roared out their laughter, whacked hard at each other, and swore sempiternal and mutual regard.

"Oh! Oh!" cried Myrtle, dodging a steel-white Z. "That was lightning!"

They scrambled their belongings together. Not a leaf stirred; but all about them were the buzz and cries and calls of uneasy insects, and a pregnant calm that stifled them with its humidity. Thunder rumbled like a caged beast when he sees his keeper approach with a joint of beef; quick, sharp lightning snapped and darted.

"Hurry!" cried Myrtle, running down the incline, hat in hand. "I don't think we'd even better try to make it back, though."

As she spoke the branches set up a great gibberish and a romping wind bowed them low. The gloom glowered to a sudden dusk, and in a moment the forest was waving and bowing and writhing its frondlike boughs and large, windblown drops began to spat heavily through the trees.

They hunched beneath the friendly oak; but the rain slanted in their faces and the lightning cracked and zigzagged before their eyes. The two girls buried their faces and closed their ears to the storm; the men turned up their collars and huddled up against the tree like wet fowls when the perpendicular lightning came close.

Then the thunder rumbled off and left only a cold drizzle, which beat against the leaves and into their clothing, and softened the floor of the woods from firm moss to dank mud.

"Say, Joe, ain't you got no manners at all? Why don't you offer Myrt your coat? Can't you see she's freezin'?"

"Sure, I can," Joe replied, starting to peel it off; but Myrtle would have none of it and edged away from his touch. "Gee, ain't you chilly to a fellow! I thought you a live one, I did."

The band on Myrtle's hat had run in blue, wavering streaks down the brim and on to her coat; the hem of her skirt was splashed and streaked with brown.

"You're as funny as widow's weeds!" she said.

"It's gettin' late; we'd better beat it—this here rain is goin' to keep up," said Anna, scanning the skies.

They ventured down the hillside, their feet squelching in the mud, and climbed into the boat, the fine rain beating against them.

"Me for the oars!" cried Swingley.

"Aw, George, you ain't fit. Look how rough it is and everything—let Joe row back! Gwan, Joe."

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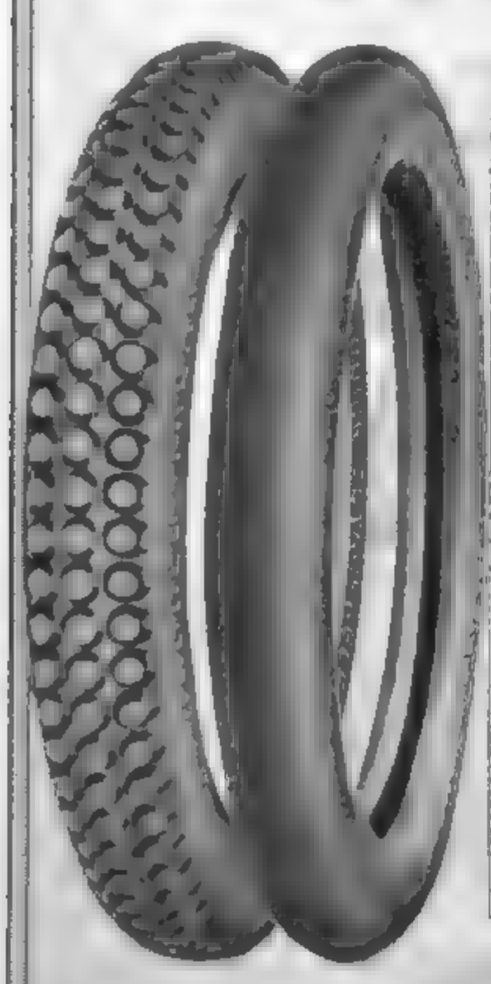

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"Lemme alone!" cried Swingley, fitting his oars until the boat tipped violently with his shifting weight. "Who's runnin' this here party—you or me?"

"Swingley's runnin' this party!" chuckled Joe. "All you got to do, old man, is keep out in middle river, where it's quieter and won't wash us too close to those mudbanks."

They rowed against the stream and against the rain. Myrtle and Anna crouched, with lowered heads and hats covered with newspapers.

The men bared their heads and faces to the cleeting downpour and let it beat against their hot brows and overheated throats. Then Swingley began to sing a Broadway song, with a chorus made up of the same phrase thrice repeated; and Joe carried the refrain in a too-low tenor.

Their notes scurried out over the water like seagulls' calls. Swingley dipped deeper and with uneven strokes. Once he shifted suddenly and the boat tilted violently.

"Quit!" cried Anna. "We're away out here in the middle and it's so rough—can't you make him quit, Joe?"

"Quit!" cried Joe.

Swingley reached back and pinched playfully at his wife's cheek.

"You're not scared when you're with me, baby? You better watch out back there or I ain't goin' to have that ruby ring made up for you."

"I don't want it."

For answer Mr. Swingley shifted violently to the other side of the wet wooden seat.

"Aw, cut it out, Swingley!" cried Joe, with a laugh in his voice.

"Don't steer over that way, Swingley; there's that Tunis Hollow sign again."

"Lemme alone!" he replied to his wife. "Lemme alone!"

"Don't steer over that way, Mr. Swingley," urged Myrtle. "Look how rough it is! It's gettin' dark and we better hurry."

"Gimme them oars!" shouted Joe, suddenly rising to his feet. "Gimme them oars, old man, and I'll show you what real classy rowing means."

"Sit down, Joe—for Gawd's sake, sit down!" cried Anna.

"Sit down, Joe—sit down!" chortled Swingley in falsetto imitation of his wife's voice.

Myrtle hid her face in her hands.

"Quit scarin' the women, Swingley—quit scarin' this here chilly little baby doll!" cried Joe, standing in the center of the boat and swaying with it. "Quit scarin' the women, I say—I'm all for the women!"

"We're all for the women!" laughed Mr. Swingley, drawing an oar in out of the water and waving it cautiously at Joe. "We're all for the women!"

"Aw, cut it out, Swingley—quit now!" cried Joe, still maintaining careful balance, but following the waving oar with pantomime gesticulation in his effort to close his hand over it.

Their laughter scuttled out over the water and Joe made an enthusiastic reach for the oar. A launch chugged by them, and they exchanged laughing sallies and bobbed pleasantly on the rise it left.

In playful anxiety Swingley held his oar far out over the water and carefully out of reach; it slipped from his hands; he made a frantic clutch for it, tilting the boat to a breath-taking angle. The oar floated within reach for the merest second, and then traveled rapidly downstream and over toward the shores of Jersey, where the currents swirled it and dallied with it.

"Now you've done it!"

"Oh!" cried Anna.

"Oh, shut up!" said Swingley, suddenly subdued.

"Watch out, Mr. Swingley!" said Myrtle, her heart in her throat and her face like a gray silhouette against a brown-mist background. "I wouldn't try to get that oar back; it's right over there on them rapids now, and we're goin' there too! Work over to the other side."

"Oh, Swingley!" cried Anna, rocking backward and forward. "You can't do nothin' with that one oar, and we're bein' took over in the wrong direction!"

"Here, Joe!" said Swingley. "With a couple of naggin' womenfolks I guess I'd better give you the oar—you can get us in all right, Joe. Try to get back to the middle—that's all."

"You go ahead, Swingley," said Joe, resuming his seat—"you got your hand in it and can manage all right. Watch out there, Swingley!"

But Swingley clambered carefully to the rear of the boat—his face had colored to gray. The boat dilly-dallied, with its one oar drifting; they bobbed toward the V of the inlet.

"You got the nerve of a flea!" said Joe sourly, climbing cautiously to the center; and taking up the one oar he dipped deep and with a wide sweep. "You've done it, all right!" he said, plying the single oar. "Look! We ain't making no headway except where we don't want to go. This ain't gettin' us nowheres—and it's gettin' dark too."

"Keep—Keep her to the right, Joe!"

"I can't do nothin' with her, I tell you!" he cried, creaking his oar in its lock.

Anna continued to rock back and forth in her seat.

"Oh!" she cried under her breath "Oh! Oh! Oh!"

The rain had ceased and the cold wind blew against them.

"Quit your whinin', Anna—quit your whinin'! Fer Gawd's sake, Joe, get us out of this!—get us out, old man! You're all right if you can just keep to the right. Something'll come along and pick us up. we've passed lots of them today. Keep to the right, Joe; there ain't no danger—keep to the right!"

Joe breathed out an oath and dipped and tugged at the single oar, which struggled ineffectually, like a paralyzed arm.

"I can't do nothin' with her," he said with a note of helplessness and some terror in his voice. "I can't keep her from drifting where she wants to go, and she's going with the current. You're the quitter in the crowd, Swingley—you are! You did all the dirty work, and now ——"

Joe strained at the helpless oar and it squeaked in its lock.

"There ain't no danger—just keep to the right, Joe, for Gawd's sake—keep to the right!"

They could feel sudden and new currents tugging at the base of the boat as they swerved helplessly on into the forbidden territory.

"Quit cryin', Anna. There ain't no danger, dearie," said Myrtle with a tight note in her voice.

The cold wind lashed the wavelets to the limit of their fury; they lapped against the wooden sides and once sent the boat spinning round in a complete circle; a swell met them full broadside and slapped them sidewise until they tilted at a sharp angle—the crest of a wave splashed into the boat.

"My Gawd!" cried Swingley, clutching the sides. "Get us out of this! Get us out of this!"

"Lemme try at the oar!" said Myrtle suddenly. "If we can get back past the middle we're all right—there ain't no danger here if we only keep cool about it."

"Let her try, Joe—let her try!"

A light film of early darkness fell. They shifted places fearfully.

"Look!" cried Anna suddenly. "There's a launch up there! Look!—comin' down fast. Yell! Yell for it!"

"Sure, if there ain't!"

Like a phantom riding the mist, the trim outline of a slender-bodied naphtha launch cut through the water and straight down the middle of the stream.

Mr. Swingley and Joe cupped their hands and hallooed through the dusk once, twice, thrice—yet again.

The launch slacked and turned its pointed nose toward them; they hallooed again, and it came out of the mist, kicking up foam behind it.

"Good!" cried Joe, straining his eyes through the veil of haze. "It's empty there's plenty of room for us. And look! whatta you know about that?—a girl at the wheel!"

"Them's bad lands you've got into!" shouted the fair pilot, her voice sounding like a soprano foghorn.

They approached each other cautiously; drifting together and bobbing apart from their own contact, they bumped lightly; a rope-end struck Myrtle's hand; they clambered aboard, the women with little shrills and trills of terror, and bent almost double to escape the roof.

The launch chugged busily back to midstream, their rowboat trailing evenly behind. Swingley revived as if new blood had been pumped into his veins.

"Well, well!" he said, slapping each wet knee. "That was an experience—wasn't it, girls?"

The lean-faced woman pilot, sun-tanned as Indian pottery and with muscles that stood out on her dark arms like cords, peered through the dusk with sharp,

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bright eyes, her lips drooped at the corners in a sharp quirk of irony.

"You wasn't in no danger there; faugh, I could row them roughs in a cyclone! Me and my man haul 'em in like that all through our rentin' season—we get used to it. Nothin' could happen out there—them currents couldn't turn a canoe!"

"That's what I was tellin' the women!" cried Swingley. "There wasn't nothin' to be scared of."

Anna regarded her husband with eyes that were cold—even fishy.

"Just the samey, there was a big drownin' there one year," she said, daubing at her eyes and jerking between words like a cog that catches on its wheel.

"That was a picnic boat upset when they was actin' up—that wasn't no fault of currents; the papers got it and gave Tunis its black eye. My man rented 'em that boat."

"Five was drowned all right!"

"No fault of Tunis Hollow, by golly. When that boat went over there was one fellow swum them currents and fished the other five of 'em out and saved 'em like he was a nine-lived cat—they brought him to us with a hole in his head the size of a saucer. My old man was there when they sewed it—a regular question mark, with the hook going over the left ear and the dot down on the neck. He's the only feller ever swum them currents, but he showed it could be done."

"Oh-h-h-h!"

"My old man was there when they sewed it—him and Jimmie Allen, that dragged two girls out last summer, are the only medal fellows we ever drew, up at this end of the stream."

Her lips quirked again.

"Gee-whiz!" said Myrtle softly.

Joe's drenched spirits refused to dry.

"Just the samey," said Swingley, bent on resuscitating the party, "it's been a great experience; shows what can be done when you keep your head. There ain't no tellin' what would 'a' happened if we hadn't humored the women!"

They landed at the Riverdale pier, with darkness closing in about them.

"We'll rest up and have supper at the club," announced Swingley.

"I wanna go home!" said Myrtle with her voice tight in her throat.

"Me, too!" said Joe.

It was past eight o'clock when Myrtle turned a noiseless key in the door of the apartment; she entered softly and switched on the hall light—it sent a yellow reflection into the sitting room.

Her husband lay asleep on the davenport, with one arm thrown up over his head and between his eyes a perpendicular pucker. He was dressed in a carefully pressed drab-gray suit, and his tall collar, judiciously encircled by a lavender four-in-hand, pressed cruelly into his neck.

Myrtle regarded him from the doorway with her throat contracting as if an iron vise were tightening about it, and her surging emotions pressing and burning behind her eyes. When she crossed the floor the boards creaked beneath her tread; her husband stirred and frowned.

With her soggy skirts dank about her ankles and her limp hat too far back on her head, she sank on the floor beside the davenport. Percy's breathing was as light and regular as the ticking of a fine French clock; his lips were closed in a straight line.

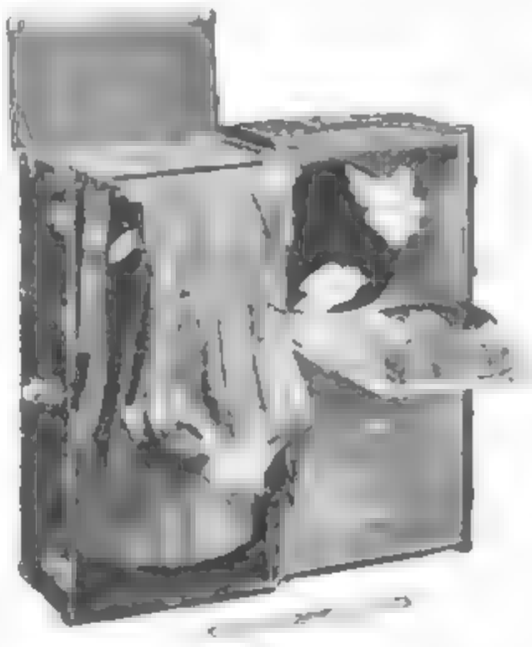
Myrtle let her hand, caressing as a westerly breeze, wander lightly over the thick hemp of his hair and down into its silky nap; her glance was as tender as heartache.

Suddenly her hand paused abruptly in the course of its caress and jerked backward from the very shoulder; the blood left her face and lips; her eyes closed and opened as if her heart had missed a beat—then her hand continued its careful course.

Beneath Percy's high-brushed pompadour, and starting from the center of the scalp, a great, hook shaped scar, half a finger wide, curved over the left ear! He winced at her touch and stirred.

She waited a breathless second and then let her hand wander carefully, tenderly farther, following the course of the hook. An inch beneath, a small, circular dent, like the dot below a question mark, completed the shallow and wicked circuit.

She placed her cheek against his and let her hand wander down his face and tight about his neck. A tear fell and widened on the exquisite lavender cravat, another, and yet another.



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ROUGHING IT DE LUXE

(Continued from Page 5)

Colorado—full of torrents and rapids; and those white specks are the tops of enormous rocks in its bed!

Imagine—if it be winter—snowdrifts above, with desert flowers blooming alongside the drifts, and down below great stretches of green verdure; imagine two or three separate snowstorms visibly raging at different points, with clear, bright stretches of distance intervening between them, and nearer maybe a splendid rainbow arching downward into the great void; for these meteorological three-ring circuses are not uncommon at certain seasons!

Imagine all this spread out beneath the unflawed turquoise of the Arizona sky and washed in the molten gold of the Arizona sunshine—and if you imagine hard enough and keep it up long enough you may begin, in the course of eight or ten years, to have a faint, a very faint and shadowy conception of this spot where the shamed scheme of creation is turned upside down and the very heart of the world is laid bare before our eyes! Then go to Arizona and see it all for yourself, and you will realize what an entirely inadequate and deficient thing the human imagination is.

It is customary for the newly arrived visitor to take a ride along the edge of the cañon—the rim-drive it is called—with stops at Hopi Point and Pima Point and Mohave Point, and other points where the views are supposed to be particularly good. To do this you get into a buckboard, drawn by horses and driven by a competent young man in a khaki uniform. Leaving behind you a clutter of hotel buildings and station buildings, bungalows and tents, you go winding away through a Government forest reserve containing much fine standing timber and plenty more that is not so fine, it being mainly stunted piñon and gnarly desert growths.

A View of Number Seven

Presently the road, which is a fine, wide, macadamized road, skirts out of the timber and threads along the cañon until it comes to a rocky flange that juts far over. You climb out there and, instinctively treading lightly on your tiptoes and breathing in syncopated breaths, you steal across the ledge, going slowly and carefully until you pause finally upon the very eyelashes of eternity and look down into that great muffin-mold of a cañon.

You are at the absolute jumping-off place. There is nothing between you and the undertaker except six thousand feet, more or less, of dazzling Arizona climate. Below you, beyond you, stretching both ways from you, lie those buried mountains, the eternal herds of the Lord's cattlefold; there are scars upon their sides, like the marks of a mighty branding iron, and in the distance, viewed through the vapor-waves of melting snow, their sides seem to heave up and down like the flanks of panting cattle. Half a mile under you, straight as a man can spit, are gardens of willows and grasses and flowers, looking like tiny green patches, and the tents of a camp looking like white dots; and there is a plateau down there that appears to be as flat as your hand and is seemingly no larger, but actually is of a size sufficient for the evolutions of a brigade of cavalry.

When you have had your fill of this the guide takes you and leads you—you still stepping lightly to avoid starting anything—to a spot from which he points out to you, riven into the face of a vast perpendicular chasm above a cave like a monstrous door, a tremendous and perfect figure seven—the house number of the Almighty Himself. By this I mean no irreverence. If ever Jehovah chose an earthly abiding-place, surely this place of awful, unutterable majesty would be it. You move a few yards farther along and instantly the seven is gone—the shift of shadow upon the rock wall has wiped it out and obliterated it—but you do not mourn the loss, because there are still upward of a million things for you to look at.

And then, if you have timed wisely the hour of your coming, the sun pretty soon goes down; and as it sinks lower and lower out of titanic crannies come the thickening shades, making new plays and tricks of painted colors upon the walls—purples and reds and golds and blues and yellows and browns—and the cañon is filled to its very brim with the silence of the coming night.

You stand there, stricken dumb, with your whole being dwarfed yet transfigured; and in the glory of that moment you can even forget the gabble of the lady tourist alongside of you who, after searching her soul for the right words, comes right out and gives the Grand Cañon her cordial indorsement. She pronounces it to be just perfectly lovely! But I said at the outset I was not going to undertake to describe the Grand Cañon—and I'm not. These few remarks were practically jolted out of me and should not be made to count in the total score.

Having seen the cañon—or a little bit of it—from the top, the next thing to do is to go down into it and view it from the sides and the bottom. Most of the visitors follow the Bright Angel Trail which is handily near by and has an assuring name. There are only two ways to do the inside of the Grand Cañon—afoot and on muleback. The hotel provides the necessary regalia, if you have not come prepared—divided skirts for the women and leggings for the men, a mule apiece and a guide to every party of six or eight.

At the start there is always a lot of nervous chatter—airy persiflage flies to and fro and much laughing is indulged in. But it has a forced, strained sound, that laughter has; it does not come from the heart, the heart being otherwise engaged for the moment. Down a winding footpath moves the procession, with the guide in front, and behind him in single file his string of pilgrims—all as nervous as cats and some holding to their saddle-pommels with deathgrips. Just under the first terrace a halt is made while the official photographer takes a picture; and when you get back he has your finished copy ready for you, so you can see for yourself just how pale and haggard and wall-eyed and like a typhoid patient you looked.

The parade moves on. All at once you notice that the person immediately ahead of you has apparently ridden right over the wall of the cañon. A moment ago his arched back loomed before you; now he is utterly gone. It is at this point that some tourists tender their resignations—to take effect immediately. To the credit of the sex be it said, the statistics show that fewer women quit here than men. Nearly always there is some man who remembers where he left his umbrella or something, and he goes back after it and forgets to return.

Farewell to the World

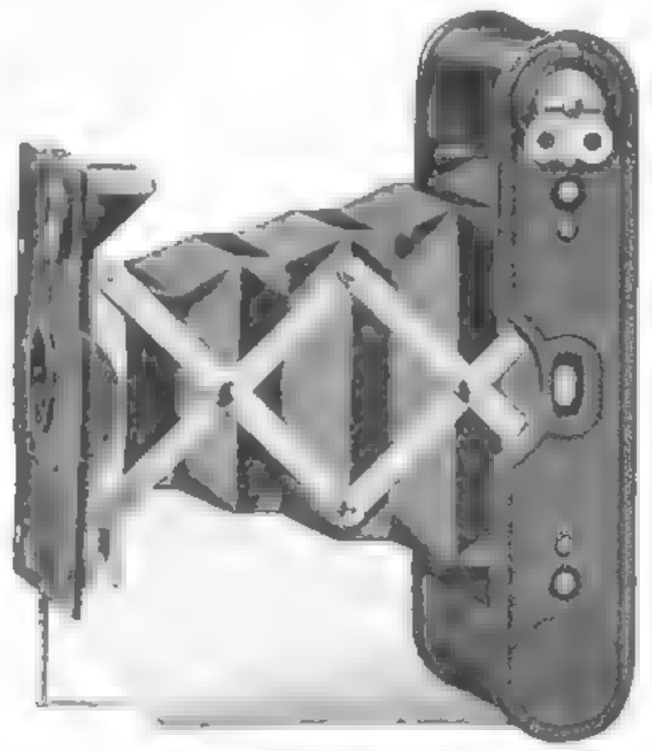
In our crowd there was one person who left us here. He was a circular person; about forty per cent of him, I should say, rimmed with jelly. He climbed right down off his mule. He said:

"I'm not scared myself, you understand, but I've just recalled that my wife is a nervous woman. She'd have a fit if she knew I was taking this trip! I love my wife, and for her sake I will not go down this cañon, dearly as I would love to." And with that he headed for the hotel. I wanted to go with him. I wanted to go along with him and comfort him, help him have his chill, and if necessary send a telegram for him to his wife—she was in Pittsburgh telling her that all was well. But I did not. I kept on. I have been trying to figure out ever since whether this showed courage on my part or cowardice.

Over the ridge and down the steep declivity beyond goes your mule, slipping a little. He is reared back until his rump almost brushes the trail; he grunts mild protests at every lurching step and grips his shoecalks into the half-frozen path. You reflect that thousands of persons have already done this thing; that thousands of others—men, women and children—are going to do it, and that no serious accident has yet occurred—which is some comfort, but not much. The thought comes to you that, after all, it is a very bright and beautiful world you are leaving behind. You turn your head to give it a long, lingering farewell, and try to put your mind on something cheerful—such as your life insurance. Then something happens.

The trail, that has been slanting at a downward angle which is a trifle steeper than a ship's ladder, but not quite so steep perhaps as a board fence, takes an abrupt turn to the right. You duck your head and go through a little tunnel in the rock, patterned on the same general design of the

The Vest Pocket



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Has Kodak Ball Bearing shutter with iris diaphragm stops, meniscus achromatic lens, Autotime scale and brilliant reversible finder. Loads in daylight with Kodak film cartridges for eight exposures. A fixed focus makes it always ready for quick work. Lustrous black metal finish.

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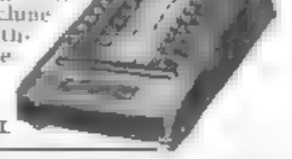

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The smart, snug-fitting appearance of trim ankles is assured with elastic SEAMLESS IPSWICH HOSIERY knit snug at the ankle and wide at the leg

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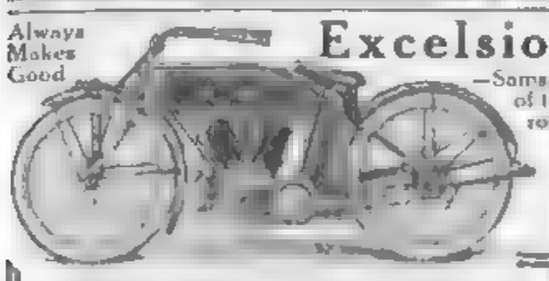

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Rowboat $20.00

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Can be worn in this condition by Men, Women and Children. [illegible] blocked in any style. Light weight. Very [illegible] All [illegible] sizes. Brims from 2½ to 6 inches. Sent [illegible]

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"Weaver to Wearer"

PANAMA HAT CO., Dept. A, 230 Broadway, New York City

needle's eye that is going to give so many of our prominent captains of industry trouble in the hereafter. And as you emerge on the lower side you forget all about your life-insurance papers and freeze to your pommel with both hands, and cram your poor cold feet into the stirrups—even in warm weather they'll be good and cold—and all your vital organs come up in your throat, where you can taste them. If anybody had shot me through the middle just about then he would have inflicted only a flesh wound.

You have come out on a place where the trail clings to the sheer side of the dizziest, deepest chasm in the known world. One of your legs is scraping against the everlasting granite; the other is dangling over half a mile of fresh mountain air. The mule's off hind hoof grates and grinds on the flinty trail, dislodging a fair-sized stone that flops over the verge. You try to look down and see where it is going and find you haven't the nerve to do it—but you can hear it falling from one narrow ledge to another, picking up other stones as it goes until there must be a fair-sized little avalanche of them cascading down. The sound of their roaring, racketing passage dies almost out, and then there rises up to you from those unutterable depths a dull, thuddy little sound—those stones have reached the cellar! Then to you there comes the pleasing reflection that if your mule slipped and you fell off and were dashed to fragments, they would not be large, mussy, irregular fragments, but little teeny-weeny fragments, such as would not bring the blush of modesty to the cheek of the most fastidious.

My Melancholy Mule

Only your mule never slips off! It is contrary to a mule's religion and politics, and all his traditions and precedents, to slip off. He may slide a little and stumble once in a while, and he may, with malice aforethought, try to scrape you off against the outjutting shoulders of the trail; but he positively will not slip off. It is not because he is interested in you. A tourist on the cañon's rim a simple tourist is to him and nothing more; but he has no intention of getting himself hurt. Instinct has taught that mule it would be to him a highly painful experience to fall a couple of thousand feet or so and light on a pile of rocks; and therefore, through motives that are purely selfish, he studiously refrains from so doing. When the Prophet of old wrote, "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him," and so on, I judge he had reference to a mule on a narrow trail.

My mule had one very disconcerting way about him—or, rather, about her, for it was of the gentler sex. When she came to a particularly scary spot, which was every minute or so, she would stop dead still. I concurred in that part of it heartily. But then she would face outward and crane her neck over the fathomless void of that bottomless pit, and for a space of moments would gaze steadily downward, with a suicidal gleam in her eyes. It worried me no little; and if I had known, at the time, that she had a German name it would have worried me even more, I guess. But either the time was not ripe for the rash act or else she abhorred the thought of being found dead in the company of a mere tourist, so she did not leap off into space, but restrained herself; and I was very grateful to her for it. It made a bond of sympathy between us.

On you go, winding on down past the red limestone and the yellow limestone and the blue sandstone, which is green generally; past huge bat caves and the big nests of pack-rats, tucked under shelves of Nature's making; past stratified millions of crumbling seashells that tell to geologists the tale of the salt-water ocean that once on a time, when the world was young and callow, filled this hole brim full; and presently, when you have begun to piece together the tattered fringes of your nerves, you realize that this cañon is even more wonderful when viewed from within than it is when viewed from without. Also, you begin to notice now that it is most extensively autographed.

Apparently about every other person who came this way remarked to himself that this cañon was practically completed and only needed his signature as collaborator to round it out—so then he signed it and it was a finished job. Some of them brought down colored chalk and stencils, and marking pots, and paints and brushes,

YOU'RE JUST AS FRESH AT FIVE O'CLOCK

The Girard is a perfect cigar for the business man because it is "easy on nerves". It's the blend. The strain of modern business makes such a mild, delicate, yet full-flavored cigar a great comfort to the man who can think better when he is smoking.

GIRARD Cigar

The cigar shown here is a "Broker" actual size, price 10c. There are other sizes and shapes up to 15c.

Your dealer knows about the Girard. Ask him for one.

Antonio Roig & Langsdorf, Philadelphia Established 1871

Men with the finer dress instincts always favor

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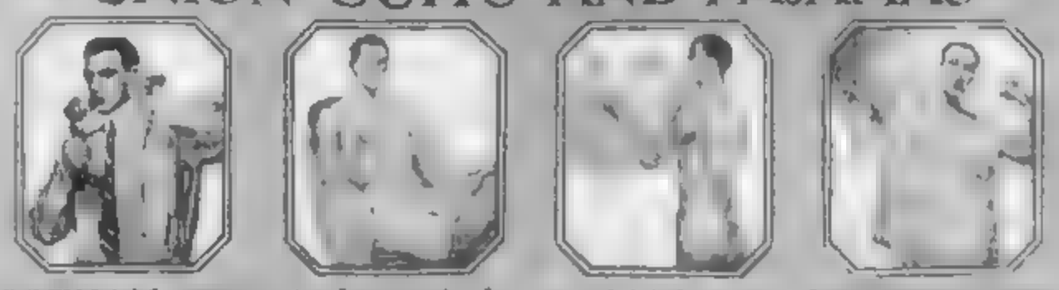
ATHLETIC UNDERWEAR

UNION SUITS AND PAJAMAS



GOTHAM garments bespeak the usual high note of excellence that has always been associated with the GOTHAM standard. Tailoring, fabrics and fitting qualities, as usual, leave nothing to be desired.

SHIRTS $1.00 to $10.00. PAJAMAS $1.50 to $10.00 the Suit. UNDERWEAR 50c to $3.50 the garment. UNION SUITS $1.00 to $7.50. At all good stores.

You'll be interested in the Style Book De Luxe. It's yours, gratis, on request to

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The Acid Test of Watch Character and Accuracy

It Speaks Volumes To Keen, Foresighted Men!

What do *you* see in the South Bend trademark—a mere novelty? Look again!—and get the full depth of its measureless significance to you. Here is a watch so finely adjusted that, though frozen in ice for twenty-four long hours, it continues all the while to keep accurate-to-the-second time.

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Successful men and men marked for big successes select their friends with thought and care. Yet no friend is closer to you than the watch you carry. On nothing are you more dependent, as you go through life.

Watches are true character tell-tales. You never saw the rule to fail. You never saw a South Bend owner who was shiftless, spineless and of uncertain caliber. On the contrary, the South Bend owner is invariably a man who finds his own exalted standards reflected in this celebrated watch.

Think of it in your own case—as a partner in your business—as a companion—as a bed-fellow—as a pace-maker to your ambitions and as a yard-stick of self-esteem.

Ask yourself why you should carry time at all, if you cannot have absolute time-accuracy. And consider, finally, how little additional one is asked to pay for the unusual character and refinement, the everlasting service of a South Bend Watch. The prices range from $15 to $100. A South Bend Jeweler is in every town.

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Inspect our very latest models. Ask especially to examine the South Bend "double roller" movement. It represents a great achievement in watch construction, and is as superior to the ordinary single roller movement as the four-cylinder automobile is superior to the "one lunger" of early days.

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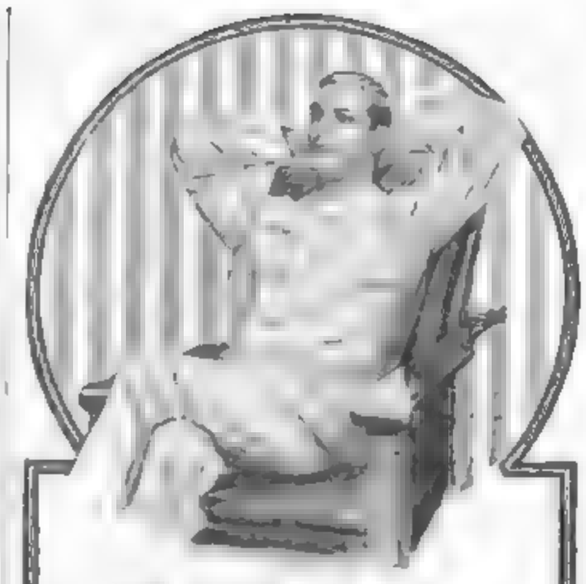

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are an advanced style of nightwear, refined in appearance and wonderful in their soothing, sleep-inviting quality.

Hundreds of styles. Pajamas, $1, $1.50, $2, $2.50 and up. Night Shirts at all prices depending on materials.

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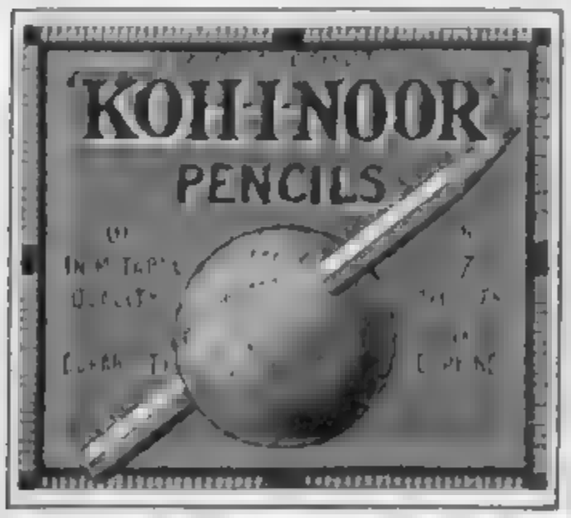

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A post-card will bring it to you free.

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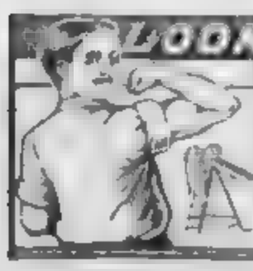
MEDARTS HOME GYMNASIUM DID IT



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For Sale, "Franklin," 251 acres in the most fertile, beautiful [illegible] and [illegible] and [illegible] and

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THE kitchen need play no part in your summer plans and pleasures, whether you make your own home your headquarters or enjoy the great outdoors at a summer camp or cottage.

The wholesome, well-cooked foods offered under the *Veribest* brand save any member of family or party from the misery of playing cook while the rest enjoy life.

With no danger of monotony—there is a *Veribest* product for every day in the week, an appetizing dish that insures good eating, whether served hot or cold.

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There is beef, mutton, tongue, corned beef, boned chicken and turkey, dried beef, etc.—each warranted to be both delicious and "filling."

Veribest loaf products, such as veal and ham and chicken, and the many kinds of dainty fancy sausages, taste just as good for every day suppers or luncheons as they did at your last "Dutch" lunch.

Veribest Sandwich filling makes packing the luncheon basket easy—*Veribest* Pork and Beans are an ever welcome stand-by—you can even have a good old-fashioned Irish Stew.

The July issue of Armour's Monthly Cook Book will give a list of *Veribest* Products. Look below in the right hand column and read how to get it.

Send for Bouillon Cube Samples and Armour Cook Book

We want recipes from users of Armour products—*Veribest*, "STAR" Ham, "Simon Pure" Leaf Lard, Armour's Extract of Beef. For every one received we will pay in generous samples of Armour's Bouillon Cubes, both beef and chicken, together with a **free three months' subscription** to Armour's Monthly Cook Book.

The Bouillon Cube samples will introduce you to a food beverage that affords convenience and comfort all the year round.

The Cook Book gives you 200 new and original recipes this month—send in yours now and you will get the July number, which will have 50 special *Veribest* recipes, sent in from contributors, as well as a list of *Veribest* products and some interesting suggestions from the editor.

We also enter your recipe in our big Prize Recipe contest—

Armour's "STAR" "The Ham What Am"

is another product especially appropriate for vacation day menus. Delicately pink and white, mild, juicy and tender, there is never a morsel wasted whether you bake or boil, fry or broil.

Chosen with care for quality, cured and smoked with the skill acquired in 50 years of curing and smoking, it well deserves its famous title of "the ham what am."

Armour's "Simon Pure" Leaf Lard

should never be forgotten—it is the shortening that gives you good luck when you make bread or biscuits, pie or cake, or want to fry in deep fat.

Made only from the finest leaf fat, pure, delicate, snowy white, it is not only "cream of lard," but **cream of shortening.**

Armour's Extract of Beef

gives you the pure beef flavor that you need to make gravy, as the meat itself rarely affords enough to go round.

A quarter teaspoonful added to any meat dish gives character and richness—it is the great aid to good and economical living, necessary as salt and pepper once you learn its value.

Best Cargo for the Camping Party

Armour's *Veribest*

TRADE MARK

The Brand that Stands for Wholesome, Well Cooked Food

$550 This Month in Prizes

Awards to be Made as Follows:

50 Prizes of $5 each for Armour's *Veribest* recipes, 50 prizes of $3 each for Armour's "Star" Ham recipes, 50 prizes of $2 each for Armour's "Simon Pure" Leaf Lard recipes, 50 prizes of $1 each for Armour's Extract of Beef Recipes.

One prize of each denomination is awarded in every state in the Union, including District of Columbia. We are also offering one $5, one $3, one $2, and one $1 prize for recipes from the Canadian provinces of Alberta, British Columbia and Saskatchewan.

Send recipes promptly. Contest closes June 14th and recipes cannot be considered after that date. Different contest next month.

Prize-winning recipes, with names and addresses of winners, will be printed in the July Cook Book.

Awards are made for economy, practicability and originality. The recipes received from each state are considered separately, greatly increasing your chance of winning.

Write on one side of the paper only, pin all pages together and put your name at the top of every page. Send to Mary Jane McClure, Dept. 314, Armour and Company, Chicago.

OWN YOUR OWN HOME

(Continued from Page 14)

He will call in the architects and prepare for parking spaces in his broad streets and for the erection of a group of pioneer houses designed to set the mark in taste and price for those that are to follow. The names of the streets are individual problems—they must be smart and classy—and the name of the development itself is one of the greatest problems of all. "Park" and "Heights" long ago lost caste along with novelty, and the shrewd operators began to turn toward pompous English gazetteers for fresh suggestions. One young man called his developments "Estates," whereupon several of his competitors showed their full appreciation of his taste by entitling their own developments Estates. These seem trivial things, but they are not—they are factors in selling lots—which is after all the chief business of any development. An attractive lodge gate, or a winding street quaintly named after some half-forgotten English village, has caught more than one woman wavering in the balance and made a sale. Real estate has done something pretty definite toward commercializing estheticism—within the past twelve years it has been a godsend to the revival of good architecture in the United States.

A good development should be well located, attractively planned and correctly named, and should have smart offices with dressy young salesmen to wait on customers and a brisk and intelligent advertising campaign. If the development be of the popular sort and possibly well toward the outer rim of the suburbs it will be shrewd to send possible patrons down on special trains.

A special train with free tickets makes the buyer blissfully ignorant both of high commutation and of the fearful number of stops that the regular train makes between the development and the downtown terminal. It pays its way.

Of course if the development has high caste a special train does not do at all. The operator must either furnish tickets on a fast express—not omitting parlor-car seats—or, better still, have a fleet of trim touring cars in service, with natty, liveried chauffeurs. These are referred to as motor cars. If any young salesman fresh from the country calls them automobiles, they fire him. It takes style to sell high-caste real estate.

"The cost of such high-grade salesmanship," you inquire—for your mind is still on that Buckingham Road lot—"is it a tax on me?"

It is a good deal of a tax on the purchaser. The real-estate business, like almost every other new business flush and prosperous in early popularity, has only recently begun to count the cost. It seems to take from twelve to fifteen years for any business to find itself, to settle down to hard economics of salesmanship and operation, and a maximum of efficiency at a minimum of cost. A new business, blazing a trail through untrod places, is bound to make expensive mistakes. It takes time to avoid the most of these. This matter of salesmanship cost obsesses you and you begin to ask questions about the expenses of these special trains, elaborate offices and the fleets of big touring cars with the liveried chauffeurs.

Let the answer come from one of the successful young operators on Long Island.

The Allowance for Profit

"To net a developer a decent profit and costs for surveying, improvements and selling, including advertising," he tells you frankly, "land should sell for at least four times what you pay for it. I think that you would find that a fair average in Long Island developments, although at times it has been successfully sold at six and seven times the cost."

That seems high, and you turn to another successful operator—a man who is known in more than one big city.

"It varies," he says, with Solomonesque wisdom. "I should say that two and a half times was a fairer average than four times."

And yet there is a magnificent development just north of one large city—a suburban residence park without a peer elsewhere in the land—the proprietor of which boasts that he has never spent a cent for salesmanship.

"——— Park sells itself," is his boast. "People come out, see it and then line up to buy. I have never had to carry a disbursing account for salesmanship, and that saving I divide with my customers."

Another plan of the same sort, rapidly taking form in the suburbs of a Western city, has called forth a similar boast. In location and accessibility it has had to concede nothing. Its promoter had a big Long Island operator looking over his tract within the past few months. The Long Islander waxed properly enthusiastic about the beauties of the development.

"You don't see any high-priced salesmen or special trains out here, do you?" said the Westerner. "These lots sell themselves."

"Not always," was the reply of the man from New York. "Some one might start a rival place next door—with all of the smart tricks of good salesmanship behind him—and your natural advantages would count as nothing. People must have advantages pumped into them by main force."

And the New Yorker was a man whose judgment had been acquired by long years of hard experience.

These are but two out of all the representative American cities that have felt more or less indirectly the effect of the nation-wide real-estate boom. It came upon the heels of the first lull after the advent of the trolley car with its tremendous city-development possibilities. For a time New York took money out of other American towns, as we have already seen; then real-estate men of the in-country cities began to take counsel with one another. It was bad business, for instance, to let ten million dollars go out of a town of one hundred thousand inhabitants, and so these real-estate men found the local bankers ready to aid them in suburban developments at home. The local trolley interests were also affected—the average one-family house contributes, at a five-cent fare, sixty dollars annually to the coffers of the street railroad company—and so they generally came along also.

Newer Houses Good-Looking

It has, therefore, been within recent years that Baltimore capital has devoted itself largely to Baltimore suburban development, Minneapolis capital to its own suburban promotion, Chicago capital to its own—and so on down the list of important cities. The gain in them may not be quite so great as in New York, but the stake is not so high at the beginning or some of the risks so threatening. And these developments, intelligently designed and intelligently promoted, have done wonders for the outskirts of every growing American town. The hodge-podge suburban architecture of the seventies, the eighties and the nineties, the crimes of sheer ugliness these decades promulgated, are no longer continued. We talk fancifully of English garden towns and of reproducing the famous and attractive suburbs of Paris or Berlin or Vienna, and then we go ahead and do it—in wood and brick and stone and concrete, and in gentle topography and restful contour of drives and green lawns and brilliant flower-beds and restful places—and all to our eternal credit. And the generations that are coming up now from cribs and baby toys may yet be appreciative enough to call us blessed.

"Well and good," you say impatiently, "but how about that lot out in Buckingham Road?"

You have a right to be worried about your first purchase of real estate—about the permanent location for your domicile. For the way is not always easy for a man, even after that fire of old ownership has begun to burn anew within his soul and he has fully decided to buy and build. He feels that he is sailing his ship through strange waters. He is more apt to be confused than aided by the frequently conflicting statements of the rival real-estate men. They come to him by the dozens, all equally plausible in their statements—the honest and the accurate and the dishonest and the inaccurate.

He feels that it is business to which he is little suited and steps fearfully when he steps at all.

In the first place, you must satisfy yourself as to whether you have sufficient income or not to justify you in building and carrying on the ownership of a house. A big operator, who has probably provided more individual homes of moderate cost in

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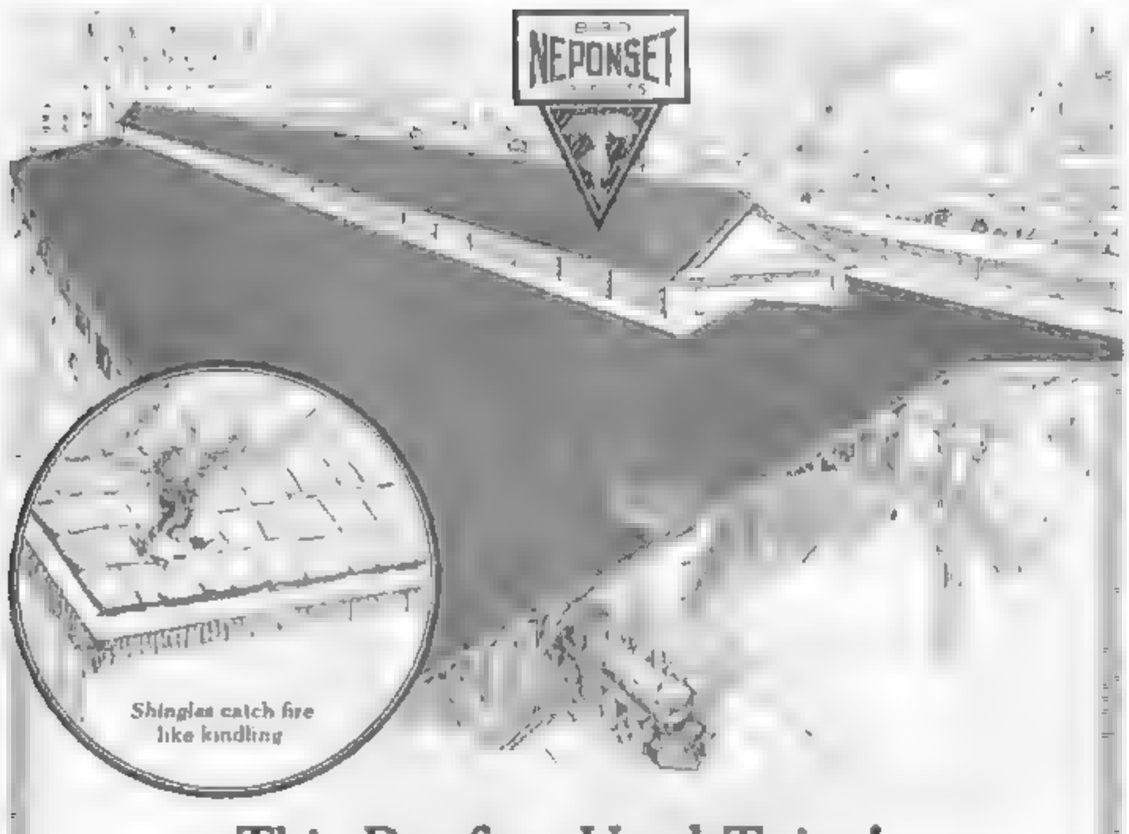

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the New York metropolitan district than any two other builders, says that no New Yorker can afford to do it who has not an income of at least twenty-five dollars a week. And then he adds that a man could probably carry the ownership of a house at a smaller salary than that in any other city of the country. But if a man's income is below that basic figure he had better reconcile himself to rent-paying until he can earn more.

All of this brings us directly to the question of the proportion of his salary that a man can afford to put into his home—interest on his investment and the mortgage, taxes, repairs and the like. We recall some one having once said that the typical thrifty Englishman used to put one-eighth of his income aside as his house cost—whether for rental or for carrying charges upon the home he owned. A man who has made a careful study of housing conditions in London and in the large industrial cities of Great Britain within recent years corrects us and says that the average percentage runs as high as one-sixth there, while in the United States it is one-fifth. And the other day we sat in the inner office of a great savings bank and asked the venerable president of that institution about that same percentage.

"One-fifth is enough," he said slowly, "when a man is paying rental. He has no business to put a higher proportion of his income into rent. But if he is paying on carrying charges and reducing the mortgage on his house, as he should be doing, that is a different matter. He can afford to put as much as one-fourth of his income into carrying charges on the house he owns."

That is business, you say; that is investment. And yet you are entirely wrong. If you build a house on the basis of investment and nothing else, your ship sailing in strange waters is almost bound to go upon a reef. You build a house, or perhaps you buy one that is already built, at a cost, including land, of say, six thousand dollars. In the course of a few years, to suit your own ideas of comfort or luxury you make extensive repairs to that house—new parquetry floors, modern tiled bathrooms, or something of that sort. An emergency comes up and you have to sell that house unexpectedly. You add the cost of your improvements to the first cost of your house and lot and regard yourself as making a real sacrifice when you put it on the market without having included a fair profit. The real-estate man down at the corner laughs at you.

"Property in this street hasn't gone up so fast that you could expect to sell a place that you paid six thousand dollars for three years ago at eighty-two hundred dollars today," he tells you, in his brutally frank way. "Smith's house is considered a good bit better than yours and he was glad to get sixty-seven hundred and fifty dollars for it last month. I told you before you put in those gimcracks that you'd never get the value of them out of the place again. You shouldn't have put more into the house than you could get out of it."

The Cost of Solid Comfort

And this time it is the real-estate man down at the corner who is wrong. Your house is not an investment—at least not an investment in cold dollars and cents. You probably will never get out of it what you have put into it—and you must reconcile yourself to that idea. Part of its carrying charges you must put down to your comfort in living the life that is given you on this green earth—it is part of the price that you pay for release from landlords and gaudy apartment-house entrances flanked by shabby hallboys. You are justified in spending more money on creature comforts round your house than you can ever get for them out of the most liberal of purchasers if those comforts have been worth their while to you and yours. You pay dues—and good stiff dues—to gain the comforts of a smart club. Why should you not charge off some dues for the comfort of your own home? That house is going to be a lot more to you than any club could ever be.

That, then, is your proposition—you are going to buy or build a house as you would buy a suit of clothes or an automobile. The suit of clothes and the automobile deteriorate, and so does your home. But you have an awfully good time out of your smart suit and your automobile and, just so you are going to have an awfully good time out of your house. And there is a bit of compensation for you even in the deterioration of your house; for as it depreciates in value, your lot, in any progressive American community, should be appreciating, provided you have chosen it intelligently. In Greater New York that appreciation has reached in the past from eighty to one hundred per cent gain in ten years.

A man should start forth hand-in-hand with hard sense when he seeks a site for his home. There are certain rules of the game, and he will come to grief if he does not abide by them—the older real-estate men have a fussy habit of calling them "the economic laws of realty." For instance, there is the question of carfare. A nickel to the trolley company does not seem much, but we have shown already that the keen-witted traction manager in your town looks at each house going up inside of his five-cent zone from the center of the city and knows that in the course of a year it is going to give close to sixty dollars to his coffers. When the fare is ten cents to and from the center of the town the householder is apt to be a commuter on some suburban branch of a standard steam railroad, and the G. P. A. of that road can estimate his annual income from that house as about one hundred and twenty dollars.

If it be a ten-cent trolley fare the distance is apt to be so long as to discourage much riding into town by the family, and then the figure will fall slightly below one hundred and twenty dollars.

Some Basic Laws of Realty

Now take for the moment that annual toll of sixty dollars that you are going to pay to the trolley company when you live within its five-cent zone. That represents the interest on one thousand dollars. So you can assume that a lot that is worth one thousand dollars outside the five-cent fare is perhaps worth two thousand dollars when it is within it. And, speaking conversely, a lot that sells at one thousand dollars within the five-cent zone would then be given you as a gift if it were within the ten-cent zone. But you cannot try all the converse tricks with the rules of the real-estate game. They are subject to too many modifications—due sometimes to the desire of men to spend a little more carfare to gain social advantage—and there are many conditions that bear upon these economic laws.

But laws they remain, and as such they are well worth the study and the inspection of the man who is going to build a house. When he has found a lot the location of which suits him as to externals, then it is time for him to bring it under the workings of each of these laws. He cannot make too careful a study of the locality for many blocks round. Over there under the sand-bluff a brigade of men and wagons is preparing foundations for a big building—rumor says that it is going to be a factory. He had better follow on the heels of rumor and make sure for himself. Is this likely to be a factory district at any time in the future? it has freight transportation facilities; and is it a location that is apt to fill in eventually with great barracks whose smoking chimneys are going to pollute the air he breathes? How about those new houses in near-by K—— Street? A swarthy tribe from a nation of Southern Europe is beginning to move into some of them. That nation colonizes itself with wonderful consistency. It may have an appreciable effect on the future of your home. There is an apartment house at the corner where the trolley road passes. Do you think that there is a possibility that your street will be lined with apartment houses, that the shade trees will be cut down, that noisy children will play in the roadway, that the conditions will be created such as those from which you have made so much effort to escape? These are questions that are important when a man buys for investment or speculation; they are vital when he seeks a home for himself.

Take good care then as to that plat in Buckingham Road; look sharply as to its restrictions and the developing trend of the neighborhood. You are going into the game with your eyes partly opened; you cannot give too much time toward studying it from every possible angle. In one case that Buckingham Road lot is going to be the curse of your existence, something worse than the proverbial mill-stone about your neck; in the other it is going to be all that you have imagined a home in your fondest dreamings—and then something more.

Many of the large estates and country homes in the East are equipped with a "stable" of Yale motorcycles, for the entertainment of week end guests. Before breakfast motorcycle runs are becoming a tremendously popular social enjoyment.

Yale Riders Know No Such Word As "Envy"

Make allowances for the Yale rider if he passes you with a little air of conscious pride.

It is human nature for him (or for you) to take pleasure in knowing that he cannot meet a motorcycle which will surpass his Yale.

And that is precisely the sense of certainty the Yale rider enjoys.

He is not, as a rule, a speed maniac.

But he knows that there are 60 to 65 miles latent in his long-stroke engine, ready to be loosed at a crook of the finger.

He feels reasonably and comfortably assured that no one will pass him—motorcycle or motor car.

He knows that he will not encounter a *better-looking* motorcycle than the Yale.

He knows that "good looks" are assured him by the 58-inch wheel-base, the sturdy proportions, the large tires, the graceful lines.

And it *is* a satisfaction to know that your Yale *looks* its value as well as delivers it.

He knows he will not be out-pulled—because he knows that he gets better than 9 horsepower delivered at the rear wheel, where it "digs in" and gets results.

If anyone needs to be pulled out of a bad road or up an impossible hill, he knows that he will be the *puller*, not the *pulled*.

He is serenely sure of the superior strength of the Yale.

Ask him why it is stronger; and his answer will be prompt and emphatic:

"In the first place, because my Yale is built with 58 drop-forgings—more than in any other motorcycle made."

Then he'll point out to you the way the fork is made—with fork-sides running clear up to the handlebars and fastened with a drop-forged crosshead.

"Besides," he'll add, "my shock absorber is placed where it won't weaken the frame."

There's no such word as "envy" in the Yale rider's dictionary.

In the language of the road, he has a satisfied feeling that "no one has anything on him"; and he's not altogether convinced that he hasn't got something on every other make he meets.

When you come to buy, you can bank on this family feeling of pride that knits all Yale riders together into a compact, contented army. It speaks more loudly than anything we can say.

It says, in substance: "Sure. Buy a Yale. You'll never meet anything that'll make you regret it."

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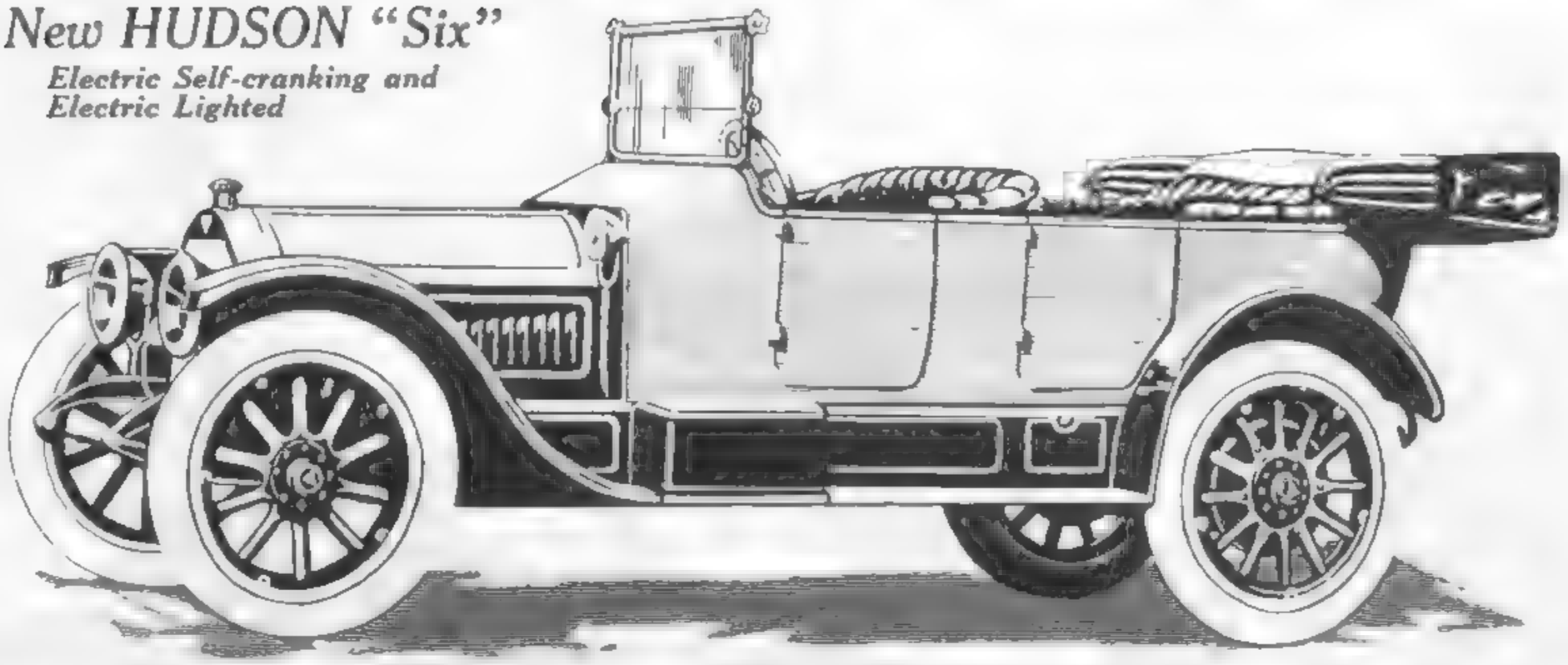

The *New* HUDSON Six

Motor car satisfaction cannot be fully realized without a ride in the *New* HUDSON Six.

Its seats, both front and rear, are as roomy and comfortable as any chair in your house. The driver is not cramped for room. The passengers are not crowded.

Long, specially designed, thin-leaved springs absorb every road shock. You can travel over a rough country lane in the *New* HUDSON Six with the same ease and comfort that you experience in riding in a palace car on a rock-ballasted railroad.

There is a sensation of flying in riding in the *New* HUDSON Six which you probably never have felt in any automobile. The nearest thing to it is the feeling experienced in a big car while coasting rapidly down a long, smooth hill.

That is approximately the feeling with which you are carried forward at any speed from two miles an hour to more than a mile a minute in this *New* HUDSON Six.

Only a six-cylinder car can give that sensation, and only the *New* HUDSON Six gives it in exactly this way.

Vibration is imperceptible. The motor idles down so quietly you can scarcely hear it and when the car is under way, it runs with the smoothness of an electric motor. Tires, in consequence of this constant application of power, do not so quickly wear out.

Because there is no vibration, nuts and bolts do not work loose. The gasoline and lubrication cost is no greater than that of a Four of equal weight and power.

In finish we have done all that can be done. Anyone can paint an automobile. The difficulty is to combine the right materials with the requisite amount of skill and experience to produce a rich and lasting finish. HUDSON cars exemplify what can be accomplished by this combination.

We Are The World's Largest Builders of Six-Cylinder Cars

Sixes have been on the American market for about seven years. Each year has seen a marked advance in design and each year has seen the big makers of the better known four-cylinder cars turn their attention to the Six.

The number of sixes this year is more than three times that of 1912 and twenty times greater than it was five years ago.

The interesting feature of this development is the part played by the HUDSON. Our engineering staff has always been recognized as leading in motor car development. We use the ability of every skilled engineer obtainable in designing HUDSON cars. If we cannot secure all of an expert's time, we obtain as much of his services as we can. Sometimes we employ, as consulting and advisory engineers, men who perform a similar service for other companies. Many of the best men in the industry, both in America and Europe, are employed by us either outright or for special work.

It is possible for us to get a great deal out of these engineers under these conditions, because Howard E. Coffin, America's foremost engineer, is an officer of the Hudson Motor Car Company and heads our Engineering Department. He has taught many of the principal automobile designers their first knowledge of motor car designing. Consequently he knows the qualifications of many of the best men and how best to use them.

When he started on a Six, he surrounded himself with the men who had done best in that line. They had worked on sixes in America and Europe and under his direction they combined their experience and ingenuity so cleverly that the *New* HUDSON Six, while having been on the market less than a year, has resulted in our becoming the world's largest builders of six-cylinder cars.

Nothing short of sheer merit could account for that position. The car has the quality and value that warrants our courting the opportunity of making any sort of a demonstration against any automobile at any price.

Surely if you are considering the purchase of any automobile at $2,000 or over, the *New* HUDSON Six should be given your consideration.

The *New* HUDSON Six has electric lights. It is electrically self-cranked. The famous Delco system, patented, is used. The Delco system, such as we use, is in operation on more automobiles than are any other two systems of either electric or air starters. Every motor car luxury is included, speedometer, clock, top, curtains, rain-vision windshield, demountable rims, twelve-inch upholstery, etc. Equipped with a five-passenger Phaeton body, the price is $2,450.

At $1,875, you can obtain the HUDSON "37"—designed by the same engineers who built the Six—and pointed to as the "Four-cylinder Masterpiece." Send for catalog or go to the HUDSON dealer and he will prove HUDSON value in a hundred different ways.

See the Triangle on the Radiator

7680 Jefferson Ave. **HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY** Detroit, Mich.

THE WHISTLING MAN

(Continued from Page 23)

"The day your father died, Leonard, my father told me everything. Gawtry had warned him to be on his guard against you!"

Craig's eyes narrowed at this.

"Gawtry said that until I told him he hadn't heard of my father's death!"

"He told us in Paris, Leonard. As I say, it was the same night."

Nodding briefly, Craig took a sharp turn up and down the room. His wits were working swiftly.

"Now, Mary," he demanded, "you're positive, aren't you, that neither my father nor your father shot Tevis Adair?"

"Why, yes, naturally! Why?"

Craig disregarded the question.

"Mary, how did your father get hold of Tevis' property—his stock in the Consolidated, I mean?"

"Father? Why, he paid the bank for it—the three millions Tevis had stolen to buy it."

"Then your father," Craig persisted—"he had no hand in the robbery?"

"Why, no! What do you mean?" she returned, wondering.

"Answer me, Mary!" ordered Craig; and her lips parted tremulously. "Answer me! Had your father any hand in it?"

"Why, of course not!" she cried; and, giving her no further chance to speak, Craig demanded: "Had my father either?"

She had risen now and was gazing at him, startled.

"No, I know he hadn't! Who said he had?"

"One thing more, Mary: Was or was not Gawtry in the room when your Uncle Tevis was killed?"

An air of bewilderment, almost of fright, dawned upon her eyes and brow, and he heard her sharply draw in her breath.

"In the room?" she repeated, her voice rising in its wonder. "In the room? Why, he was not even in the house!" Then she winced. Unwittingly Craig's grip on her arm had tightened until it hurt her.

"Well, Mary," he remarked grimly, "if that's the case, if Gawtry was not mixed up in your uncle's death, why for years has he attacked your father? Why?" And at the question Mary Adair peered at him, her air listless and wearied, a little hopeless too.

"Why?" she smiled. "Why does Wall Street try to ruin any man? It's greed, of course—the effort to get his money."

But Craig had begun to suspect something now he had not even dreamed before. If Tevis Adair had not been murdered, or if Gawtry had not been implicated in his death, why then had the man felt such a terror for Craig? Moreover, when The Whistling Man—Freest, or whoever he may have been—had piped his signal in the garden, why had Gawtry quailed at the sound in a ghastly agony of fear?

"Mary," said Craig quietly, "I've guessed it now! I've got the solution of this business! Let me lay hands on Freest, on The Whistling Man—the man that whistles, you know—and I'll be able to answer everything: who ruined your Uncle Tevis, and who ruined my father too; who, besides, drove him from pillar to post, and who for years tried to blackmail your father! It's a wonder, in fact, I haven't guessed it before!" Then he smiled, his eyes narrowing and his face grim. "If I'm not mistaken, Mary, all that has happened in the last fortnight to you and me we owe to one man, and one man only!"

"Gawtry?" she exclaimed.

He shook his head.

"No, Mary! Hemingway!"

It was a rattle of wheels on the driveway that brought the colloquy to a close. Craig and Mary glanced at each other, startled, as they heard it. Then the bell rang.

"Why, who can that be?" she exclaimed.

Craig raised his hand, cautioning silence. Out in the hall the maid had answered the bell, and Craig heard a familiar voice ask quietly for him.

"She!" cried Mary under her breath.

Craig made her a hurried sign. Understanding, Mary turned swiftly, and with a glance behind her left the room.

Then the maid entered.

"A lady to see you, sir—Miss Gawtry."

XXII

SHE came in silently, her eyes hollow and burning feverishly; and waiting, for the maid to withdraw, she closed the door and stood with her back to it, gazing at him fixedly. Craig marveled at the pallor of her face.

He was the first to speak.

"How did you know I was here, Hilda?"

Her voice, when she answered, was as ever, low but clear:

"Mr. Vilas—my father had him follow you."

Craig could not help but exclaim: "Not all the way!"

She listlessly shook her head, her lips parted in a gray, desolate smile.

"No; he gave out almost at once, Leonard." Then she raised her shoulders wearily. "It was easy to guess, though, that you were coming here."

Craig made no reply, but waited curiously.

Leaving the door, she came slowly across the room and stood with the center table between them. Still with her air of deadly, careworn languor and self-repression she spoke again.

"You know about Angie, don't you?" she asked; and at the name Craig's heart leaped, apprehensive, horrified. "Angie's hurt," she said quietly, and Craig paled, appalled as much by her tone as by the disaster it conveyed. With his eyes on hers, he asked hoarsely: "What happened?" And again Hilda smiled that vague, desolate smile of hers. "Just what happened to her we do not know."

Even as she said this Hilda Gawtry's voice was as expressionless as her face; and she looked at Craig listlessly.

"Leonard," said Hilda wearily, "I wonder if you realize what you've done to us? I've come to find out now what else you mean to do."

"I?" echoed Craig. "In what way?"

She looked him straight in the eye.

"You know perfectly what I mean," she said in her dead, toneless voice. "What plans have you against my father?"

Craig gently shook his head.

"None," he answered; and she wet her lips as if they were dry and feverish.

"You know, of course, don't you," she inquired, "what he did to you—to you and your father?"

"Yes, I know, Hilda; at any rate almost all of it I know."

He could see her hand tighten on the table's edge, and he thought she swayed lightly too.

"Leonard, he was sorely tried, sorely tempted," she said; but there a momentary bitterness got the better of Craig.

"Sorely tried? Tempted?" he echoed harshly. "It was his greed, Hilda—that and nothing else! It made him sell out Tevis Adair—hand over to his enemies the man that had been a friend to him, his benefactor! It was he, if any one, that killed him too! And that isn't all either. Do you think I can forget how he tricked and cheated my father—lied to him again and again, playing on his terrors—the man that also had been his friend, his benefactor! The wonder of it is that he could get away with it so long—that with greed like that even he himself wasn't betrayed by it! Tried and tempted? Pshaw! If your father sent you to me, sent you here to plead for him," Craig cried, white with anger now, "go back to him! Go tell him it's too late! I know now who terrorized my father and tried besides to frighten Adair!" Then abruptly, his rage subsiding, he shook his head at her, sorry but no longer angry. "Hilda, it wasn't my father that helped Tevis Adair steal that three and a half millions—it wasn't Mary's father either! It was yours! He stole that money himself!"

For this was what Craig had guessed from what Mary Adair had told him. It was, in fact, inevitably the truth. If Gawtry, at any rate, had not been actually implicated in the death of Tevis Adair, then what other reason was there for his terror but the theft, years before, of all those stolen millions? And Hilda Gawtry did not deny it.

"Well," she asked patiently, "now that you know it, Leonard, what do you mean to do?"

But Craig, for the life of him, could not tell her.

"What can I do?" he asked, and with a gesture of pain and helplessness together he threw out both his hands. "Tell me, can anything I do, Hilda, bring back my father? Think, too, of what he endured—of his shame, his fright and panic, his horror at the grotesque and ghastly method used to

1847 ROGERS BROS.

"Silver Plate that Wears"

The Old Colony Pattern

THE Old Colony pattern, with its pleasing lines of Colonial simplicity is really an achievement in silver plate, indicating the sterling-like characteristics that are so pronounced in the famous 1847 ROGERS BROS. spoons, forks, knives, etc. Made in the heaviest grade of silver plate and backed with an unqualified guarantee that is made possible by an actual test of over 65 years.

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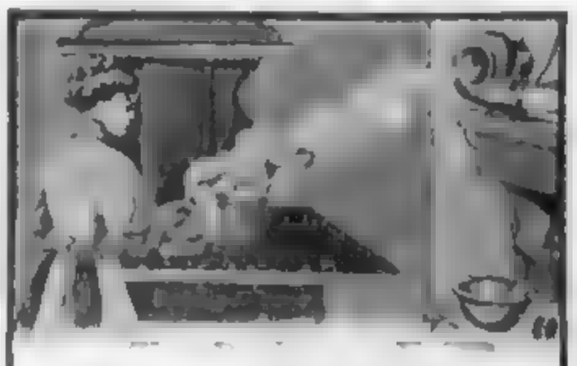

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All this is possible by the use of a

Sturtevant

Ready-To-Run Ventilating Set

A boon to the house-wife, for ventilating perfectly the kitchen or the den, for removing tobacco smoke etc., for drying out damp cellars, forcing draft in the heater and range [illegible]

They do not merely stir it, exhausting air—they remove it and bring in fresh out door air to replace it.

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Completely changes the air in an ordinary sized room in from 10 [illegible]

Necessary not only in homes, but in work rooms, photographic dark rooms, telephone booths, toilets, and many other places.

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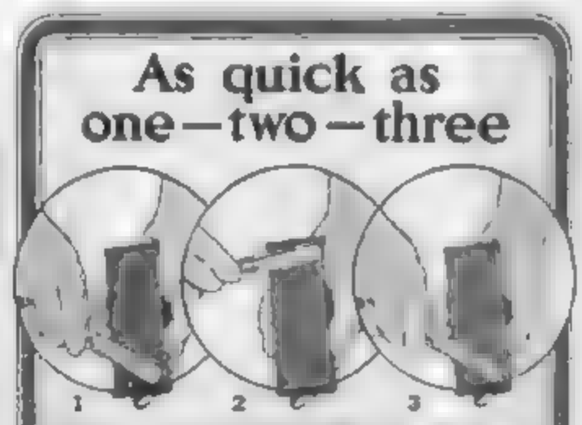

Give your razor three strokes on this hone every day and your razor will give you a good shave—every day. That's the barber's way and it's as easy for you as it is for the barber when you use a

PIKE STROP-HONE

(for safety or ordinary razors)

Remember that three strokes do the trick. Any more is too many—over honing is worse than no honing at all. Three strokes on this hone take hardly a second because it's used dry. Hence less time for a better shave.

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Patented May 7, 1907

Oxford Laces

is the ideal combination of narrow tubular center and broad flat ends.

Guaranteed 3 months

25 cents per pair

All pure silk in black, tan, white, men's and women's. Your dealer has them - if not send 25 cents to us

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Velvet Grip

Holds Your Sock Smooth as Your Skin

That's what counts with you. Next you want snug comfort, and finally, the service that only the best materials and making can give.

Lisle, 25c. Everywhere Silk, 50c.

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keep him out of the way. The Whistling Man laugh! I can see now how the very cheapness and outlandishness of it all was used to play upon my father's mind, a man tried and tortured by the horror of what he'd seen and heard—the death, I mean, of Tevis Adair! And you ask me what I mean to do? I only wish I knew!" said Craig, and for a moment he stared at the girl wildly.

A pause followed. Under the hill, on the river's edge near by, a railroad engine whistled; and as its strident blare sounded on the silence Hilda Gawtry glanced swiftly toward the window, then shot a look at him. "The last train up—the train from town!" she murmured; and he was conscious that she started too, moving alertly.

"Leonard, I appeal to you," she said suddenly. "Be sensible! If you'll only stop to think you'll see nothing is to be gained by staying here! Don't you know it's useless?"

Craig, though he was astonished, at once guessed the drift of what she had to say. However, he said nothing, but waited to hear the rest of it.

Hilda suddenly threw out both her hands to him.

"I'm not trying to trick you, Leonard! I couldn't if I wanted to. Only can't you see you'll never have Mary Adair? Even though she may love you Hemingway will never let her go. Why, can't you see, Leonard," she cried under her breath, her tone rising tensely, "that man not only knows about my father—about what my father did years ago—he knows too about old Adair, about him and his brother Tevis? It may not have been murder, Leonard, but it was as bad! That isn't it though! Think what will happen to Adair should all this come out now! Think! If it were told broadcast what he had done to his brother—that he'd driven the man to his death—do you suppose he'd live through it? Be sensible, Leonard; Mary Adair will never marry you! Come with me, won't you?"

Then she came a step nearer to him, a feverish light burning in her eyes. "You won't ruin us all—everybody—will you?" she asked. "Think, Leonard!"

Craig watched her breathlessly.

"Well?" asked Hilda presently; and then he slowly shook his head.

"Why are you doing this, Hilda?" he asked quietly. "Is it just to save your father?"

He saw her eyes light at this, and then she lowered their lids at him, her air curious.

"How do you know," she asked, "that it's not for—you?"

He did not answer her.

"Well?" she asked again, and moved toward him. "Answer me, Leonard!" she said, her eyes leaving him to glance swiftly at the clock. "I have only a little time now. Will you come with me or not?"

But Craig, turning abruptly on his heel, walked away from her; and with that she drew in her breath between her teeth deeply and forcibly.

"So you won't—won't tell me?" she asked; and at her tone he started. "You won't? Well then I've got this to say," she added: "I knew I had no chance with you, but I was willing to try! Oh, I know what you count on!" she cried, and she flung back her head at him, the tears flying hotly from her eyes now. "You think the papers you have—that statement your father gave you—will ruin us! It's worthless! You can't prove anything! You haven't a thing to show that my father took that money! Yes, and now go to Mary Adair! Tell her again you'll help her fight us! Do it, do you hear—do it! Do it! And while you're fighting us we'll fight back! You may not know what happened today; you'll know tomorrow though! My father has that man cornered—where he wants him! Make no mistake, Mr. Craig! If you, if any one else, tries to hurt him, my father, they'll be made to pay for it. Remember that! It's the last ——"

Some one was coming up the steps outside, some one that trod ponderously, wheezing at every step. Hilda Gawtry paused, catching at her breath. Craig too was listening. He could hear whoever it was outside scuffle laboriously across the veranda, and then the bell sounded. It rang again presently, and a while afterward the maid passed down the hall. A thick voice, upon that, spoke; and at the first word of it Craig knew who had been the mysterious author of that advertisement in the morning newspapers.

Said the voice thickly: "*Peste!* The hill *ld bas—mon dieu*, my breath! The young gentleman, *mon pauvre petit*—my little boy, my little boy—he is here? *Pardon*, Ma'mselle—M'sieu Craig, I mean! He is here, what?"

Then some one rapped upon the door; but Craig did not go to it.

"Well, there she is! That woman's come!" said Hilda Gawtry, her tone scornful; and yet Craig did not so much as look at her.

Outside in the gardens he had just seen a shadow come running furtively through the dark, the crouching figure of a man. Craig did not wait even for a second look at it.

Flinging open the door, he darted out into the hallway.

Madame was standing there, and at the sight of Craig she flung out her arms to him with a shrill cry:

"*Mon petit! Mon pauvre petit!*"

He hardly glanced at her. The hall door was open; and at a jump he reached the steps and launched himself out into the dark. There stood the man, gazing up at him startled. He had crouched down under the shrubbery beside the drive; and with a shrill exclamation he straightened up and tried to run.

Craig closed with him swiftly.

The man, though, in spite of the fact that he had sought to fly, proved himself no coward once it came to close quarters. He fought, and he fought furiously. Craig was conscious that back on the steps Hilda Gawtry cried out; and that Mary Adair's voice broke in, raised in momentary alarm. Then there arose over it all asteady, chanted refrain. It came from Madame: "*Oh, mon dieu! Oh, mon petit! Oh, mon dieu! Oh, mon petit!*"

Breaking in under the fellow's guard Craig locked an elbow round his throat, and after that it was all over. Strangled, gasping like a fish, the man gave in; and Craig dragged him into the light.

"Tried to whistle, didn't you?" jeered Craig, his teeth set. "Tried to, only you didn't get a chance! Now let's have a look at you!" he grunted.

Then with his hand set in the fellow's collar he twisted up his face until he could look at it.

"As I thought," murmured Craig—"The Whistling Man!"

It was Willie Hemingway!

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Lost on the Road

A NEW YORK manager, who is admitted to be selfmade, commissioned a playwright to write for him not long ago a musical comedy based on Greek mythology.

"When I submitted the book of the piece," said the dramatist afterward, "we began talking over the cast and the chorus. I said:

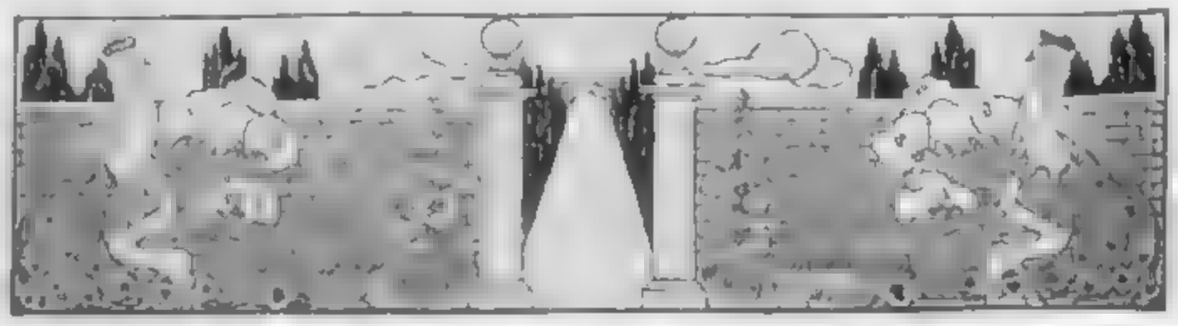
"'Right here we'll want nine girls'—of such-and-such descriptions.

"'What do you want them for?' he asked.

"'To play the Nine Muses,' I said. 'The Nine Muses have a big number in the first act.'

"'Forget about the Nine Muses!' he said. 'This is going to be a big show. I'm no piker—we'll have eighteen of them Muses!'

"And so we did," said the playwright; "but the show didn't do so well on the road as it had done in New York—and when I saw it last week at Syracuse there were only three Muses left!"



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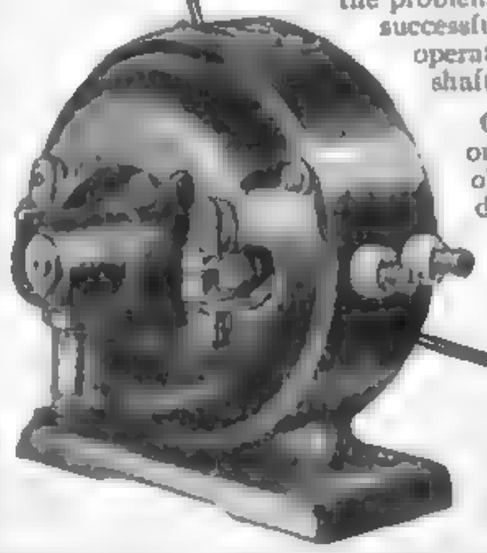
Our services are at your command. Write our Board of Engineers for free advice. No obligation attached. It may save you hundreds of dollars a year. Ask for free literature.



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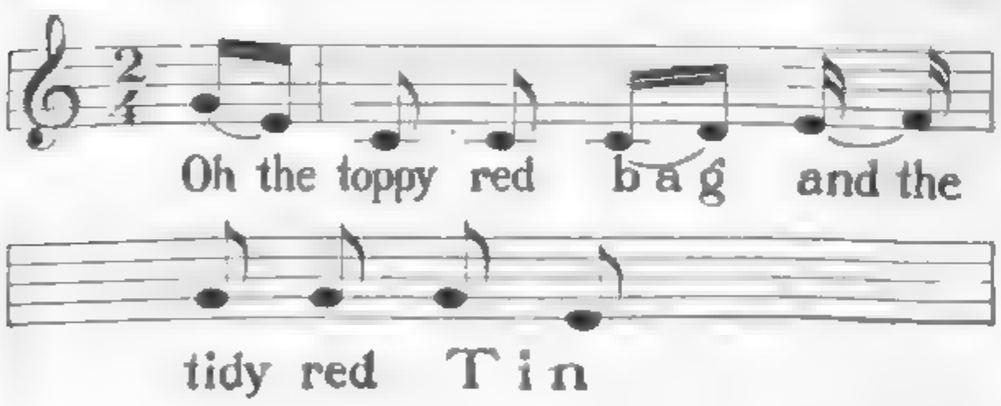
"Every pipe is a jimmy pipe if it's packed with P. A."

If you can't say P. A. *Whistle It*

5c gives you a handout of P. A. in the toppy red bag.

What is so jam full of joy as a day off in June and a jimmy pipe and plenty of P. A.? Wouldn't that bring the flute-like notes of the katydid to any honest man's lips? When you stop to think of those tongue-broiling varieties, doesn't it seem as if the only men who don't ask for P. A. must be fellows who are deaf, dumb and blind?

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

is neither tongue twister, nor gouger, nor biter. The bite has been removed by a patented process that leaves it as harmless as a bumblebee minus the stinger. Get next to P. A., brother, and it will start *you* whistling for joy. Get next to the tune and whistle it when you're running short of ammunition.

Dealers—when you hear them start "Dixie," just ask, "Will you have your P. A. in the toppy red bag, 5c; or the tidy red tin, 10c; or, maybe, it's a pound or half-pound humidor?"

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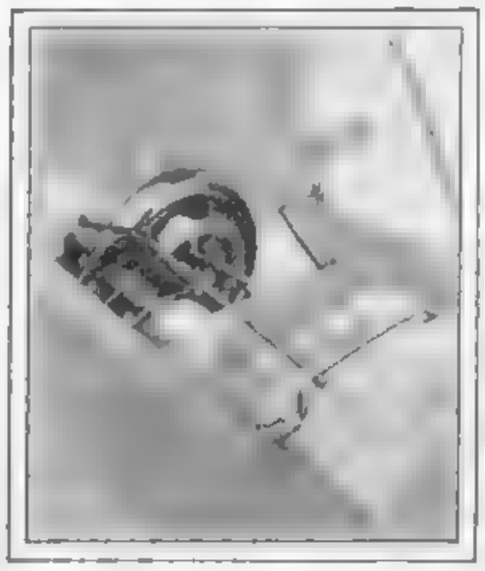


GRAY & DAVIS
Electric Starter

YOU will find your new automobile equipped with an electric starter and electric lamps. To make the car strictly modern the manufacturer has put them there.

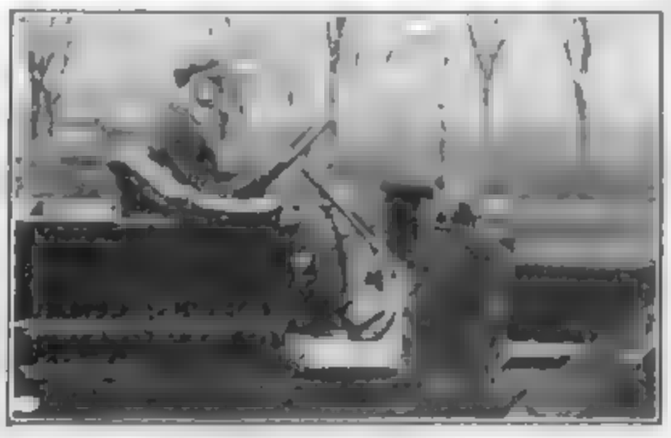
But how do you know that this equipment will work under all conditions? Has time proved it? Do experts pronounce it sound? Who designed it? How ably is it made?

32 automobile manufacturers now use the Gray & Davis Dynamo, the Gray & Davis Starter or both in combination. There are two strong reasons why:

(1) For 17 years we have specialized in quality equipment for automobiles. We were pioneers in producing both gas lamps and the powerful dynamo which made possible the electric lamps and starter of today. This is our chosen field, not a side line or new business venture.

(2) The Gray & Davis Lighting and Starting Dynamo was conceived and perfected by the world's most successful designer in this field.

It is a significant fact that no automobile manufacturer who has used Gray & Davis equipment ever gave it up or swung to another make. A few of the creature comforts this equipment brings are shown below.

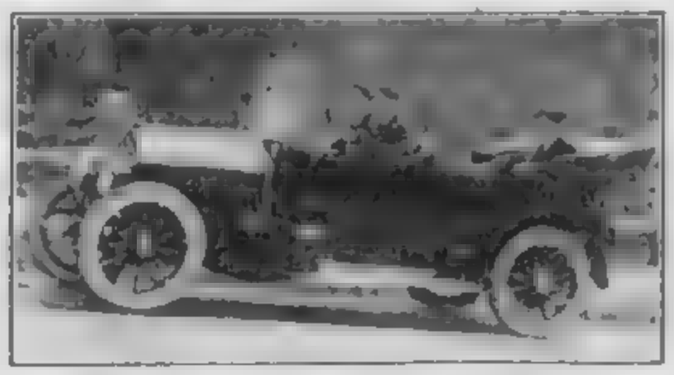


A press on the pedal and you're off

One light touch sets the Gray & Davis Electric Starter in operation. It spins your motor's fly-wheel smoothly and surely. The action is entirely natural. The motor starts just as it did when a skilled driver turned the old-fashioned crank. And it requires but a 6-volt battery—only one-fifth the power some starters need.

Once under way, the Gray & Davis Generator automatically recharges the battery with sufficient current for all your lights and the further operation of the starter.

Our catalog illustrates and describes the details. We are always glad to send a copy on request.



Up a 7% grade on second speed

Before adopting it, a prominent automobile manufacturer exacted from the Gray & Davis Starter this drastic test: A 48 H.P. 6-cylinder car was filled with passengers. Its total weight was 5100 pounds. *Using only the starter for power, the car was then driven up a 7% grade on second speed.*

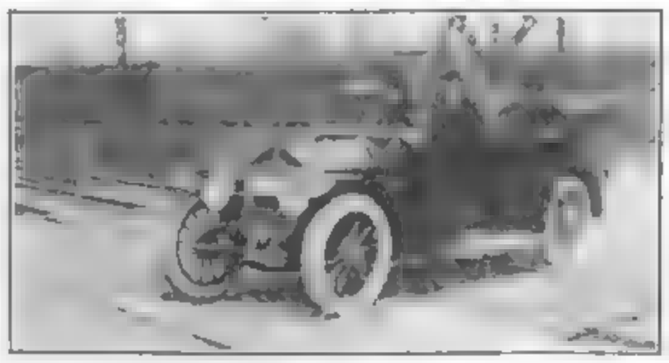
This was a "stunt" feat which we do not advise for common practice. But it proves the power of the device. There's comfort in knowing your starter is so able.

Don't get out in the mud to crank your car

A Gray & Davis Starter is a welcome bother-saver on muddy roads or during rain storms. Sitting securely at the wheel, you simply press the pedal and your car is on its way.

And you light as well as start *from your seat.*

A few words about our lighting system:—Compared with other systems the Gray & Davis provides an unusually brilliant glow. For example, some 900 feet of light-as-day roadway stretch ahead of a pair of 16-candle power Gray & Davis head lights. All of our lamps are fully described in our catalog.



Don't risk being "stalled" in dangerous places

The Gray & Davis Starter ends the danger of "stalled" motors. If your motor stops, one press on the pedal and the starter will carry you over the car tracks or out of congested traffic.

You need not shift the gears or adjust the spark. There is so much power in the Gray & Davis Starter that it will start a car even on high gear with clutch set and gears engaged.

The crank as an earner of accident insurance

In automobiling, four cranking accidents occur to every one collision. This fact was given us by a leading accident insurance company.

No accident can result from a Gray & Davis Starter. There is no possibility of sprained wrists or broken arms. Backfiring from preignition is impossible. The power of the starter will overcome any back pressure.

A Gray & Davis Starter is absolutely safe. Further, it operates so positively that cranks are removed from cars that use it. It has no "ifs" or "buts." It does its work unfailingly

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When considering automobiles, always remember that the one with the Gray & Davis Starter offers substantial added value—a time-tested equipment that never fails.

We will gladly send on request our catalog which describes in full the Gray & Davis Electric Starter, Lighting Dynamo and Electric Lamps.

GRAY & DAVIS, Inc.
55 Lansdowne St. Boston, Mass.

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ELECTRIC STARTER
LIGHTING DYNAMO
ELECTRIC LAMPS

Gray & Davis Quality Equipment is used partly or entirely by these manufacturers. Others will announce it with their 1914 models.

Alco	Apperson	Crawford	Lozier	Maryland	Paige	Pilot	R. A. Gramm's Trucks	Selden	Studdard-Dayton	Velie
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American LaFrance	Columbia	Lenox	Maxwell	Norwalk	Peerless	Pratt		Stearns	Touraine	

GAYETY BY THE POUND

(Continued from Page 9)

The stunning ladies from the theater promenade laughed.

Next we had a man who, the announcer said, was Berlin's favorite entertainer. He brought in a glass of water, a napkin and a soldier's cap. I thought he was going to do tricks, but I was mistaken. What he did was to pull up a chair, stand behind it with a napkin in one hand and the glass of water in the other, and give an imitation of a well-jingled young German responding to a toast at a dinner. It was funny; but the wives from the provinces were plainly bored by this time. They nudged their husbands and said:

"Is this all you can show us in this wicked Berlin?"

"Wait!" urged the husbands, winking portentously. "Wait for Claire Waldorf! She's coming on soon!"

So we waited, along with the provincial wives. And then came Claire, a tall, very homely, very graceful woman, who sang songs as Yvette Guilbert used to sing them—maybe she is singing them yet!—only she sang German songs instead of French, and she tried to put into the guttural German all the suggestiveness Guilbert puts into the flexible French, but did not do much at it; it was spicier than anything that had been done, though, and the wives from the provinces cheered up amazingly.

Waldorf was the star of that cabaret. She sang several songs, each somewhat *risqué*, but not particularly naughty; and she sang them very well, too, having talent—that woman. The wives from the provinces leaned forward eagerly, clasping their husbands about the arms and listening with parted lips. The stunning ladies smoked their cigarettes languorously. Then, just before one o'clock, they began to go out—the stunning ladies—and the majordomo said: "Here, it's one o'clock, and we must be getting on."

We left Claire Waldorf telling of the troubles of a governess who could not get a night off on the night her soldier sweetheart had his night off.

"Whither away?" we asked, not thinking to consult our timetable.

"To the Palais du Danse, of course," said the majordomo; and thither we went. It was only a step. Rows of taxicabs and cabs stood along the curbs. Other taxis and cabs came up, and gorgeously dressed women got out and entered the door under a big electric sign. We went in. A dozen flunkies stood about a staircase that wound magnificently up to some mysterious place where we could hear music. We bought our tickets. It cost five marks—a dollar and a quarter each—to go up those stairs and see what was to be seen.

Brilliant but Gloomy

The flunkies took our coats, hats and sticks; and a dozen others were there to show us the way. Heavy plush curtains hung over high, carved doorways. Servants in uniform pulled these curtains back. Then came another magnificent stairway and more doors with plush curtains; and then, after the last pair of curtains had been parted, we stepped into a great room filled with tables, with heavy velvet carpets, tapestried walls and ornate gilt and mahogany furniture. Men and women sat at the tables—men and women plainly from the provinces and plainly tourists—and gaped at the splendors of the place.

This room—or promenade, rather—extended for forty or fifty feet to a row of onyx pillars that made a great half circle at its farther edge. There was a stairway leading down from the promenade, and at the far side, up on a wonderfully carved and ornamented balcony, was a big, red-coated orchestra, playing Alexander's Ragtime Band. This second room was circular. In the middle there was a dancing floor. Around the edge of the floor there were rows of tables. The floor was filled with men and women dancing. The tables were filled with men and women watching. The only gay thing about it all was the gay music of the red-coated band.

A waiter found us a table at the edge of the dancing floor, and we looked round. The dancing room had a great dome of a ceiling, elaborately frescoed. The lights were in the most ornate chandeliers. The walls were beautifully painted, and so were most of the women who were dancing, and beautifully gowned too. I saw twenty or thirty of those who had been at the theater and at the cabaret. There were two hundred others—all in evening dress. The band played almost continuously. The interval between dances was not more than two minutes, for the Palais du Danse opens at midnight and closes at two o'clock in the morning.

The scene was a very attractive one—the room one of the most beautiful I have ever seen; the decorations in good taste and of the richest quality. The orchestra was competent. The women danced very well—about half of them with men and the rest with one another. After each dance they crowded off the floor, walked round the circle, and then went back to the floor again or stood and watched the crowd speculatively.

The people at the tables round the dancing floor were people who were accustomed to such scenes; most of them were in evening dress, but now and then there was a couple from the provinces or a tourist pair or party, who sat and gazed at it all in open-mouthed wonder. But of gayety there was none! It was as cold and unemotional as a directors' meeting. There was no laughter. The curious moved back and forth and stared, and the women in evening dress stared back. A few of them smoked cigarettes. Occasionally there was the pop of a champagne cork. The dances went on regularly. The women surged on and off the floor. Now and then a young man left a table, spoke to a woman and took her out on the dancing floor. Some tourists two-stepped in a self-conscious sort of way with the ladies they had brought with them. But there was not a laugh, or a burst of song, or a bit of joyous foolishness. It was all dull and sordid and somber and dreary—aside from the spectacular part of it—gayety by the pound!

At the Pavillon Mascotte

At two o'clock the lights gave a preliminary flicker, the orchestra played its last piece, and those who were making a real night of it got their wraps and went through a long, dimly lighted passageway to the Pavillon Mascotte, which is in the same building. Our timetable said we were to be there at two o'clock, and it was exactly two when the head waiter waved us to a table. There was a band there too, but no dancing. It was a long café, filled with tables, handsomely decorated, but did not compare with the palace we had just left; the crowd livened up a bit, though, and laughed now and then. Mostly, however, the people talked in whispers and looked about. The stunning women who had been at the theater, at the cabaret and at the Palais du Danse came in. Some of them were gone, but not many. They walked about the room, trailing their skirts behind them, with their wraps on their white shoulders.

They moved about—the stunning ladies. The wives from the provinces were flushed of cheek a bit by this time, and some of them were talking rather volubly. I saw several of those I had noticed shrugging their shoulders over the smoking by the stunning ladies in the cabaret smoking awkwardly themselves. The band played vivaciously, but that was the only vivacity. It was quiet and decorous and solemn, and not a bit lobster-palacy—gayety by the pound!

At three o'clock we were hurried out by the majordomo.

"Another cabaret," he said. "This is one that does not open until half past two."

We found many of the wives and husbands from the provinces at the second cabaret, and many of the stunning ladies. The tourists were there too. By this time the provincial visitors, the tourists and ourselves had seen so much of one another that we bowed and smiled as we entered each new place. The second cabaret was like the first. There were the stage, the rows of tables, the waiters, the bottle of wine waiting at each place—only the waiters were more insistent. The provincials were getting worldly wise; the movement was a little faster—but not much.

The entertainers came and went. It was exactly the same sort of entertainment the other cabaret offered—singing, recitations, a little instrumental music. And each time the announcer told everybody impressively

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Let Us Lend You A New Kind of Shower

Fits any Bath Tub. Needs No Curtain. Don't Have to Wet Your Hair. Enjoyable as a Dip in the Ocean.

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No Money in Advance. Only $6 If You Keep It.

Just to show you how much enjoyment you can get out of it and how it will help you stand the hot weather—we want to *lend* you free—for ten days—a KENNEY FOUR-STREAM NEEDLE SHOWER.

We want you to attach it to your bath tub that will only take a minute—and enjoy it ten days, free.

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And it will cost you only $6 if you keep it—no where near as much as the cheapest old-style shower you can get.

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The KENNEY SHOWER works on a brand new principle—yet a surprisingly simple one. It throws four converging needle spray streams.

Each of these streams strikes the body at an angle which makes all the water glance or "break" downward and inward toward the center of the body and the center of the tub instead of splashing off to the side.

Not a drop splashes out of the tub. Doesn't mess up either the walls or the floor. It's all in that converging angle—a patented feature. That is what keeps the water from scattering and splashing. That is what eliminates all need for a curtain or hood.

No Shock To The Head

When you stand erect in using a KENNEY SHOWER, not a drop of water touches your head. All shoots direct against the body from the shoulders down. Don't have to drench your hair. But if you want to douse your head, simply bend over a trifle.

All Metal, Easy To Put Up

A very handsome fixture. Heavy nickel finish over brass. Nothing to wear out or get out of order. Easily put up. No plumber needed. Never interferes with regular use of tub.

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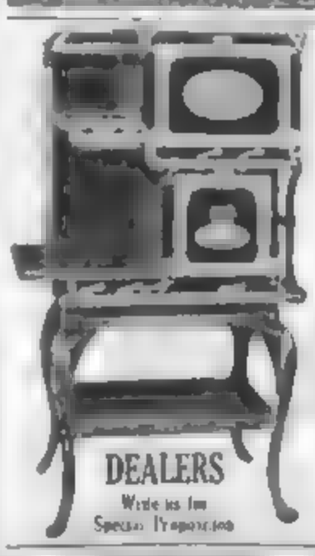

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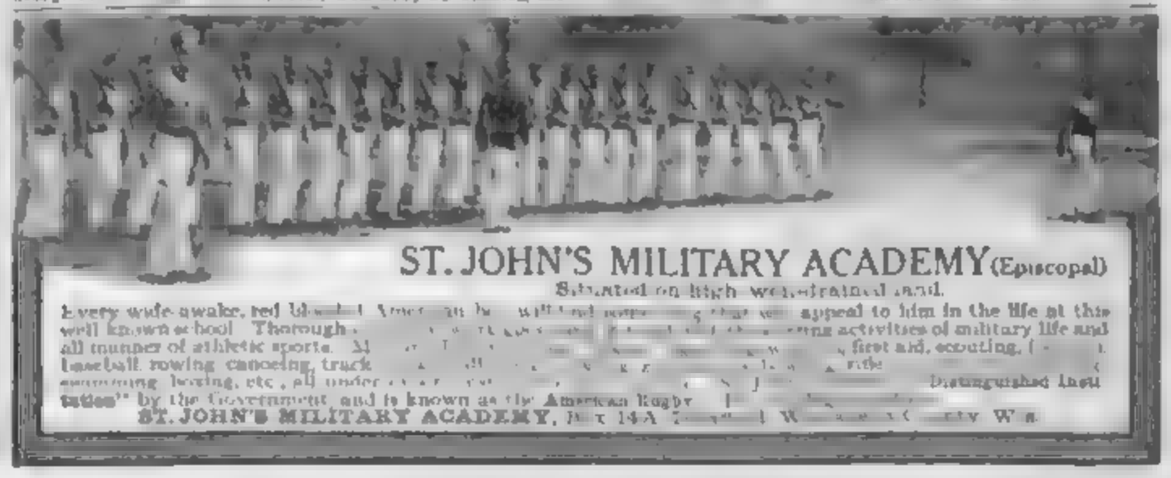

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Water has no effect on Valspar. Such a wetting as shown in the picture would turn ordinary varnish white and would ruin it. But—

If it rains on a floor that is varnished with Valspar, not the slightest harm is done. Valspar is not affected by water.

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that all were having the time of their young lives; that everything was merry and bright; and that this was, of a certainty, the gay and rollicking nightlife of Berlin! We stuck it out until four o'clock in the morning, as the timetable directed—stuck it out determinedly, about as a man waits in the early morning hours at a country way station for a late train, and with about the same sort of enjoyment. To tell the truth, it was dull, without a redeeming feature in the way of jollity that was not forced.

Then came the cafés. We went to a dozen of them, walking in and sitting down for a few minutes, looking at others who were sitting down at the tables, also, and not having a bit more fun than we were. We went to only a small portion of the places that keep open all night, but visited one famous one—Tony's; that is the last place the nightlife regulars in Berlin visit before turning in. A very fat and a very jolly woman presides at this place, which is filled with closely crowded tables, and the food is good. There is a band at each end—three Germans who industriously play on flute, accordion and piano at one end, and three Hungarians who fiddle desperately at the other end.

The visitors drank coffee mostly. In some places beer was the drink; and at a few of the cafés no beer was sold, but wine only. I saw no drunkenness among either men or women, or anything that approached alcoholic exhilaration. The people were all quiet, well-behaved, solemn—almost sad!

At half past five in the morning there were plenty of people left on Friedrich Strasse; the taxicabs were honking up and down; and some of the cafés were still open. At six o'clock the timetable said: Breakfast.

"I suppose," I said to the majordomo, "that we eat now?"

"Just as you wish. There are yet places to which we can go, you know."

"What sort of places?" I asked.

"Well, there's a concert hall that does not open until six o'clock in the morning, in order to accommodate those who have not had enough during the night and wish for some further entertainment before they go to bed. It's quite lively! Want to go?"

"No," I replied. "I know something that is much merrier and brighter than any concert hall that opens at six in the morning—or anything else in Berlin!"

"What?" he asked.

"Some bacon and eggs!" I said.

Health Spells Wealth

ONE of the most prosperous merchants in the Southwest today—a man with a turnover of one hundred thousand dollars a year in a small city—was formerly a carpenter in the shops of a Boston railroad. He developed a cough that would not let go and a sagged-down feeling that would not let him work. He reached the Southwest with less than fifty dollars, got work for his board in a sanatorium, and in six months had a few hundred dollars gathered. With this he bought a little adobe house and ten acres on the outskirts of an entirely Mexican section of the city. He noticed how the big department stores of Chicago and Kansas City and Omaha fairly deluged this foreign section with their catalogues.

The Mexicans used to get him to translate their mail orders. Ordinarily it is thought the little individual merchant cannot compete with the big department concern. This man reasoned just the other way. These big fellows were paying huge city rents. He was not. They had to stand freight on long distances. He would not have that expense. They must lose enormously in misplaced credits, in waste, in theft.

A small merchant should and could avoid all that. He counted up the amount of money that was yearly going out of that city to outside houses and laid the case before a local wholesaler. The wholesaler gave him generous credit. He opened a little store on the outskirts of the town in his own house. To avoid loss, he never gave credit above ten dollars. Meantime he had mastered a trading knowledge of the Spanish language. He began to tuck into every parcel that went out of his store a little home-made catalogue of his own, undercutting the prices of the big outside stores. Ten years ago that man was practically dying of consumption. Today he is hale and well; and within the meaning of that little town he is ranked rich. He makes as much in a week today as he formerly made in a year.

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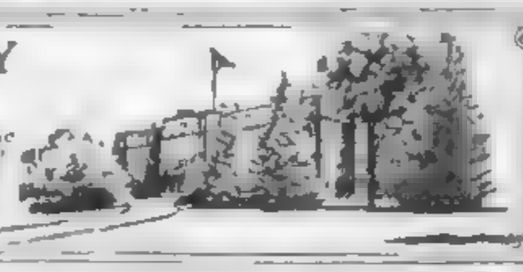

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ALL motor car authorities agree that the six-cylinder engine is the last word on smoothness and flexibility. The Franklin "38" engine is as able in every way, in the light Franklin, as the heavy engines in the heavy cars. It will safely and comfortably travel roads at good speeds that the average motorist would like to avoid.

The Franklin "38" is made for those who want a large car but who wish to avoid the heavy up-keep expense of a *heavy* machine. Every requirement of fine lines, rich upholstery, choice fittings is generously met in every detail.

Franklin construction is famed for its lightness and strength wherever motor cars and their makers are known. This degree of lightness and strength spells long life, safety and highest efficiency. It commands the highest skill and efficiency in the men who produce it. Franklin cars cost enough to assure us and you of the best.

But with Franklin first cost, the Franklin "38" is the cheapest car in its class to own that travels the road today.

Its weight is 3328 pounds, fully equipped, ready for the road. This is 1000 to 1200 pounds lighter than other cars of its class. This lightness results immediately in increased comfort, as well as a big saving in up-keep expense.

Franklin lightness comes from "balanced construction", a proportional reduction of weight in every working part, in every riding part. We have effected economies in weight with actual increases in strength that are astounding. For instance, the Franklin frame—where others use heavy, unresilient steel, we use a three-ply laminated wood frame. It costs more than steel. It weighs only half as much. Its use with four full elliptical springs adds a buoyancy to the Franklin that multiplies riding ease both for passengers and *for the engine*. This last means increased engine life and a great decrease in engine troubles.

Franklin light weight, in this "38", plus the Franklin principle of large tires (4½" and 5") cuts the cost of tire upkeep *squarely in two*. Franklin owners during 1912 reported an average of 10,746 miles per set of tires.

Franklin light weight plus the Franklin direct-cooled engine cuts the cost of fuel expense *squarely in two*. The Franklin holds the record for fuel economy.

Franklin light weight, riding on four full elliptical springs, makes the Franklin the easiest car you have ever seen. This construction absorbs road shocks that the average motorist accepts as a necessary evil. We *eliminate* the average kind. They do not reach the body of the car nor the engine. The heavy jolts we reduce to almost nothing.

The Franklin Direct-Cooled Engine

What is direct cooling? It is sending a steady stream of fresh air directly over and around the cylinders, which does away with the air-cooled water radiator, water pump, jackets, pipe and hose. Into our flywheel is built a sirocco fan. This draws fresh air in at the front of the hood over the cylinders and down through the metal sleeves that surround each cylinder and its radiating fins. This vigorous air current literally wipes the heat right off the cylinders. When the water in the radiator of a water-cooled motor boils, there is no further check on the heat and the temperature of the cylinders goes up with a rush. The Franklin direct-cooled motor has no water to limit its efficiency. It is the only motor engine that can be consistently used with success in hot climates, sandy and mountainous sections.

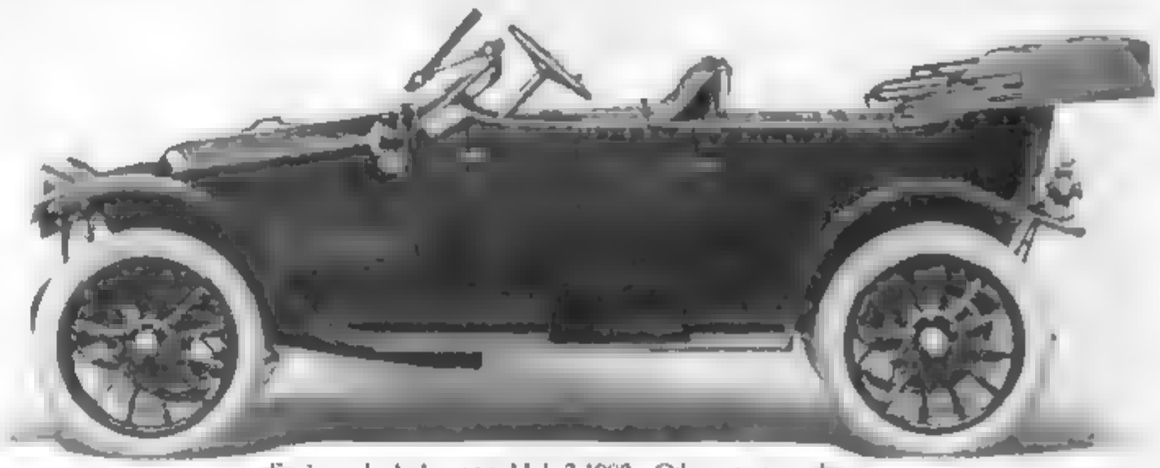
Mr. Motorist, for comfort, for elimination of trouble, the Franklin Six "38" will interest you.

Mr. Business Man, you do not need to be told that tire bills and fuel bills make the pleasure of running a heavy car expensive. Cutting these bills in two means twice as much use of your car for the same expense or the same use at half the expense.

The Fact-Backed Franklin "38" is equipped with the simple, efficient Entz Electric Starting and Lighting System. The Entz Starter makes it impossible for the engine to stall.

Does not this array of facts convince you that it will be worth your while to visit the Franklin dealer in your city?

Write for our catalogue and full information.



Engine and vehicle patented July 2, 1908. Other patents pending

Franklin "Six 38," a commodious, luxurious 5-passenger car **$3600**

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Most Franklin dealers are listed in their local telephone directories under "Franklin." If you cannot find the Franklin agency in the telephone book, most any motorist can direct you.

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PRATT & LAMBERT VARNISHES
ESTABLISHED 64 YEARS

THE FEMININITY OF BILLY FRENCH

(Continued from Page 7)

"Shall we try the river, Miss French?" suggested Ralph. "Let's get the canoe before any one else does."

When they were out of hearing Jimmie raved and roared in unholy glee; but I couldn't see it quite that way.

"It was mean to listen," said I. "I don't care if we did make Fanny!" I was beginning to feel as if she was a Frankenstein. "Can't you see Ralph's a nice kid, if he is so awfully young? And Billy's a remorseless little beast!"

Then we thought we would try the river too. As we came out of the trees in sight of the landing place we saw Clark coming from another direction, mooning desolately along. Before we could hail him Elizabeth appeared, running from the cottage in great haste. She talked to Clark a minute and then both got into the big boat. The Waites have only two boats—the little tottlish canoe, which Billy and Ralph had taken, and this one, which holds five or six.

"Hello! They might as well take us!" exclaimed Jimmie; and before I could stop him—for I didn't know what kind of crucial moment it might be—he yelled at them to wait. They didn't want to, but they couldn't very well help it; so we got into the boat and Clark rowed us across the river.

Whatever Elizabeth had said to him hadn't improved matters any between them. She was as nervous and restless and fidgety as she could be. I couldn't think what her game was—unless she was flying to snatch Ralph from Fanny by main force; and that seemed incredible. I was awfully sorry for her. Somehow everything that happened seemed a little worse for Elizabeth.

Clark rowed us over to the entrance to Spring Ravine. The canoe was drawn up on the bank there. We got out and drew up our boat too. None of us knew exactly why, but Elizabeth seemed to be in charge.

Spring Ravine is an awfully pretty place. It winds in between steep and picturesque walls of hill and rock, with several rather sharp turns. Pretty well up in it there is a spring coming out of a rock. A little stream runs along the bottom of the ravine.

There is only one thing to do at Spring Ravine, and that is to follow it up. We walked along - Elizabeth and I in front, and the boys following. We didn't say much, because none of us could think of much he or she wanted to say before the other three. We came round a sharp turn all together—and there, some distance in front of us, was the spring; and in front of the spring, with their backs to us, were Ralph and Billy.

I don't know whether Billy heard us; but at that instant he tipped his head back and perked up his lips. Ralph, after a stupefied pause, bent his head toward Billy's. Their lips met!

We simply fled back along the way we had come. There was no use pretending we hadn't seen. I couldn't help thinking Billy's remedy must surely have cured Elizabeth; but she was feeling horribly just then and I wanted dreadfully to say something to comfort her. When we had turned the next corner she sank down on a smooth stone and leaned her forehead on one trembling hand. We all stopped naturally. Jimmie Haskell was the first to speak.

"Well, this is pretty raw!" he said, grinning in spite of himself. "What kind of people are we entertaining unawares?"

"At least, they are our guests," I retorted. "You might remember that, Jimmie Haskell. And any one can see that horrid, forward, designing girl simply led him on!"

"Our guests!" repeated Jimmie meditatively. "Nice way you talk about yours!"

"Oh, let me think!" moaned Elizabeth. "Let me think!"

Clark glowered down at her. If his arms had been folded he would have looked awfully tragic. He had his hands in his pockets instead; but he looked tragic anyway—and terribly determined. I saw there had just got to be an explosion between those two.

"Come on, Jimmie!" said I, and took the turn back toward the spring.

"Is everybody crazy?" asked Jimmie.

"It looks like it, doesn't it?" said I.

"What's eating Elizabeth?" inquired Jimmie.

I reproved him for using such horrid slang.

"Our friend Morrison," observed Jimmie thoughtfully, "would seem to be some little heartbreaker what?"

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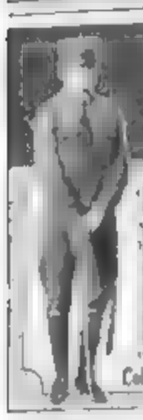

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"Jimmie Haskell," said I, "that will be about enough from you! Everything is Billy French's fault! Ralph Morrison has simply acted as any boy would have to act under the circumstances."

"Wonder what there is about that fellow," mused Jimmie, "that makes fools of all the girls!"

After that I simply wouldn't speak to him. Would you have?

Jimmie and I had reached a sort of deadlock all round. We couldn't go back, because Clark and Elizabeth were there; we hated to go forward, because Billy and Ralph were there; we couldn't go to either side on account of the walls of the ravine; and we had ceased to enjoy each other's society. I pretended to be busy picking harebells from the rocks, while Jimmie kicked pebbles into the bed of the stream, with an expression he thought was cynical.

It was a relief when Billy and Ralph appeared. To my surprise Ralph made straight for me and began taking a feverish interest in the harebells. He seemed to desire nothing so much as to avoid Fanny. So Fanny had to content herself with Jimmie, and Ralph and I strolled back together.

Plainly he was badly upset about something. Whether it was remorse about Elizabeth or shame of Fanny's cheapness, or whether he suspected they had been seen or suspected Billy's disguise, I couldn't make out. But he certainly was dreadfully rattled for some reason.

Elizabeth and Clark had moved on when we got to the place where they had been; but we nearly ran into them round the next turn. We stopped before they saw us, but we heard Elizabeth cry out in a high, despairing voice:

"I can't explain it! I don't suppose I can ever explain it! It's something beyond my power!"

Ralph looked at me with an expression of startled concern in his lovely dark eyes.

"What's she talking about?" he asked abruptly.

"How should I know?" said I.

When we got to where the boats were Clark and Elizabeth had gone off in the canoe. Ralph wanted to take the other boat and go back to the camp, but I made him wait for the others. When they finally came up we all got into the boat—Fanny in the bow, Jimmie in the rower's seat, and Ralph and I facing him. Ralph stuck tight to me. Fanny's attentions visibly distressed him; so the wicked little wretch redoubled her coquetries. I protected him all I could and Jimmie carefully avoided looking at us. It was going some for Jimmie Haskell to be jealous of two different boys in six hours!

We went upstream as far as Willow Island, where we saw the canoe pulled up on the sandy beach. Willow Island is nearly all sandy beach—except where it's willows. It's very long and diversified by willowy capes running out into the water. In the glimpse we caught of Clark and Elizabeth before they disappeared among the willows I thought Elizabeth looked as if she had been crying, and Clark was white round the mouth.

The minute Fanny saw the canoe she made up her mind to have Ralph take her out in it again and maneuvered so he simply had to. Jimmie shoved the boat on the beach and they transferred themselves to the canoe; and Ralph paddled off, with Fanny squealing affectedly and pretending to be afraid of the water. Jimmie and I stayed where we were. It did not seem worth while doing anything in particular.

"Aren't we having a rotten time?" said Jimmie.

It was a well-chosen remark. He couldn't have said anything I agreed with more completely.

"So far," said I, "we seem to have smashed up Clark and Elizabeth altogether and made a fool of Ralph Morrison, and an insufferable coxcomb of Billy French; and—we haven't had very much fun ourselves."

"Let's get the crowd together pretty soon," suggested Jimmie, "and go. What's the use of prolonging the agony?"

"All right," said I—"just as soon as we can detach Billy from his prey."

We heard a girl's scream from somewhere out on the water hidden from us by a willowy projection of the island.

"What's the little beast doing now?" I wondered.

"Meaning Morrison?" asked Jimmie hopefully.

"Meaning Billy French, of course," I snapped.

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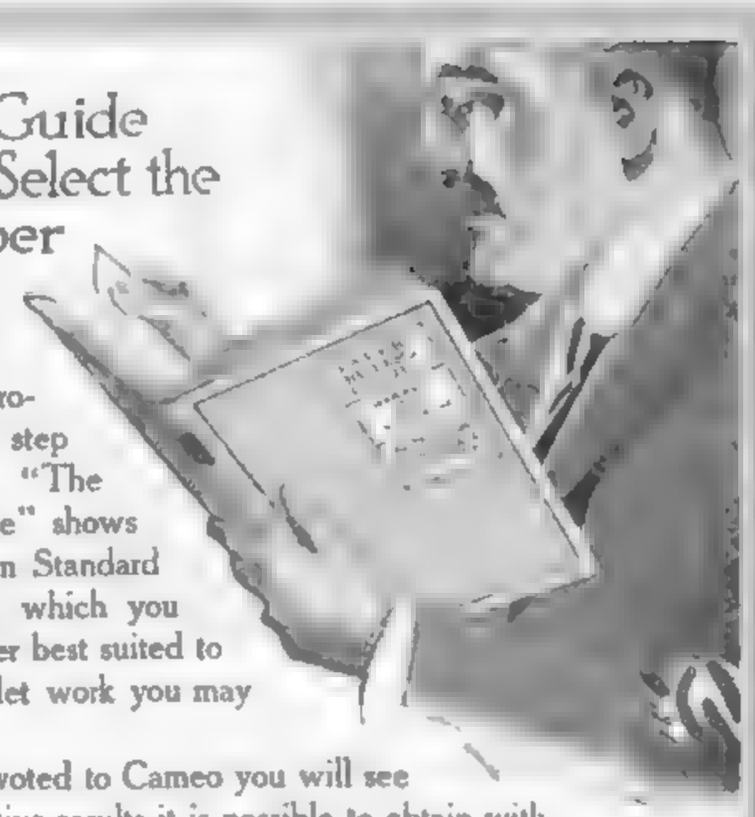

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Then we heard more sounds, sort of wild and confused—and Billy yelling in his natural voice.

"They've upset!" exclaimed Jimmie, pushing off the boat. It stuck for a minute and it seemed an awful time before we could get away. The sounds had stopped. There was just utter silence. I tell you we were scared!

"Can they swim?" asked Jimmie, shoving madly with the oar.

"I don't know. I don't suppose Billy can in those clothes."

We got round the little point at last. The canoe was floating down the river, bottom up; but great was our relief to see both our friends ashore on the sand, strange as were their attitudes.

Billy had lost his wig. Water ran from his sleek, wet crown, and from every part of his streaming pink raiment. He seemed to be struck motionless. He just stood there and dripped like some sort of Naiad.

Ralph was even more overcome. He sat on the sand in a similarly watery state and hid his face on his knees. In the confusion his shirtsleeve had been torn up to the shoulder, and the arm with which he sheltered his face was very round and white. Billy stared down at him with a look that was passing strange on the face of Billy French—a sort of gasping, fishy expression.

Jimmie and I went after the canoe. As we started I saw Billy simply collapse on the sand. Coming back with the canoe—we rescued Billy's wig too—we heard people laughing—wild, mad, hysterical laughter. The little beach was a scene of strange, bewildering mirth. Clark and Elizabeth stood in the background, and they were laughing; Billy and Ralph were rocking and screaming with laughter on the sand—Billy with bass roarings and Ralph with treble shrieks. Then suddenly Billy dived into the willows on one side and Ralph on the other.

Well, of course, you know, he wasn't Ralph at all! He was Letty—I mean, she was Letty. She hadn't been Ralph any of the time. She was just wearing his clothes. Her hair had caught fire over an alcohol lamp that summer and had to be all cut off. That was what gave the girls the idea when they got my letter—that and what Elizabeth had told them about Clark's notions. They wanted to show him. And Letty, being that tall, slim, long-legged, majestic-featured sort of girl——

It was Flora who gave us away when we were up in the woods after dinner. That made Elizabeth wild to get hold of Letty and warn her—she'd been in a twitter all the time for fear Letty'd be seen through; but what she saw in Spring Ravine made her decide she'd better just keep it and never let any one know Letty was a girl. She and Clark had an awful time. Letty never would tell—but I'm sure she got on to Billy in Spring Ravine.

The way it turned out is one of those things you just can't understand! You'd think they'd never have wanted to see each other again! I'm convinced it is simply due to Billy French's passion for getting even. Kate Morrison and I are going to be bridesmaids. Letty wanted awfully to have Elizabeth—but she and Clark went West right after they were married last spring. Billy's going to take Letty back to Seattle immediately after their wedding; so, as Jimmie says, there'll be hardly any of the old crowd left to come to ours.

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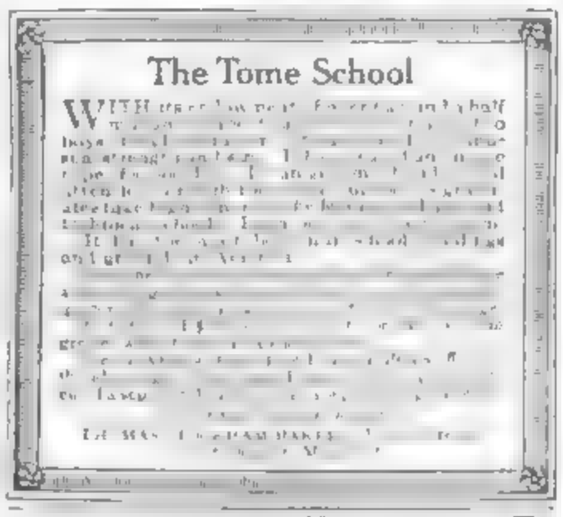

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Wild Mountain Sheep

By ENOS A. MILLS

WILD mountain sheep are perhaps the most accomplished and daredevil acrobats in the animal world. The chamois and the wild mountain goat may equal them in climbing among the crags and peaks, but in descending dizzy precipices and sheer walls, the bighorn sheep are unrivaled. When sheep hurriedly descend a precipice the laws of falling bodies are given a most spectacular display, and the possibilities of friction and adhesion receive the acme of application.

It is intensely thrilling to watch one of the leaping exhibitions of these heavy, agile, alert and athletic animals. The wild sheep is indifferent to the depths beneath and goes merrily along cañon walls. Down precipitous places he plunges headforemost, turning and checking himself with his feet as he descends by striking against walls and projections—perhaps a dozen times—before alighting for a full stop on a ledge, from which he walks overboard and repeats the wild performance!

One day in Glacier Gorge, Colorado, I was astonished to see a number of sheep start to descend the precipitous eastern face of Thatch Top Mountain. This glaciated wall, only a few degrees off the perpendicular, rises comparatively smooth for several hundred feet. Evidently the sheep were to go down this to the bottom. Down they slowly came with absolute composure over places I dared not even try to descend. The nearness of the sheep to my clear field glasses gave me excellent views of the many ways in which they ignored danger.

A heavily horned ram led the way. He was followed by two young rams, a number of ewes, with two small lambs in the rear. They formed a crooked line and were in single file, each well separated from the others. Down this frightful wall the lambs appeared to be going to certain death. At times all followed the contour round small spurs or in niches. At times they appeared from my viewpoint to be flattened against the wall and descending headforemost.

There was one long pitch that offered nothing on which to stand and no place on which to stop. Down this the old ram plunged with a series of bouncing drops and jumps—falling under control, with his fall broken, checked and directed, without stopping, by striking with the feet as frequently as was necessary. First came three or four straightforward bouncing dives, followed by a number of swift zigzag jumps, striking alternately right and left—then three or four darts to the right before flying off to the left. At last he struck on a wide ledge, where he pulled up and stopped with masterly resistance and stiff-legged jumps! Mind controlled matter!

The Bighorn's Specialty

This specialty of the sheep requires keen eyesight, instant decision, excellent judgment—a marvelous nicety in measuring distances and a complete forgetfulness of peril. Each ewe in turn gave a similar and almost equally striking exhibition; while the lambs, instead of breaking their necks in the play of drop and bounce, did not appear to be even cautious. They showed off by dropping farther and going faster than the old ones. This was sheer frolic for these children of the crags.

Down a vertical gulley—a giant chimney with one side out—they went hippety-hop from side to side, and at the bottom, without a stop, dropped fifteen feet to a wide bench below. The ram simply dived off, with front feet thrust forward and with hind feet drawn up and forward, and apparently struck with all four feet at once. A number of others followed in such rapid succession that they appeared to be falling out of the air. Each, however, made it a point to land to the right or the left of the one it was following. Two ewes turned broadside to the wall as they went over and dropped vertically—stiff-legged, back horizontal and with head held well up. The lambs leaped overboard simultaneously only a second behind the rear ewe, each lamb coming to a stop with the elastic bounce of youth.

Beneath this bench where all had paused, the wall was perilously steep for perhaps one hundred feet. A moment after the lambs landed, the ram followed the bench round the wall for several yards, then commenced to descend the steep wall by tacking back and forth on broken ledges, with many footholds barely two inches wide. He was well down when he missed his footing and fell. He tumbled outward, turned completely over, and after a fall of about twenty feet struck the wall glancingly, against which he also thrust his feet as though trying to right himself. A patch of hair—and perhaps skin—was left clinging to the wall. A few yards below this, while falling almost head first, he struck a slope with all four feet and bounded wildly outward, but with checked speed. He dropped on a ledge where, with the utmost effort, he regained control of himself and stopped, with three or four stiff plunges and a slide. From there he trotted over easy ways and moderate slopes to the bottom, where he stood trembling for some time, then lay down.

One by one his flock came down in good order. The leaps of flying squirrels and the clever gymnastic pranks of monkeys are tame shows compared with the wild feats of these masters of the crags.

A Discredited Myth

The sheep, after playing and feeding about for an hour or more, started to return. The injured leader lay quietly on the grass, but with head held bravely erect. The two lambs raced ahead and started to climb the precipice over the route they had come down. One ewe went to the bottom of the wall, then turned to look at the bighorned leader, which still lay upon the grass. She waited. The lambs, plainly eager to go on up, also waited. Presently the ram rose with an effort and limped heavily away. There was blood on his side. He turned aside from the precipice and led the way back toward the top by long, easy slopes. The flock slowly followed. The lambs looked at each other and hesitated for some time. Finally they leaped down and raced rompingly after the others.

The massive horns of the rams, along with the audacious dives that sheep sometimes make on precipices, probably suggested the story that sheep jump off a cliff and effectively break the shock of the fall by landing on their horns at the bottom! John Charles Frémont appears to have started this story in print. Though sheep do not intentionally alight on their heads, this story is still in circulation and is too widely believed. Every one with whom I have talked who has seen sheep land after a leap says that the sheep strike with their feet. I have seen this performance a number of times, and on a few occasions there were several sheep; and each and all struck feet first. Incidentally I have seen two rams come down a mountainside and strike on their horns; but they did not rise again! The ewes' small horns would offer no shock-breaking resistance if alighted upon; yet the ewes rival the rams in making precipitous plunges.

The sheep is the only animal that has circling horns. These in rams rise from the top of the head and grow upward, outward and backward, then curve downward and forward. Commonly the circle is complete in four or five years. This circular tendency varies greatly with locality. In mature rams the horns are from twenty to forty inches long, measured round the curve, and have a basic circumference of twelve to eighteen inches. The largest horns I ever measured were at the base nineteen and one-half inches in circumference. These were of the Colorado bighorn species, and at the time of measurement their owner had been dead about two months. The horns of the ewes are small, and extend upward, pointing slightly outward and backward.

The wildest leap I ever saw a sheep take was made in the Rocky Mountains a few miles northwest of Long's Peak. In climbing down a precipice I rounded a point near the bottom and came upon a ram on the end of a ledge I was following. Evidently he had been lying down looking upon the scenes below. The ledge was narrow where I stood and it ended behind the ram, which faced me only five or six feet away. He stamped angrily, struck an attitude of fight

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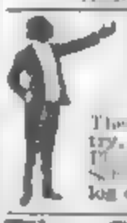

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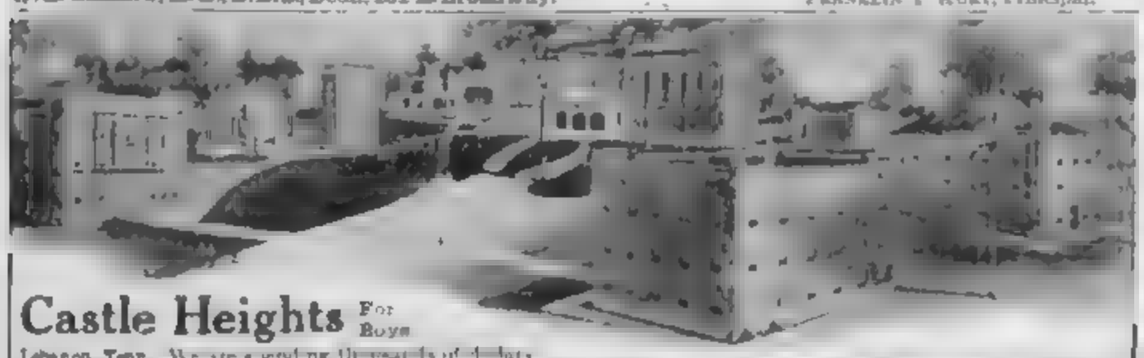

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and shook his head as if to say: "I've half a mind to butt you overboard!" He could have butted an ox overboard. My plan was to fling myself beneath a slight overhang of wall on the narrow ledge between us if he made a move.

While considering the wisdom of trying to make my way backward along almost nothing of a ledge when the ram moved, I lay down beneath the few inches of projecting wall. The ram simply made a wild leap off the ledge.

This appeared a leap to death. He plunged down at an angle to the wall, head forward and a trifle lower than the rump, with feet drawn upward and thrust forward. I looked over the edge, hoping he was making a record jump. The first place he struck was thirty or more feet below me. The fore feet struck and his shoulderblades jammed upward as though they would rupture the skin. A fraction of a second later his hind feet also struck and his back sagged violently; his belly must have scraped the slope. He bounded upward and outward like a heavy chunk of rubber. This contact had checked his deadly drop and his second striking place was on a steeply inclined buttress, which he struck glancingly; but apparently in this brief contact he altered his course with a kicking action of the feet.

There was lightninglike foot action, and from this striking place he veered off and came down violently, feet first, upon a shelf of granite. With a splendid show of physical power, and with desperate effort, he got his momentum under control and brought himself to a stand with stiff-legged and sliding bounds along the shelf. He paused for a second, then stepped out of sight behind a rock point. Feeling that he must be crippled I hurriedly scrambled up and got out on a promontory from which to look down upon him.

He was trotting down the slope without even the sign of a limp!

Sheep do sometimes slip, misjudge a distance, and fall. Usually a bad bruise, a wrenched joint or a split hoof is the worst injury, though one now and then receives a broken leg or ribs, or a fractured neck. Most accidents appear to befall them while they are fleeing through territory with which they are unacquainted. In strange places they are likely to have trouble with loose stones, or they may be compelled to leap without knowing the nature of the landing place.

A sheep, like a rabbit or a fox, does his greatest work in evading pursuers in territory with which he is intimately acquainted. If he knows the place a sheep will, when driven by necessity, flee at high speed up or down a precipice, perform seemingly impossible feats, and triumphantly escape. But no matter how skillful, if he goes his utmost in new territory he is as likely to come to grief as an orator who attempts to talk on a subject with which he is not well acquainted. It is probable that most of the accidents that befall these masters of the crags occur when they are making a desperate retreat through strange precipitous territory.

Tactics in Tight Places

In the Cathedral Mountains the sheep were driven far from their stamping ground and while in a strange country were fired upon by hunters. They fled up a peak they had not before climbed. The leader leaped upon a rock that gave way. He tumbled off, with the rock on top. He fell upon his back—to rise no more. A ewe missed her footing and in her fall knocked two others over to their death, though she regained her footing and escaped.

One day a ram appeared on a nearby skyline and crossed along the top of a shattered knife-edge of granite. The gale had driven me to shelter, but along he went unmindful of the wind that was ripping among the crags and knocking things right and left. Occasionally he made a long leap from point to point. Now and then he paused to look into the cañon far below, and on the top of the highest pinnacle he stopped and became a splendid statue. Presently he rounded a spur within fifty feet of me and commenced climbing diagonally up a wall that appeared vertical and smooth.

My glass showed that he was walking along a mere crack in the rock, where footholds existed mostly in imagination. On this place he would stop and scratch with one hind foot and then rub the end of a horn against the wall.

As he went on up the appearance was like a stage effect and as if he was sustained by wires. At the end of the crack he reared, hooked his fore feet over a rough point, and drew himself up like an athlete, with utter indifference to the two hundred feet of drop beneath him. From this point he tacked back and forth until he had ascended to the bottom of a vertical gulley, which he easily mastered with a series of zigzag jumps. In some of these he leaped several feet almost horizontally to gain a few inches vertically. Occasionally he leaped up and struck with his feet in a place where he could not stand, but from which he leaped to a place more roomy. His feet slipped as he landed from one high jump; instantly he pushed himself off backward and came down feet foremost on the narrow place from which he had just leaped. He tried again and succeeded.

The edges of sheep-hoofs are hard, while the back part of the bottom is a rubbery, gristly pad, which holds well on smooth, steep surfaces. Coöperating with these excellent feet are strong muscles, good eyes and keen wits.

Descended From Asiatics

Wild sheep are much larger than tame ones. They are alert, resourceful and full of energy. Among the Colorado bighorns the rams are from thirty-eight to forty-two inches high, and weigh from two hundred to three hundred and fifty pounds. The ewes are a third smaller. The common color is grayish brown, with under parts and inside of the legs white. In the north there is one pure-white species, while on neighboring ranges there is a black species. Though wild sheep usually follow a leader, each one is capable of independent action. Tame sheep are stupid and silly; wild sheep are wideawake and courageous. Tame sheep, too, are dirty and smelly, and altogether they appear like imbeciles when compared with the bold sheep of the great heights, that are as well groomed and clean as the cliffs among which they live. Dr. W. T. Hornaday says that the six species of sheep in the wilds of America surely are descendants of the wild sheep of Asia. These ocean-separated species have a striking resemblance, and many of the habits of American wild sheep are like those of the sheep with circling horns in the mountains of Asia.

In discussing wild life many people fail to separate the wild sheep from the wild goats. The goat has back-curving spike horns and a beard that makes the face every inch a goat's. Though of unshapely body and awkward gait, which is intensified by his long hair, he is a skillful climber. The sheep easily excels him for speed, grace and alertness.

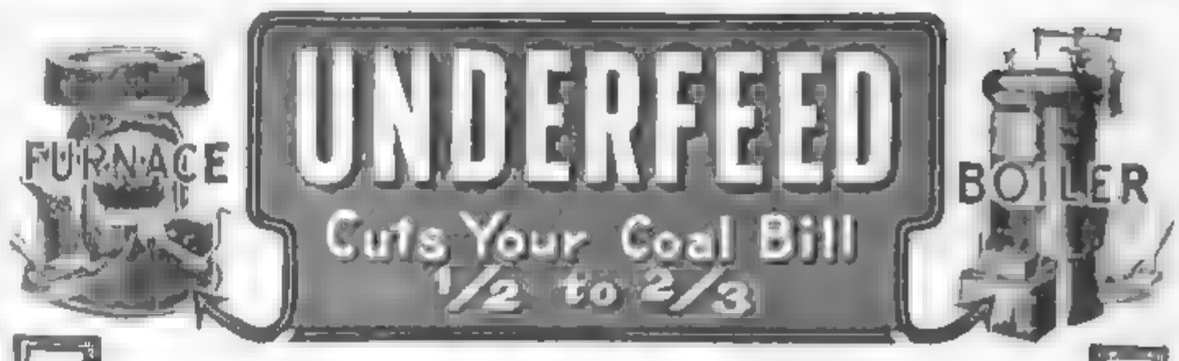
Wild sheep are found in Alaska, Western Canada and the United States, and extend a short distance down into Mexico. Many flocks are found in the Sierras and the Rocky Mountains above the timberline, and at an altitude of twelve thousand feet. Winter quarters in these high stamping grounds appear to be chosen in localities where the high winds prevent a deep accumulation of snow. This snow removal decreases the danger of becoming snowbound and usually enables the sheep to obtain food.

Their warm, thick covering of fine wool protects them from the coldest blasts. During storms the sheep commonly huddle together to the leeward of a cliff. Sometimes they stand thus for days and are completely drifted over. At the close of the storm the stronger ones lead and buck their way out through the snow. Occasionally a few weak ones perish and occasionally, too, a mountain lion appears while the flock is almost helpless in the snow.

Excursions from their mountain-top homes are occasionally made into the lowlands. They go down for green stuff, which comes first to the lowlands. They go down to salt licks for a change of food and for the fun of it. The duration of these excursions may be a few hours or several days.

Most of the time the full-grown rams form one flock; the local ewes and youngsters flock by themselves. Severe storms or harassing enemies may briefly unite these local flocks. One hundred and forty is the largest flock I ever counted. This was in June, on Specimen Mountain, Colorado; and the sheep had apparently assembled for the purpose of licking salty earth near the top of this mountain.

Wild sheep appear to have an insatiable craving for salt and will travel a day's



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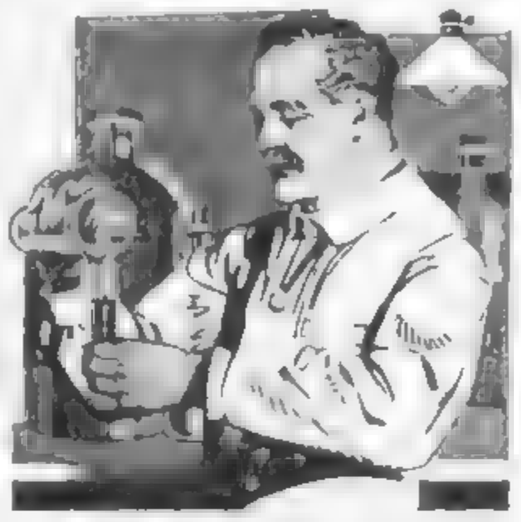

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journey to obtain it. Occasionally they will cross a high, broken mountain range and repeatedly expose themselves to danger in order to visit a salt lick.

The young lambs, one or two at a birth, usually are born in the alpine heights above timberline. What a wildly royal and romantic birthplace! The strange world spreading far below and far away; crags, snowdrifts, brilliant flowers—a hanging wild garden, with the ptarmigan and the rosy finches for companions! The mother has the sole care of the young for several weeks and must guard them from hungry foxes, eagles and lions.

I once saw an eagle swoop and strike a lamb. Though the lamb was knocked heels over head, the blow was not fatal. The eagle wheeled to strike again, but the mother leaped up and shielded the wounded lamb. Eaglets are occasionally fed on young lambs, as skulls near eagles' nests in the cliffs bear evidence.

A number of ewes and lambs came close to my hiding place on a crag. One mother had two children; four others had one each. An active lamb had a merry time with his mother—butting her from every angle, rearing up on his hindlegs and striking with his head, and occasionally leaping entirely over her. While she lay down he practiced long jumps over her, occasionally stopping to have a fierce fight with an imaginary rival. Presently he was joined by another lamb and they proceeded to race and romp all over a cliff, while the mothers looked on with satisfaction. Presently all lay down and a number of magpies walked over them, apparently hunting insects.

In one of the side cañons on the Colorado in Arizona I was for a number of days close to a flock of wild sheep the members of which evidently had never before seen man. On their first view of me they showed marked curiosity, which they satisfied by approaching closely, two or three touching me with their noses. Several times I walked among the flock with no excitement on their part. I was without either camera or gun. The day I broke camp and moved on, one of the ewes followed me for more than an hour.

When Sheep are Bold

They become intensely alert and wild when hunted; but in localities where they are not shot at they quickly become semidomestic, often feeding near friendly homes. One winter a number of sheep frequently came down from the heights to feed near my cabin. One day after a number had licked salt with my pony a ram which appeared as old as the hills walked boldly, head proudly up, within a few feet of my cabin.

A few years ago a ram lost his life in a barbed wire fence near my home. He and a number of other rams had fed, then climbed to the top of a small crag by the roadside. While on top of this a man on horseback came along. Indifferently they watched him approach; but when he stopped to take a picture all but one fled in alarm, easily leaping a shoulder-high fence. After a minute the remaining ram dashed off to follow the others and ran into the fence. He was hurled backward and one of his curved horns hooked over a wire. Finding himself caught he surged desperately to tear himself free. In doing this a barb severed a jugular vein. He fell and freed his horn of the wire in falling. Rising, he ran for the crag from which he had just fled. The blood escaped in great gushes, and as he was gaining the top of the crag he rolled over dead.

Two flocks—one of ewes and one of rams—live on the summit of Battle Mountain, about four miles from my cabin. I followed them a few times when they went off for a ramble. About the middle of September the flocks united and moved off to the south. I made haste to climb to the top of Mount Meeker so as to command most of their movements.

I had been watching for several hours without even a glimpse of them. Rising to move away, I surprised them as they lay at rest near by; and I also surprised a lion that evidently was sneaking up on them. This was at an altitude of fourteen thousand feet.

The mountain lion is the game-hog of the heights and is a persistent and insidious foe of sheep. He kills both old and young, and usually makes a capture by sneaking up on his victim. Sometimes he lies in wait by a sheeptrail, often waiting for hours. He prefers warm blood and fresh meat for each meal; and then, though he is well fed, he kills freely for the devilish fun of it.

The day following the surprise on Mount Meeker this flock appeared at timberline, about three miles to the southeast. Here it was fired on. As it fled near me I counted, and one of the twenty-eight was missing. Most of the next day they spent round Chasm Lake, just under the northern crags of Meeker. Before night they were back at their old stamping ground. Early the following morning the big ram led the way slowly to the west, keeping a little above timberline.

During the morning a grizzly came lumbering up the slope, and as he probably would intercept the sheep I waited the next scene with intense interest. The bear showed no interest in the sheep, which, in turn, were not alarmed by his approach. Within a few yards of the flock he concluded to dig out a fat woodchuck. The sheep, full of curiosity, crowded near to watch this performance—evidently too near to suit the bear, which presently caused a lively scattering with a Woof! and a charge.

The bear returned to his digging and the sheep proceeded quietly on their way.

A Fight on the Crags

The flock went down into Glacier Gorge, then out on the opposite side, climbing to the summit of the Continental Divide. The following day another flock united with it; and just at nightfall another, composed entirely of ewes and lambs, was seen approaching. At daylight the following morning the Battle Mountain flock was by itself and the other flocks nowhere in sight. During the day my flock traveled four or five miles to the north, doubled back, descended Flat Top Mountain, and at sundown, after a trip of about twenty miles and a descent from twelve thousand feet to eight thousand, they arrived at the Mary Lake salt lick in Estes Park.

Before noon the following day this flock was on the Crags, about three miles south of the lake and at an altitude of eleven thousand feet. Near the Crags I saw a fight between one of the rams of this flock and one that ranged round the Crags. The start of this was a lively pushing contest, head to head. At each break there was a quick attempt to strike each other with their horns, which was followed by goatlike rearing and sparring. As they reared and struck, or struck while on their hind legs, the aim was to hit each other's nose with head or horn.

Suddenly they broke away and rushed back a few yards, then wheeled with a fine cutting angle and came at each other full tilt. There was a smashing head-on collision, and each was thrown upward and almost back on his haunches by the force of the impact. Instantly they wheeled and again came together in a flying butt. It was a contest between battering rams on legs. Occasionally one was knocked to his knees or was flung headlong. The circular arena over which they fought was not more than twenty-five feet in diameter. In the final head-on butt the ram of the Crags was knocked end over end; then he arose and trotted away down the slope, while the victor, erect and motionless as a statue, stared after him. Both were covered with blood and dirt.

During the day the flock returned to Battle Mountain.

The following day this flock separated into two flocks—the youngsters and ewes in one and the old rams in the other. At matingtime, early in October, the flocks united, and the rams had it out among themselves. There were repeated fights; sometimes two contests were in progress at once. In the end a few rams were driven off without mates, while three or four rams each led off from one to five ewes.

Over the greater part of their range wild mountain sheep are threatened with extermination. They are shot for sport and for their flesh, and are relentlessly hunted for their horns. Sheep are a valuable local asset. They are picturesque and an interesting part of the scenery. These classic people of the crags are an inspiration to every beholder.

Fortunate is the locality that perpetuates its wild sheep. These courageous climbers add much to the ancient mountains and snowy peaks; the arctic wild gardens and the crags would not be the same for us if these mountaineers were to vanish forever from the heights.

WHAT NEXT?

Rapid Reading

IT IS possible for one to train himself to read much faster than has been his habit and still understand just as well the matter he is reading. The increased speed is not easy to acquire or to keep up. This is a new discovery of psychology. If experiments confirm the new belief the logic of it all is that school-children will be taught how to read with great rapidity.

An investigator in the University of Chicago started with the theory that every one articulates words as he reads—that the mind goes through the process of forming the words just as if they were to be spoken, or that reading is accompanied by silent speech. On this theory it seemed reasonable to believe that a person's speed in reading is limited by the speed with which he can silently articulate. Almost every one has noticed some poorly educated person, who reads with difficulty, actually forming the words with his lips as he struggles along. Nearly every one can find in his own reading the same habit of silent articulation.

The investigator, therefore, tried to find some method of preventing silent articulation, to see whether it resulted in higher speed of reading, with equal understanding. A complete elimination of silent speech he did not attempt; but, instead, he tried the method of articulating the numerals 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18 and 19 while reading. With a little practice the young men upon whom he experimented were able to repeat these figures automatically while they read selected clippings; and, of course, it was impossible for them to articulate the words they read while they were articulating the numerals. This, of course, did not eliminate silent speech, but substituted a quicker silent speech. After reading the clippings the subjects wrote out their recollections of what they had read in order to check up their understanding of it.

As usual in such tests, stop-watches and other expedients were used to try to get exact results that would show in columns of figures. The figures finally made up from the tests showed a remarkable increase in speed of reading, once the subjects learned to articulate silently the numerals instead of the words they read. Later experiments showed that by getting out of practice they largely lost this increased speed, though one observer was very sure he read much faster than he had formerly, for he felt that he only had to skim over lines of type to get their meaning.

Oil Bricks

BRICKS of solid oil, to be burned like coal, are now suggested by science as a practical fuel. The new science of hardening oils by a hydrogen treatment is proving so successful that the hardening of the oil is not difficult, and a few advantages can be seen for such a fuel. It could be piled up like coal, without much danger; and, stacked up carefully, it would take little more room than liquid oil.

Solid oil has been found to burn with no slag, explosion or sparks, and to give a long, bright flame. It is claimed that it is possible to produce the oil bricks at a slightly less cost than for an amount of liquid oil of equal heat value.

Currents in the Earth

IF THERE is so much electricity in the earth and in the air—enough electricity, for instance, to form lightning—why cannot it be harnessed in electric motors and made to work? The answer to this question has always been that there is much electricity in the air and earth, but it is scattered so that it is, as a matter of fact, very thin and not worth trying to use. In spite of this answer an engineer of Frankfort has constructed a motor to utilize these currents of electricity and has submitted it to Count Zeppelin for study and experiment.

He claims that the motor he has built will develop eight horse power. He has not made public his methods; so he has been met with the statement that an experiment of burying metal plates two-thirds of a mile apart and connecting them by wire brought out only one ten-millionth part of a horse power, while a high column of air five yards wide in cross section produced only a thousandth part of one ampère.

A Spectrum Victory

A NEW victory has been achieved by the spectrum—the little strip of colors made by a beam of light passing through a triangular piece of glass—a victory that is almost as remarkable as spectrum analysis of the substances of which the stars are made, or the spectrum determination as to how fast a star revolves. By studies of the colored strip an astronomer has been able to fix the temperature of seventy stars.

Our sun has a temperature of four thousand nine hundred and fifty degrees centigrade; and the temperature of one star, known as Gamma Pegasi, he found to be four hundred thousand degrees centigrade! Alpha Tauri he found to have only a modest two thousand one hundred and fifty degrees.

Wanted—Left-Handed Men

A DEMAND for left-handed men is one of the odd results of the new American scientific management, though it is only common laborers that are as yet sought. An efficiency expert recently made a study of the use of a conveyor belt, which carried along articles from one workman to another so that each workman might do one operation without stopping the progress of the work. Some of the workmen were on one side of the belt and some on the other. A study was made of the motions they performed, and it was decided by the expert that left-handed men would be more efficient in some places than right-handed men; so in that work left-handed men are hired to fill any vacancies, with the intention of having the proper number of left-handed men along the conveyor.

A mining engineer who made a study of the loading of dump cars in narrow tunnels found that under some circumstances the most efficient way of filling the cars was to have two right-handed men work on one side of the car and two left-handed men on the other side.

Bullet Photography

MOVING pictures have just been made at the rate of one hundred thousand a second in contrast with the rate of fifteen or twenty a second, which is enough when reproduced on a screen to give the eye the impression of a continuous picture. The only thing that moves fast enough to make such tremendous speed worth using is a bullet, and some extraordinary pictures of bullets have been taken at this rate, seventy-two pictures being taken of a revolver bullet as it moved ten inches from the muzzle.

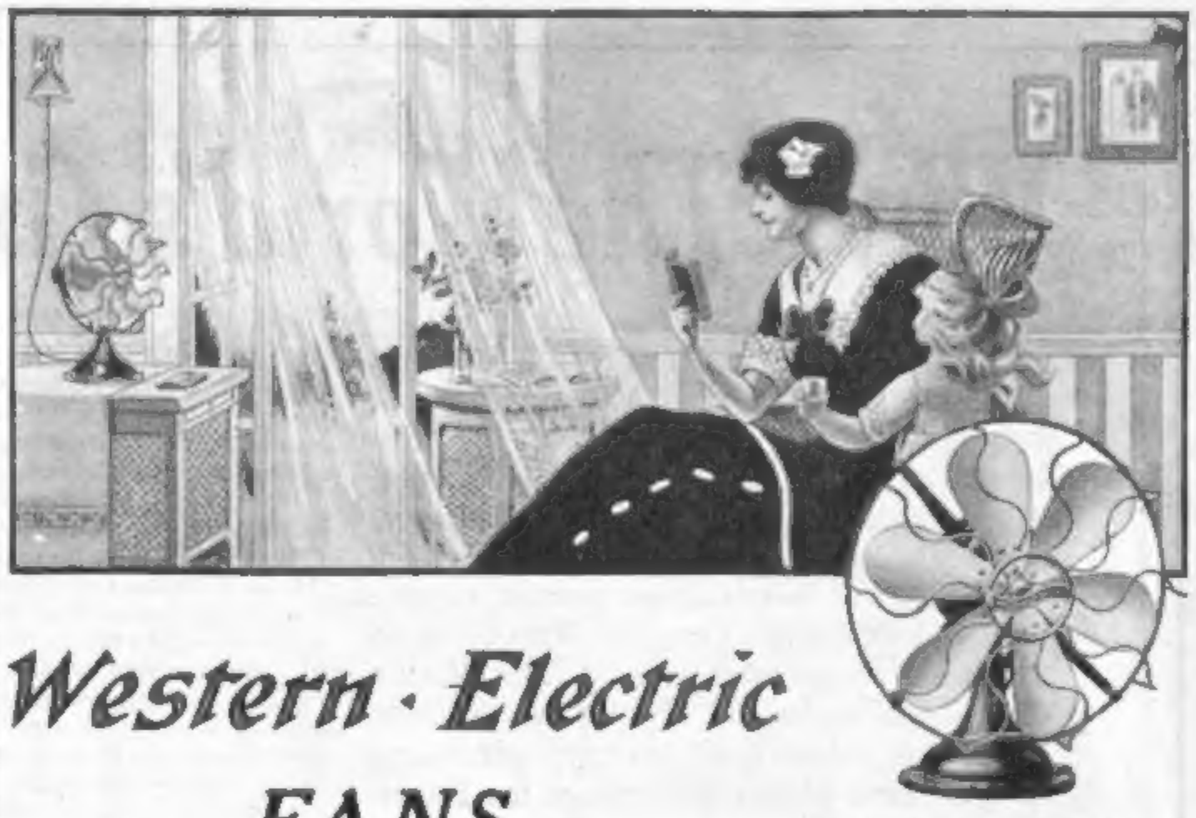
Pictures of a bullet passing through a stick of wood showed a queer condition. The bullet passed completely through the thin stick and was well on its way beyond before the wood gave any sign of distress. Then some tiny splinters started out, following the bullet; the stick began to split; and after the bullet had proceeded some distance the stick suddenly fell to pieces. No camera shutters are fast enough to take pictures at anything like this speed; so no shutter was used.

Instead, a series of electric sparks was flashed, the sparks following one another at the rate of one hundred thousand a second, each spark making a picture. The film was mounted on a wheel about three feet in circumference, and the wheel was revolved at the rate of nine thousand revolutions a minute. When all was ready the bullet was shot, the spark flashed and the wheel revolved, the actual exposure being limited to a fraction of a second so as not to pile up pictures one over the other.

Penny-in-the-Slot Pipe Cleaning

NEWEST of the penny-in-the-slot machines is one that will thoroughly clean out your old pipe. The bowl of the pipe is placed over a little cylinder and a penny dropped in a slot. A pair of knives then cut out the incrusted tobacco ash from the pipe bowl.

By means of springs the knives are prevented from cutting too deeply, thus stopping their work before they injure the brier or meerschaum. Then a blast of air is shot through the bowl and out of the stem, powerful enough to clean it well. A clean sheet of paper is then passed out, with which the pipe may be given a polishing.



Western · Electric

FANS

SWELTERING Summer heat is coming! Get ready for it with a Western Electric Fan, so that you can rest in comfort. Costs little to buy and less to operate. Various sizes and types from which to choose. Full-value service for many seasons is guaranteed by the well-known Western Electric trade mark.

The 6-bladed fan shown above is well adapted for home use, because the slow speed at which it runs makes it practically noiseless. It stirs up just as brisk a breeze as a higher speed fan and uses less current than an ordinary 16-candle-power lamp. The 8-inch fan is lighter—and better adapted for moving from room to room. Reliable electrical dealers carry the complete line.

We issue an illustrated booklet which suggests helpful ways to use a fan, and also describes other Western Electric Household Helps that will increase the summer comfort of the home. Ask for Booklet No. 121-Q. Write any of our offices below.

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Make you a Civil, Mechanical, Electrical or Chemical Engineer in two years. $165 covers tuition, board and furnished room for 48 weeks. Preparatory courses at same rate. No entrance examination.

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Technical Library, Gymnasium, Roof Garden, Elevator Service. Tuition Moderate.

For Catalog address JOHN L. SHEARER, Pres.

Why "The World's Greatest Newspaper"?

THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE was founded in 1847. Joseph Medill was the guiding spirit in its early days and later became its owner. Today his descendants own *The Tribune*, without a break in the line of their inheritance. Few newspapers remain in one family for 66 years. Long ago *The Chicago Tribune*'s readers christened it "The World's Greatest Newspaper," and by right of long usage this phrase has been copyrighted and now appears as the sub-title of the Paper. Some of the reasons why *The Chicago Tribune* enjoys this reputation, not only among its readers but also among newspaper men, can be appreciated by reading the following extracts from an address delivered by the general manager of *The Chicago Tribune* before the students of Notre Dame University, the University of Michigan and the University of Wisconsin.

" * * * The real newspaper of today has outgrown the looking-glass stage as the sole object of its existence. The big development of the modern newspaper will be along lines of personal service. The newspaper that not only informs and instructs its readers but is of service is the one that commands attention, gets circulation, and also holds its readers after it gets them. The newspaper must be of service today, not only in politics and morals, but it must be of social service. It must not only plead with the people to swat the crook but must also urge them to swat the fly. It must not only help in the fighting for a clean city but must aid the clergy and others in the fight for a clean home. It must not only teach patriotism but must show the folly of the annual massacre on July 4—a slaughter doubly horrible because it is done in the name of patriotism. It must enter into the everyday life of its readers and, like the parish priest, be guide, counselor, and friend.

The editor of a paper who conceives his whole duty to be the printing of the news and commenting sagely or foolishly thereon, according to the viewpoint of his readers, probably would shiver with disgust and repel with indignation a suggestion that a Laura Jean Libbey conduct a department in his paper to give first aid—so to speak—to wounded hearts and elementary lessons in deportment. But there is a legitimate field for the Laura Jean Libbeys and the Lillian Russells in the newspapers of today. When we engaged Miss Libbey, at a salary, incidentally, larger than that paid to a cabinet minister or a judge of the Supreme Court, a number of the men in our office thought I was crazy. So did a number of estimable ladies outside the office.

In a little over two years Miss Libbey has received 50,000 letters asking advice, and if you could have read the letters, as I did, not all, but hundreds, you would have felt as I did, that she was, to use that trite saying, "filling a long felt want." They were from lonely human beings with human problems. Over two hundred young women have written and acknowledged that her words of warning saved them from taking the irretrievable false step which often confronts the friendless girl in a large city. Almost as many have testified that she has prevented the wrecking of homes in a divorce court. Several hundreds of her readers have written her that she saved them from the folly of an elopement which would have been accursed. Other hundreds have written that she straightened out the kinks in their affairs, and sent wedding invitations or announcements with thanks to her that they are established happily.

The precise, horror-stricken persons who stood aghast at this excursion into the realms of soul states and tender emotions long ago resumed the placidity of their ways. Sternly critical persons have forgotten their dismay. And Miss Libbey goes ahead doing good and making readers—readers who will stick because they have a real reason for so doing.

But Laura Jean Libbey's mail, enormous as it is, forms only a part of the flood of letters from our readers. We advertise to the women of Chicago "What Shall I Do? Ask *The Tribune*." And if you could see the thirty-five hundred letters a week that pour into the office, all asking questions, you would realize that the furnishing of news is but a small part of the province of a newspaper.

The most interesting thing is feminine beauty, if one may judge by the number of letters received. Miss Russell gets a mail sometimes reaching two hundred letters a day, and she teaches in her printed form replies as well as in her daily articles that the soul's thoughts affect the body; that ugly thoughts will ruin any beauty; and in her advice for the repairing of the damages of time and nature she advises against the use of cosmetics and preaches the doctrine that cleanliness of body and mind is next to godliness and is beauty's most efficient handmaiden.

"Marion Harland's Helping Hand" is a department through which a great exchange is conducted reaching from coast to coast. Actually hundreds of articles discarded by those who no longer need them, have been sent to those who do, and not only have a dozen encyclopædias been given to those who need them but half a dozen typewriters and one piano have found places where they would be of real value. Over a dozen orphans have found homes through her efforts. Mrs. Harland has three secretaries, and together they sort the applications from those who want and the offers from those who have and use their best efforts that the helping hand shall be extended to those deserving.

Queer work, the old time editor would think. But it is real work.

The letters that we receive developed the fact that thousands of women were worrying as to how to add a few dollars to their income while staying at home doing the housework. That revealed a condition needing a remedy. So we started a department in the Sunday paper to help solve the problem, offering a cash prize for each acceptable suggestion as to how to earn money at home. Those who knew shared their knowledge with those who needed the information. That is one of the pleasant aspects of this kind of newspaper making. When this department had been running for a few months, we found that several hundred women, by utilizing the suggestions we printed, had added to their incomes and in some cases had been enabled to start in business. We then published and gave away free of cost on request by mail twenty thousand little booklets called, "One Hundred Ways to Earn Money at Home." From these suggestions and others that we publish daily we have been told that other hundreds of women have been materially aided in life's battle.

Our latest department is called "How to Fight the Increased Cost of Living." Here daily we preach the lessons of real economy and try to make each dollar do more work for the housewife than it has been in the habit of doing. The four hundred letters we receive each week show the keen appreciation of our efforts. Here again we utilize the knowledge of experienced housekeepers for the benefit of those who have not learned the art of thrift and economy.

And in another attempt to be of interest and profit to our readers and to strengthen the hold which we gain by being of real service to them, we have sent Jane Eddington, a former dean of a woman's college and an expert in dietetics as well as cookery, to travel abroad and garner from the cooks and housewives of Europe such tasty and thrifty recipes as will be suitable for use by American women to the improvement of the stomachs of their families and the profit of their purses.

One of the strongest proofs that we have that these features are valued by our readers is that hundreds cut them out day by day and preserve them in scrapbooks. When we learned of the demand we responded to it and now we are selling at approximate cost one hundred scrapbooks a day for the purpose of preserving these articles.

All of this is a part of the new idea of the newspaper, which is that a newspaper must be of service to its readers.

For years *The Tribune* has declined annually $200,000 or more which it could have if it would print patent medicine and disreputable medical advertising. This was a matter of conscience—a dislike for dirty dollars. Duty pointed out the fact that it was not only right to stop people from spending money for nostrums generally useless and oftentimes dangerous, but it was essential that we do what we could to keep them in health. So we engaged Dr. Evans, formerly Health Commissioner of the City of Chicago, and President of the American Medical Association, to act as Health Editor. He does not prescribe but daily he talks on the text "How to Keep Well." This was an innovation which has been followed by several metropolitan papers and today the medical papers of the country are crusading for "Medical Editors" in daily newspapers.

This whole idea of "Personal Service" is epitomized in the title of the last department of which I will speak—"The Friend of the People." This is where the citizen with the grievance files his complaint—the lion's mouth of today. Here come the simple annals of a broken sidewalk, street lamps that fail to light the way, insanitary alleys, unlighted halls in tenement houses, uncollected garbage, inattention on the part of public officials or servants of a public service corporation, the petty burdens of the poor and the uninfluential. The number of the small wrongs that afflict the citizens of a community is equaled only by the lack of success that attends the ordinary man in his efforts to secure redress. But it would astonish you to observe the celerity with which "The Friend of the People" secures results.

I believe suppression of news is more of a wrong than the printing of a piece of news that possibly might better not have been written. By improper suppression a newspaper sells its soul and betrays its readers. To my mind it is the high treason of journalism. No paper that permits its advertisers or the personal, social, and financial friends of its editor to control or taint its news and editorial columns ever has become a big newspaper, a successful newspaper, or a newspaper that is respected by the people. The man in the street instinctively senses this sort of treason and he punishes. In the past there have been notorious examples of papers owned and controlled by politicians and the predatory powers. Some are dead, others have changed hands, and those that remain are leeches on the money bags that gave them birth and furnished the sustenance to keep them alive.

The sneering belief expressed by so many that advertisers have a mortgage on the editorial columns of all newspapers is not true. There are free men and there are slaves in our business as there are in all lines of effort. The newspaper field is not inhabited solely by saints, neither has any other profession a monopoly of the pure in heart. There are black sheep in every flock. The average of honesty in the newspaper business will compare favorably with that in any other trade or profession. It should. It should be higher. We who sit as censors should be like Cæsar's wife. We who seek to lead the public should take heed to our own footsteps. We who preach should practice. Our ethical purposes should be high, our vision clear and unbiased. The man who thinks he can betray his readers, the man who thinks he can let dollars supersede duty, the man who thinks he can let private interest dictate his policy—and doing these things secretly imagines that he can pose as a leader of public opinion, an exponent of right and honesty—is fooling himself, not the public. The public is canny and its eye teeth are getting sharper every minute. The day of invisible government in the newspaper world, as in the political world, is vanishing."

IN these and similar principles are to be found the reasons why *The Tribune* has more readers in Chicago proper than the three other morning papers combined, and why it prints nearly as much advertising as the three other morning papers combined. The purpose of this advertisement is to seek the same reputation among all the national advertisers of the United States that we now enjoy among such of them as have already used our columns, and among our own local houses, many of whom have built up their present reputations solely through the use of advertising in *The Tribune*.

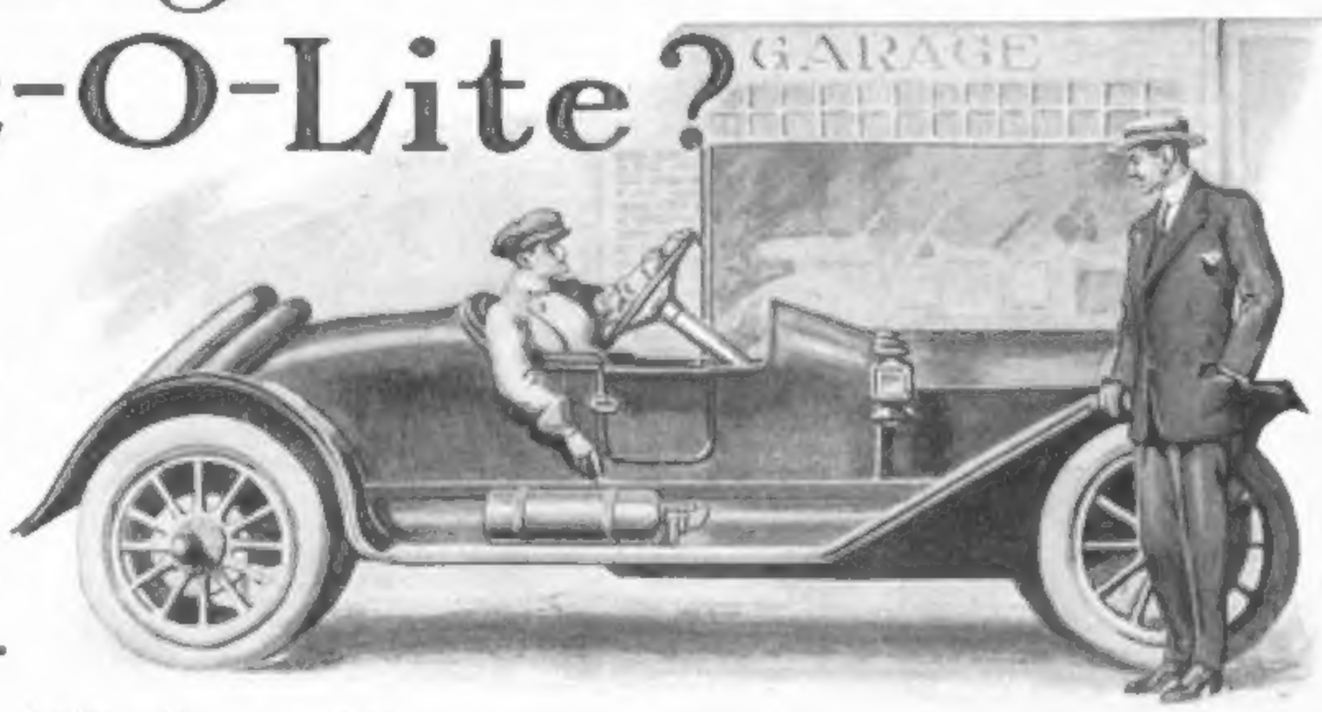
THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE

The World's Greatest Newspaper

(Trade Mark Registered)

Does Any Light Cost Less Than Prest-O-Lite?

If any dealer or manufacturer claims that any other system of brilliant, convenient lighting costs less to use than Prest-O-Lite-



Ask For This Guarantee:-

"Will you guarantee that my expense from this lighting system during the next two years will not be three times as much as for Prest-O-Lite?"

Remind him that the average Prest-O-Lite user pays $10 per year or less for light, and you want to know in advance what any other light is going to cost.

If you can get any such guarantee, **get it in writing.** If you can't get it, better consult a few people who have used such a system for **nine months or more**—long enough to know the cost of attention, repairs and replacements.

After you settle the question of cost, you might also ask for these guarantees:

"Will you guarantee that this car is as speedy, as good a hill climber, as easy on tires, consumes as little fuel, requires as little repairing throughout, as it would without this equipment? Will you demonstrate it on a hill, alongside one of your former cars not so equipped, so that I may judge this matter for myself?"

"Will you guarantee to remove this lighting system if it proves troublesome, unreliable and expensive, and install a reliable system instead, without charge?"

These questions are not impudent. You have a right to **know** what you are buying. And the time to find out is **before you buy.**

Then Face These Facts

Prest-O-Lite gives the best, practical driving light. It gives adequate light far ahead, and in addition gives more light **where you need it,** just ahead of the car, showing up the ruts and bumps as no other light can do.

Prest-O-Lite is simple and reliable. It has no puzzling troubles, demands no tinkering, requires no expert attention.

Superb Convenience

Prest-O-Lite, with the Prest-O-Liter, or any other good automatic lighter, is just as convenient as any other system. You can burn gas in all your lamps, and you can light and extinguish all your lamps from the driver's seat with the utmost ease. This kind of "push-the-button" convenience is as simple and reliable as an electric door bell, but should it ever be temporarily out of order, YOU STILL HAVE LIGHT, because you can always fall back upon the match if need be.

These things being true — and you can easily prove that they **are** true—*can you name one single advantage you get from any other light that Prest-O-Lite does not give?*

Do a Little Investigating

Get the detailed printing instructions for taking care of the lighting system you contemplate using, and see what you are bargaining for, before you buy it.

Apply this test to Prest-O-Lite, as well as to all other systems.

Prest-O-Lite can be purchased on 30 days' trial, returnable if unsatisfactory.

Pin down the dealer and the manufacturer and find out whether their faith in any other lighting system is so strong that they will **guarantee** your satisfaction ——

Or whether they are simply giving you what you unthinkingly ask for, rather than risk the loss of a sale.

Get our free book "Light on the Lighting Problem" and give this whole lighting question the attention it deserves.

No matter what self-starter is on your car, your lights should be gas lights. The disabling of a self-starter might mean, at the worst, your having to use the starting crank, but an accident to your lighting system may leave you helpless in the dark. Prest-O-Lite is practically immune from accidents.

Insist that your new car be equipped with Prest-O-Lite and if you want "push-the-button" convenience, have an automatic lighter added.

Gas Head Lights
Are a Sign of Wisdom

Many motorists are now insisting on gas headlights, and know why.

These motorists have satisfied themselves that Prest-O-Lite is the ideal lighting system from all standpoints—least expense, freedom from trouble and unimpaired engine efficiency.

Your lights, like your ignition, should be absolutely dependable and should not be coupled to any uncertain apparatus.

Prest-O-Lite on your car proves that you KNOW.

If your car is now equipped with Prest-O-Lite, any of our Service Stations or any dealer can install an automatic lighter at small expense.

The Prest-O-Lite Company, 210 East South Street INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Canadian Main Office and Factory, Merritton, Ont.

BRANCH STORES AND SERVICE STATIONS IN THESE CITIES: Atlanta; Baltimore; Boston; Buffalo; Chicago (2); Cincinnati; Cleveland; Dallas; Denver; Des Moines; Detroit; Indianapolis; Jacksonville; Kansas City; Los Angeles; Memphis, Tenn.; Milwaukee; Minneapolis; New Orleans; New York; Omaha; Philadelphia; Pittsburgh; Portland, Ore.; Providence; St. Louis; St. Paul, Minn.; San Antonio; San Francisco; Seattle; Syracuse. IN CANADA: Merritton, Ontario; Toronto, Ontario; Winnipeg, Manitoba.

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Insist on Gas Lighting !

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Please send free booklet, "Light on the Lighting Problem," to-
Name .....
Address .....

Tell The Children Why

Right Food Makes Sound Bodies and Keen Brains

Nature provides in the outer shell of Wheat and Barley, food materials that are vitally necessary for making bone, brain, muscle and nerve.

Many articles of food lack these vital materials.

In the making of

Grape-Nuts

these valuable elements are **retained** to provide the true food values Nature designs for making children strong and healthy.

Analysis shows that the gray matter of the brain and nerves is made up principally of water, albumen and phosphate of potash. Water and albumen exist in everyday food, but phosphate of potash is frequently lacking.

Grape-Nuts provides this valuable food element.

Healthy children must be "built" in their growth by good, wholesome food to give them brain and muscle.

To make the little folks strong and sturdy the mother should pay due heed to their diet.

For young and old there is no better food than **Grape-Nuts.**

"There's a Reason"